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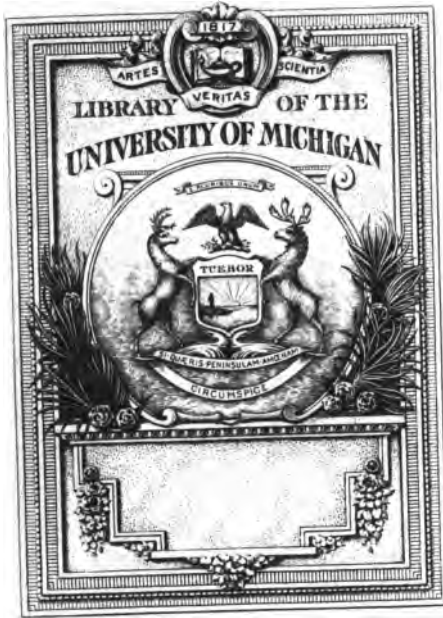
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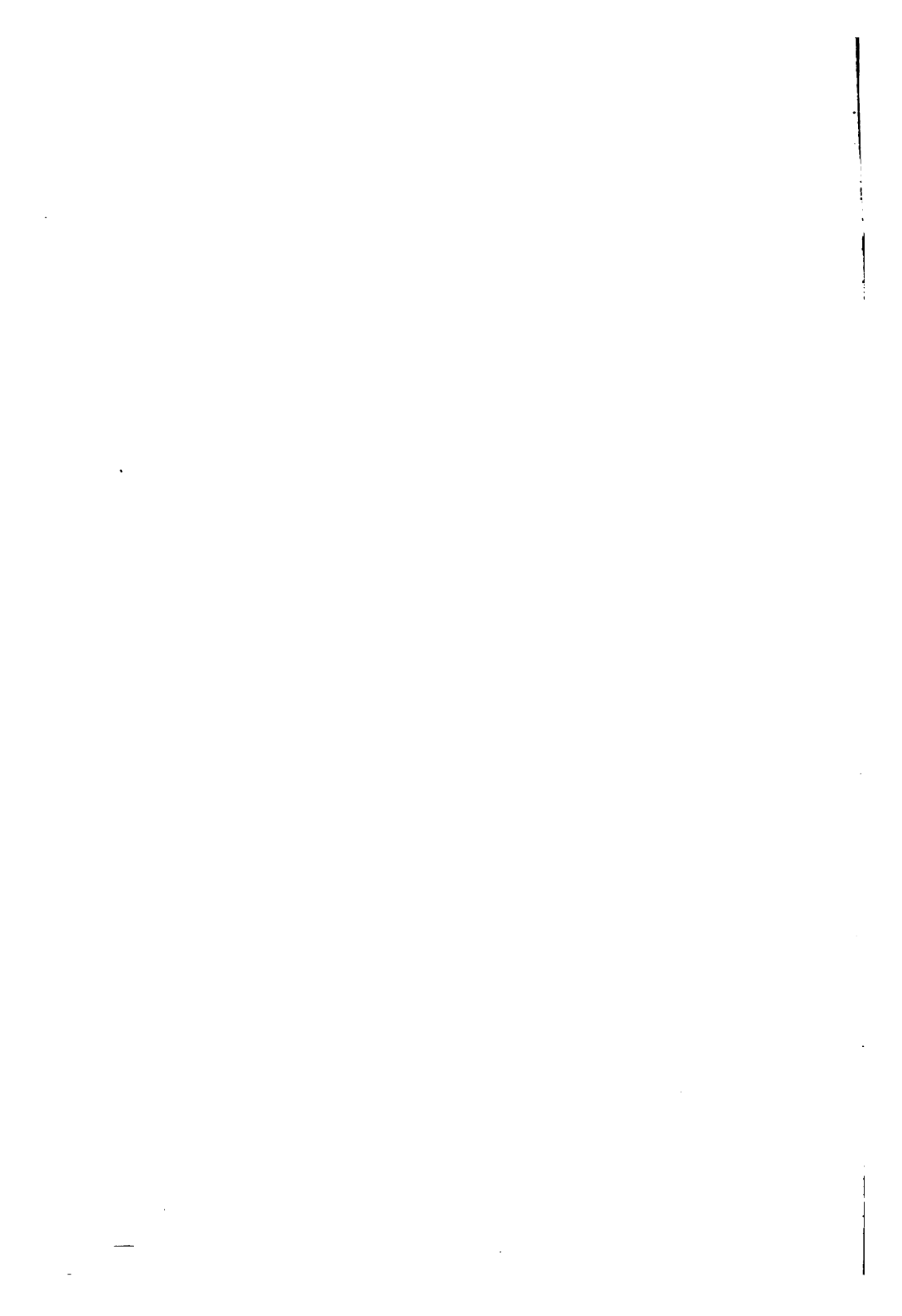
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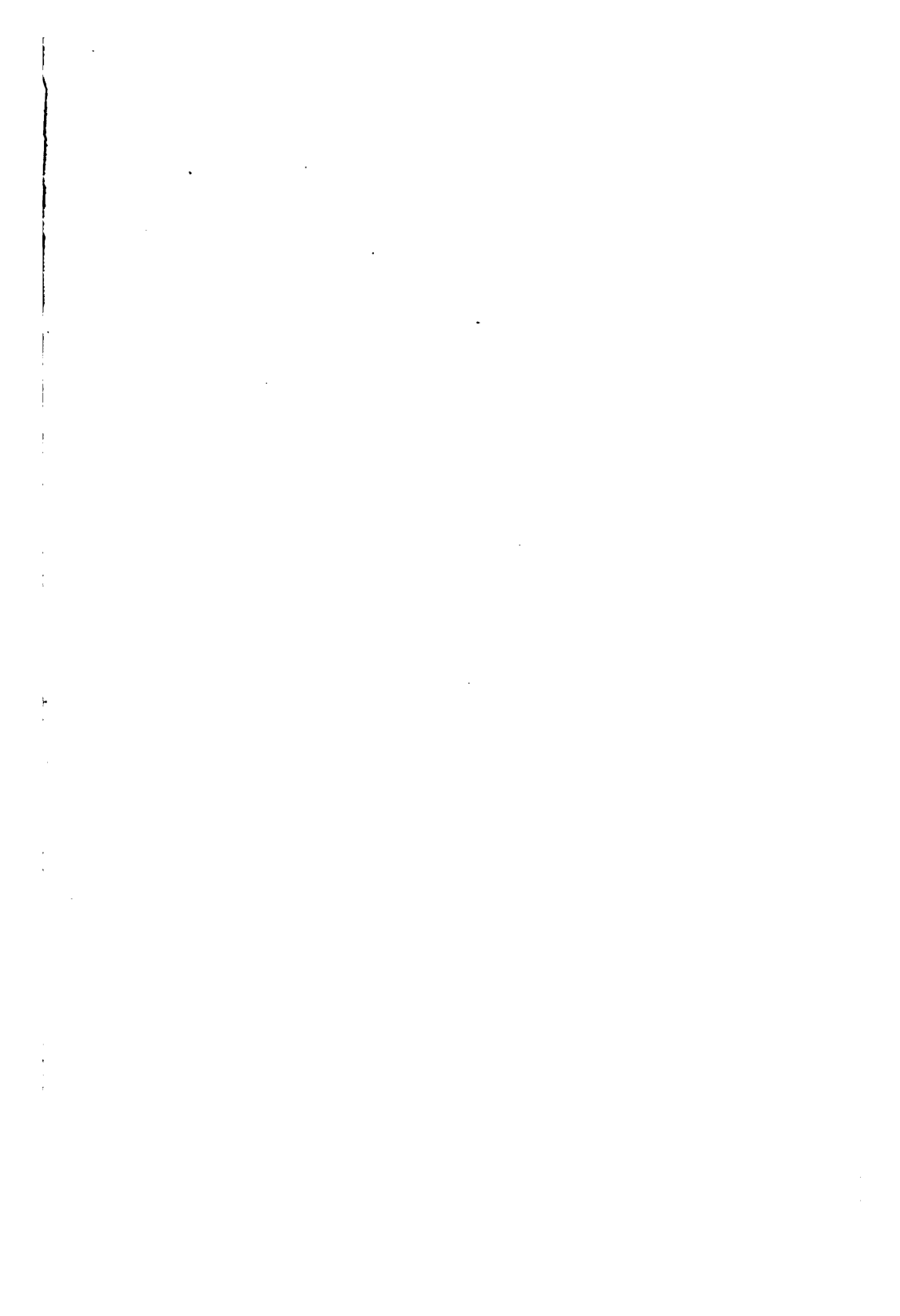
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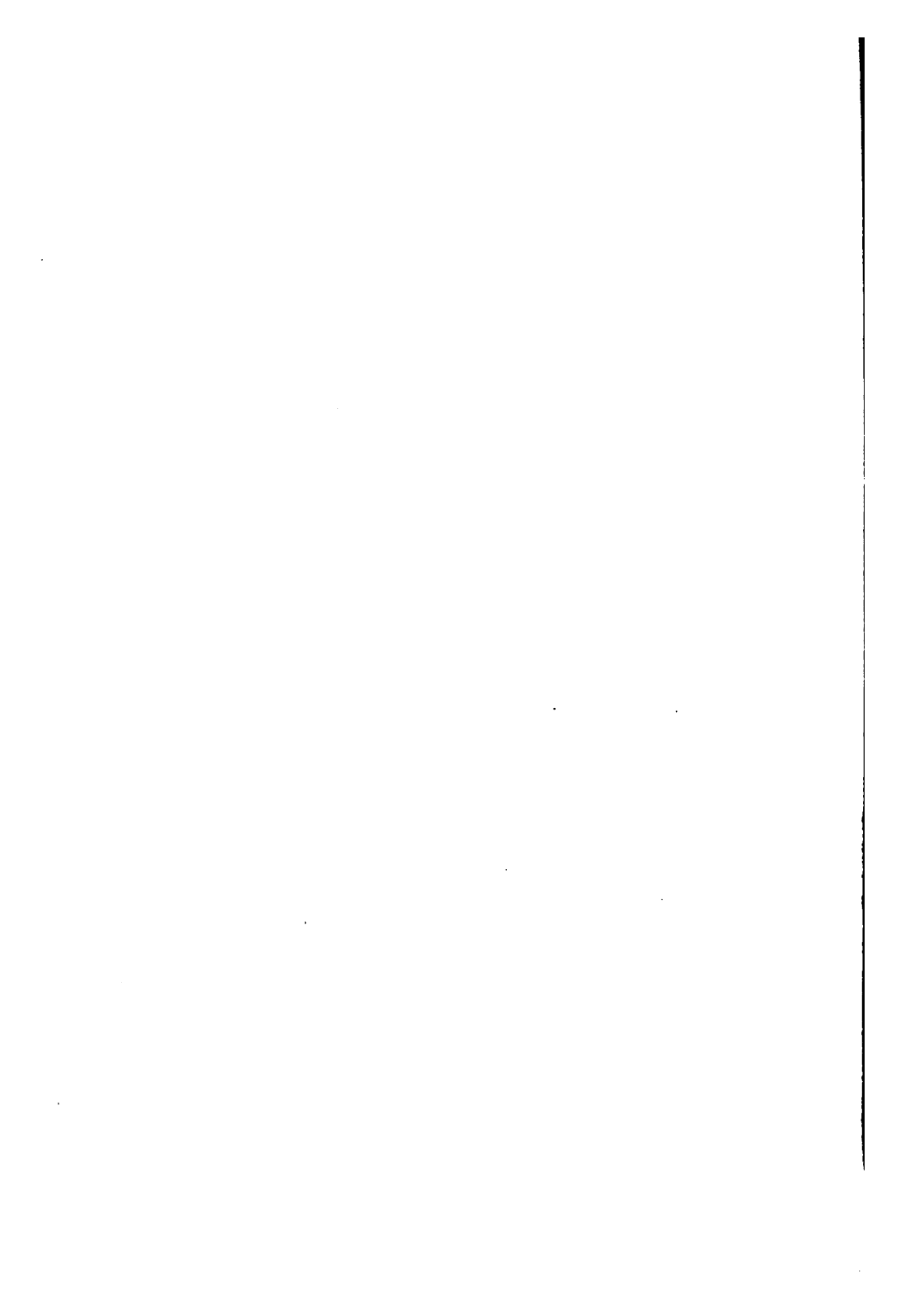


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# Sermons and Addresses

By

**John Bascom**

Author of "The New Theology," "The Words of Christ as Principles of Personal and Social Growth," "The Goodness of God," etc.



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# Sermons and Addresses

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## THE LORD'S PRAYER

**O**UR Lord's Prayer is the most concise and comprehensive expression of the Spirit of Christianity. Its constant use in worship, public and private, is in recognition of its character as of the very substance of our faith. Prayer, though it readily drops into formality and insincerity, is yet the truest expression of our spiritual life. One in praying for what he desires is pouring out, from the fountain of the heart, its inmost streams. The fact that so many, with at least some degree of appreciation, can join in these simple words of our Lord's Prayer reveals its identity with our common spiritual experience.

A most obvious feature of this prayer is its brevity. It comes under the principle, "Ye shall not be heard for your much speaking"; a principle so in conflict with human practice. As

shown in the prayer wheels of the Buddhist and in the petitions of our Puritan fathers, the road up to heaven has been thought to be a long and fatiguing one. The shorter the prayer the closer the access. Ejaculatory prayer flings us at once on the divine bosom.

The Lord's Prayer is social. This is involved both in the forms of the petitions and in their substance. The things asked for are the Kingdom of Heaven, daily bread, forgiveness, deliverance from temptation; wants which press upon us all day by day. There is little prayer of a private order. The spirit may have its own temptations with which it is in bitter struggle, yet even then it finds itself associated with the common life. The temptation is a snare to the man himself, but it is also a snare to others. Prayer cannot carry a tinge of selfishness. Selfishness estranges us from God, estranges us from others, estranges us from our proper selves. The Lord's Prayer carries a blessing with it in the measure in which it springs from many hearts and bears them all over into the common welfare. Thus only does this kingdom come.

The Lord's Prayer is exceedingly comprehensive. It is this which makes its constant use so fitting and yet so difficult. It is hard to keep

the mind up to the measure of the prayer. We utter it at different times with very different degrees of appreciation. Our prayers, floating on the same surface, draw very different depths of water. Sometimes our thoughts skim along in shallow places, and sometimes, like well-laden vessels, they lie deep in the sea and find their way into leading ports. It is these hidden fathoms beneath the surface that measure our petitions.

We start in affectionate dependence: *Our Father which art in Heaven*. To this we add reverence: *Hallowed be thy name*. Thence we stretch upward to the kingdom, the doing of the divine will by all everywhere. This is the summit. From this throne of peace we turn downward, passing to the world as it is in its wants, passions, and perplexities. We ask for daily bread, for forgiveness, for power against temptation, and we close all with the feeling that all is in God's hand, kingdom, power, glory, and will come out of that hand in its own order and beauty. Thus with face upward we struggle to the top of some high mountain, and having caught the vision of power and the spirit of repose, turn back to familiar objects and daily duties.

What more can we, though in a world of toil, suffering, and disaster, either need or desire be-

yond these few common and comprehensive words of prayer, by which we go up to the House of God and return again, cheerful and refreshed?

The Lord's Prayer strikes us at once by its brevity, its social quality, and its comprehensiveness; and these traits prepare us to look more closely at its construction. It involves or assumes at once the character of God, to whom we pray and with whom we work. There is no dogma in the prayer. If we applied to it the severest analysis, it would yield a small creed, and no other creed than that contained in the world about us. We are walking with God in the world, and this prayer helps us to acquire a knowledge of his purposes, the tasks assigned us, and their method of fulfillment—all in harmony with our own experience. The prayer is not didactic, is not dictatorial, but it assumes a great deal. It presupposes that we have found God, or are finding him, in the world; have some notion of his kingdom; are in the school of repentance; know the danger of falling off by ourselves; and feel the constant need of the divine presence. The prayer takes the world as it is, takes us as we are, and busies itself in working all up into the Kingdom of Heaven. It allies us with God and God with us: we with him moving toward a



new creation. It does not allow us to draw back from God, to make terms with him, or to draw up a plan of salvation. It treats this as already done, and sweeps us into a method already in full operation, that we may both accept its labors and share its rewards. In the measure in which we live and move and have our being in God will this petition be intelligible to us, our whole hearts passing into its supplication. The relations it involves are those of children to parents, the weak to the strong, the ignorant to the wise. Guidance and aid are in immediate transfer from God to us, all sharing with us. There is no opposition of life to life, but a profound ministration, consciously and unconsciously, of the world and of God to us. The questions of free will, decrees, election, do not arise. Our wants, our desires, are too close upon their object to admit of any such postponements and delays. We are in the very act of arriving at the divine mind. We are not framing an anatomy of bones, but are feeling the blood circulate in our own hearts. We do, indeed, meet God in the laws of nature, the laws of mind, the laws of society; but we are also meeting him in the law of labor, and there is no yoke upon our necks. All the world pulls with us and the kingdom once established, we cannot

divide it; so much for us, so much for others, so much for God. Each and all have an indivisible and an inseparable part in it. The beauty of our performance is that it is his work, and the beauty of his work that it has become our performance. The willing and the doing are all one. The world is being framed into his kingdom, of the same mind throughout.

This disclosure of all things in the character of God leads us to a second characteristic of this prayer. It goes far to fulfill itself. He who can offer it is in the process of salvation. His eyes are being opened to the light, the light is coming to quicken and to invigorate his life. The disciples asked Christ to teach them how to pray, as John had taught his disciples. This was the response, the Lord's Prayer, which from that day to this has been the one path heavenward. To utter this prayer is to follow in the steps of Christ, as he prayed unto the Father.

How utterly do we mistake prayer, and our own prayers. We think God difficult of access, slow to hear, and still slower to answer our petitions. The heavens often seem to men brass over their heads and the earth iron under their feet. To understand this feeling we need to understand the attitude which men, half unconsciously, take

toward God. They are not so anxious to learn of God, to receive their life from him, as they are to put their desires on God and to persuade him to conform to their wishes. "Ye ask and receive not because ye ask amiss that ye may consume it on your lusts." The passionate child does not understand the love of the father. This is what occasions the division between them, and makes the case of the child critical. A better apprehension will heal all things. "If any man lack wisdom let him ask of God." When we can pray for the kingdom, we shall begin at once to enter into that kingdom. Our first difficulty is to feel the need of it. When we comprehend the Lord's Prayer, we have been taught not only how to pray, but are well along in the answer to prayer. Only rarely do we really wish the Kingdom of Heaven, with its corrected and purified life, its constant heedfulness, its easy self-denial, its pervasive love. In our cities, our church spires tower up above crimes, transgressions, miseries of which we know but little, and are only vaguely anxious to remedy. Slums contaminate the moral atmosphere far and wide, and make the kingdom impossible. The kingdom is waiting for us, not a kingdom of indulgence, nor yet of abstinence, but of pure enjoyments widely scattered. To pray for that

kingdom is to win a heart in keeping with it. Christians need a deeper repentance that they may draw near the centers of human life. The debased need a new repentance that they too may find their way into the world's gifts. We all need a truer sense of failure, that we may together approach the temper of Christ more apprehensively, that we may unite in an industry self-sustaining, all-sustaining, and so creep and walk and run toward our common kingdom, the Kingdom of Heaven.

The Lord's Prayer fulfills itself, not as heedlessly uttered but as deeply and habitually felt. What we gain from the prayer is not merely the prayer, but the very temper which the prayer implies and invokes. Our thoughts and hearts flow heavenward, flow together, and so a translation overtakes us akin to the prayer. Prayer is thus one of those changes by which the river of life is filled and flows freely. The ice in the winter stream softens, weakens, breaks up, and floats away, and we have the open, warm, beautiful current once more.

We are in a world in which the best things, the living things, have a pushing force all their own, a power by which they reach the light, and break out in flower and fragrance and fruit. This is

the inmost nature of the world, not the world which is a trio with the flesh and the devil, but the world of God's ordination which is traveling toward the kingdom; the world which has for us so many gifts of nourishment, of pleasure, and of power, the world which enlarges itself under our hand, teaching and rewarding every form of art; the world which brings us back to peace, and expels the untrue and the deformed by the true, the beautiful, and the good. If this upward growth were not the deepest meaning of the world, if God did not build with those who build with him, how contemptible would be our labor, how pitiful our prayer.

Men have thought that the world needed to be purified by fire. We might as well think of purifying the forest by fire, turning the growth of centuries into smoke and ashes. Growth is the purifying force. By it all that is good is knit together, and all that is evil, in its very decay, is made to minister to the good. There is nothing so powerful as a just ideal. It lays hold of us in our best moments, and returns to us in our failures. It brightens our thoughts; nothing inferior can abide in its presence. Even when we turn from it, it pursues us and draws us once more to itself. Thus the whole world, physical

and spiritual, discloses the truth, attracts us by the truth, and ultimately reconciles all things in the truth; the evil harassed in their transgressions, the good justified in their goodness. Thus is it in the Lord's Prayer. He who can half utter it, learns soon to utter it all, teaches others to utter it with him, until the current of love, deepened, purified, comes to be the river of life, flowing through the New Jerusalem. Thus we may say, the moment any human heart can pour itself out in the prayer, *thy kingdom come*, that moment the kingdom is assured; more and more water will flow this way. The prayer completes itself; the forces of life have found their true vent. One thing we are always to be confident of, the good is in the way of becoming the real, for that very end it has been disclosed to us. We may not expect that the work of a thousand years will be done in a single day, but that it will be done, and done the more effectually because of this seeming delay.

All this means, in the third place, that this prayer is preëminently spiritual. It is spiritual in that for which it asks, and it is spiritual in its answer. By spiritual we mean that it pertains to thoughts, affections, invisible things. It does not seek sensuous objects, nor is it met by them.

The only petition which seems to be sensuous is, *Give us this day our daily bread*, but it gets this color by making the word bread too narrow and literal, and the giving external transfer. We are not seeking to be fed, like Elijah by the ravens, but that our entire life, intellectual and physical, may be nourished under that inclusive providence by which God responds to us and we to him, on our side by labor, on his side by the harvests of labor. What we come to understand throughout in this prayer is the mind of God. What we come to do by means of the prayer is to work cheerfully and intelligently with him in the fulfillment of his purposes. The things changed are our apprehension of divine favor, and our attitude toward his kingdom. We are reconciled to the methods and purposes of God, and come to make them our own. We, who have misunderstood the world, who have been ignorant of the divine love, who have misapprehended also our own wants and the suitable forms of action, are now coming to see all, to accept all, and with a glad heart to follow in the path of obedience. We have entered into fellowship with God, with the world, with our fellowmen, and with ourselves. Our thoughts are no longer confused, our feelings perverted; we are finding the true path and are walking cheerfully in it.

The world is not remade to suit a vagrant wish, we are remade in our activity toward it, and in our life under it. The Lord's Prayer is the substance of our faith. No sooner do we believe than the words come to our lips; *Our Father which art in heaven*. We feel his presence and go forward under his hand.

Men utterly mistake the world. Physical things, they fancy, are chiefly to be sought after, are to be carefully divided among men, are to be owned, are to be secured with a selfish temper and used with a negligent one. This is not the Lord's Prayer. We are to be helped of God, and to help forward his beneficent work. Life is to minister to life in all its phases. No creeds, no rituals define or measure our services. We simply enter, actively and passively, into the divine and universal love. A loving personality is at the center of all things, and we find our salvation in drawing near to him.

The natural world has more frequently been to men a hard, stubborn, unsympathetic thing. They have found some pleasure in subduing it, but they have frequently been cast down by it and have suffered unspeakable things from it. Their fellow-men have rendered them meager and grudging aid, have not infrequently taken sides with



the evil. The world has thus, in its true character, been hidden from men. They have not comprehended its many and delicate adaptations, its moods of discipline, its demands for patience, its rewards of skill, the blessedness of its final reaction on mind and heart. This is the real lesson of life, this the divine revelation that we are all held in the divine embrace, as the child in the arms of its mother, and need simply to grow up in and under this wise and unbounded love. The world is thus immensely altered, but it is altered from within not from without.

Men cling to the notion of an external change, a change in the conditions of life, not in the life itself. Men lack insight, lack courage, lack sympathy, the spirit of aidfulness. Even when they see the road to be well made, and to lie in the right direction, they still would have it shorter, its milestones nearer together, or some swift vehicle to carry them over the distances. All this is impossible, the distances cannot be shortened, the milestones huddled, the labor done by others. The change in each heart must take place fully, the road itself must become a delight, and all, by successive stages of growth, be transformed into the Kingdom of Heaven. In this transformation the Lord's Prayer gives us im-

mediate and immense help—not when we have worn it out by indifferent utterance, but when we have passed into its very temper by the slow translation of knowledge, experience, and love. We are to overcome the world as the strong man overcomes the cold, by the heat of his own labor. God keeps the discipline true to itself, true to his wisdom and love; let our lives find way in that discipline and we are saved, the world is transformed, and God rules in and over all. *For thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory forever. Amen.*

#### OUR FATHER WHICH ART IN HEAVEN

There is no portion even of the New Testament more compactly full of spiritual truth than the Lord's Prayer. A prayer designed for constant and universal use must, from the nature of the case, contain the very substance of faith; must, in the direction it gives to the mind, carry it straight forward to the very heart of things. We can look nowhere more advantageously for the gist of Christianity than to our Lord's Prayer. It is the simplest and most direct expression of the desires which should lie uppermost in the devout spirit.

As we are now in the frequent use of this prayer

to guide public worship, we have the more occasion for pains that we penetrate to its true temper, and give its familiar words their vital force. The feet of men easily convert any road into a dusty thoroughfare, with few pleasures of its own, a mere passageway to something beyond. If we are to maintain, in connection with this constant repetition, the fresh feeling of prayer, these simple words must be renewed by meditation, and made to retain the depths which belong to them. The transparent wisdom of these petitions, like the beauty of the blue sky, must return to us again and again as a staple element in our spiritual lives. They must be to us the familiar form of things inexhaustible.

The words of address, *Our Father which art in heaven*, are the most tender and intelligible possible. There is no effort of exaltation or adoration in them. We are placed by them on the most direct and simple terms of communication with God. Let us consider them in an inverse order. The words, *which art in heaven*, are added as a designation of the invisible, the universal Father. They lift the mind to the final limit of giving and care-taking in this world of ours. As the heavens lie about us everywhere and enclose us in their embrace they best express

to us the divine and universal presence. The heavens receive, and on occasion yield, many subtle agents. Gravitation, heat, light, electricity, ozone, and the gaseous elements penetrate these spaces, and come thence as potent forces acting upon our lives in many scrutable and inscrutable ways. The heavens, therefore, easily seem to us the seat of that most comprehensive power which girds us in. Men have no difficulty in regarding the air as the home of spirits, passing from invisible to visible forms as suits their convenience. The universal spirit is thus the spirit of the air, the spirit that dwells in heavenly places.

In rude periods men pass in thought more readily beyond the visible and tangible than they do in cultivated periods. It is no tax on their faith to conceive of spirits melting into the air, or coming out of the air, that they may reveal themselves to men. It is a vision as simple as the coming and going of clouds, seen, unseen, seen again. This very facility of early faith has become to us an obstacle in approaching the Infinite Spirit. Having expelled these many spirits, malevolent and benevolent, of human and of superhuman origin, from their home in the air, we have difficulty in retaining a sense of the ever-

present creative Spirit, from whom this visible pageant of things is constantly proceeding. Men, having found their way into the invisible world by means of many illusions, lose it again when these are discarded as superstitious. A universal Father associated with the heavens only because these are the best expression to us of a comprehensive and invisible presence, becomes an obscure conception to our sensuous experience. It either slips into empty words, or overpowers us with sudden fear. To make the presence of God a familiar, cheerful, and habitual impression becomes the great discipline of faith. Yet there is nothing with which we are more familiar, in all our thoughts, than invisible agents, whose presence is the very substance of the phenomena with which we are occupied. Force is the word by which we chiefly express the inner energy of physical facts—that without which they would be to us mere shadows, the dreams of dreamland. The effects of forces are the permanent and tangible things, and events everywhere about us disclose them to us, but the forces themselves are an invisible presence, evoked by the mind in explanation of these events. The equivalence of forces, that is that forces are in their expression convertible into one another, and are measures of one another,

is a great cardinal fact of physics. Yet it implies in all physical phenomena, whether mechanical or chemical, permanent agents, subject, in their manifestation, to mathematical measurements. This invisible something which we call force, and which has so many ways of manifesting itself, is a permanent factor by which we understand the physical world and bend it to our uses.

In the organic world we have another name for an invisible element, to wit, life. Each form of living thing is a new character in which this constructive tendency, this pervasive life, records itself. We cannot think, nor talk, nor act, in connection with the vegetable or animal kingdoms, without this notion of life, this distinction between the dead and the living; and yet we never reach life by the senses. We cannot assign it a single characteristic, but simply use it as an invisible organic energy in connection with which all living phenomena are apprehensible.

We come in yet closer contact with the invisible in our own spirits. There is a spirit in man; that is an affirmation which underlies every notion of intellectual life. Men have striven to give definite form and exact position in the brain to this spirit which animates human action. They have thought of it as a dove, perched on the

pineal gland, but no intelligible purpose has been subserved by such a notion. The formless spirit must be left to pervade the body, to use freely all its members, but must be allowed to come into no local subjection or submission to any of them. It is an invisible presence in the body, its own narrow and primary universe. Why, therefore, dealing as we do with a world full of intangible terms, should we have any difficulty in accepting an Infinite Spirit, whose personal presence animates, shapes, and bears forward the universe as one harmonious product? The presence of the mind in the body and of God in the world are facts of so much the same order, that if we deny the one we endanger the other. Our own spiritual life, associated with the body but not identical with it, is the image of the events of the world about us in their dependence on the pervasive, eternal Spirit of order. If we strike at the being of God, we strike at our own being. If we find no controlling Spirit in the wide and well-ordered phenomena of the world, we are weakening the conditions of thought under which we rally to ourselves in the narrower and less well-ordered events of our own lives. The power to find the invisible Spirit who dwells in heaven is akin to the power by which we find every invisible agent

behind the veil of phenomena; the power by which we penetrate into real being. When one says, the strength in my right arm, the life in my blood, the soul in my body, he throws himself back in the same way on the unseen as he does when he says, *Our Father which art in Heaven*. These words are the last, the most comprehensive, and the most logical of those conceptions by which we gather all things together, making them part and parcel of one universe. It is thus true of our thinking, that it lives and moves and has its being in God.

To reach the invisible in things means science, civilization; to reach it in living organisms means physiology, hygiene; to attain to it in the world as one whole means philosophy, religion.

FATHER—*Our FATHER which art in Heaven*. We are readily misled by the assumption that familiar words have essentially the same meaning for us all. Far from it. They gather their form and color from our own experience. Like a weather-vane, they may point east or west, north or south, according to the wind that is blowing on them. Father may mean to the street waif an ugly tyrant whose presence and exactions are to be shunned. It may mean to the affectionate and well-trained child, the most



constant and immediate expression of wisdom and good-will. It is true, that by the suggestion of contrast, the repulsive parent may sometimes awaken the sense of more perfect character. So beneficent is nature that the dirty pool in one's pathway may reflect the blue sky. Yet, as a general principle, the flavor of words, like the flavor of food, depends on the appetites and experiences of those who employ them.

All that is best in human life has been at work for centuries to furnish out this one word, father, with substantial qualities and delightful associations, until it has come to stand for that which is central in human welfare. By ten thousand acts of good-will we have framed a ladder of human affections, which, being set up, reaches into the clouds, and on which, as in the vision of Jacob, angels ascend and descend, bearing our thoughts from the seen to the unseen, from the highest wealth of the present life to a reciprocal wealth in a future life. No parent has rendered parental duty, and no child, filial duty; neither of them has entered into household love, without uniting earth to heaven and giving us the key of both. We draw near God when we shape human affections into the fine art of life.

The ideas most prominent in fatherhood, which

stands for the parental relation on both sides—father and mother—are protection, guidance, and good-will. The world is full of protection, not obviously and blindly so, but as its deepest and most reliable relation. All the marvelous life of the world has grown up under the hand of the world. When we think of protection, it is chiefly physical protection, but God's protection runs through the whole circuit of our being, physical, intellectual, and spiritual, and so becomes a very complex fact. We are not enclosed in a shell thick enough to shed all blows, and so ready to suspend and to smother our reflective powers. It is not a passive, but an active state that God contemplates and watches over. We are girt about with a diversified and magnificent world as the condition of our safety, and our safety includes all the ministrations of life.

This protection passes at once into the higher function of guidance. We must be safe, but we must be safe moving among great events and taking part in them. This safety abolishes indolence and the hasty demand for pleasure, and sends us out with girded loins on the highway of effort. But guidance no more than protection is thrust upon us. It is the response of all within us to all without us, of the mind to wisdom and of

wisdom to the mind. It is the play of the world upon the spirit and of the spirit upon the world, the possibilities of life springing up between them. Because we are guided so gently, so much from within, and into ways so exhaustless, we are apt to feel that we are not guided at all. We are waiting to be picked up and carried somewhere, when the carrying process moves the body only and not the mind. God gives us a guidance that impels us forward in the intellectual and spiritual field, and so is inseparable from our own vision. The whole process is vital. Our activity and the activity of God toward us are as indivisible as are the air and the lungs in breathing.

But that which especially compacts parental relation, and makes its protection and guidance nutritive, is affection. This is as the mantle which the shell-fish casts over the growing parts and which renders them perfect in form, texture, and color. It is affection which distinguishes parental aid from other forms of help, and causes the help to spring up as mutual pleasure. It is on this footing that the Lord's Prayer places us. We come as children, with the claims, the hopes, and the love of children. It matters not if our thoughts are confused, and our asking inadequate. We have found wisdom and love, whose very office

it is to correct these failures, to give shelter, and to turn shelter into rest. As the expert swimmer flings himself upon the deep water, we cast ourselves on the large mercies of God, feeling that the good-will and the wisdom united in them are sure to buoy us up.

OUR *Father*. No man knows with whom he may stand, praying unto God, but with whomsoever he stands his first word is OUR, OUR *Father*. One faith and one relation unites him and them inseparably. There are no closer unions than those of the household, unions that all our lives are spent in translating into spiritual terms. To call the same man father, the same woman mother, means the summation of obligations. If we are of the same household, we have essentially the same rights in it. That which is the source of all parental love is equally for all. If God is our common Father, the world is our common home, to hold and to enjoy with constant reference to each other. Traveling on the mountains I have occasionally met the notice, "No trespassing on these premises allowed." How came this man to own so much of the world? By what right does he shut me into the highway? The only exclusion that has in it any rightfulness is an exclusion for the common benefit, a keeping off

the grass that the grass may not be trodden into mire but may remain a carpet, spread by the divine hand for us all.

What a thing it is to stand before God with the whole human household, and say, *Our Father!* What a springing up of rights and duties on all sides! What a sense of the universality of human welfare! What a disclosure of the depths of divine love! What a pouring out of affections in full tide in the thousand channels which belong to them!

If we are able to say with any fair apprehension these brief introductory words, *Our Father which art in heaven*, we have the attitude of prayer. We have united ourselves one and all by invisible bonds to the invisible source of strength. The words that follow may well be few. The vital relation is established. We are brothers and God is our Father. All spiritual movement becomes assured. We stand in the porch of the temple. Its peace has overtaken us.

The words which follow are hardly more than the amplification of these first words, the opening into blossom of the compact bud of sonship. The mind full of so comprehensive an idea cannot fritter itself away in phraseology. The whole truth is with us. The atmosphere is full of it.

We need only to stand still in the divine presence. Speech is meant for small things. It is an impertinent reduction of large things.

How certainly must a prayer, so begun, be answered. The mind and heart are made at once receptive of all spiritual good. The plant has spread its leaves in the warm sunlight and how can it do otherwise than grow! No new thing, no great thing, needs to be done; only the blessedness of what is must come to be felt; only the response of living things to one another, provided for from the foundation of the world, must have way. By asking for the Kingdom of Heaven we are lifted into the Kingdom of Heaven, by seeking for the will of God, the will of God flows into us and is itself accomplished. We understand what Christ means when he says, "He that asketh receiveth, he that seeketh findeth, and he that knocketh, to him it is opened." We are uneasy in the world, we worry and we find no rest, because the vital connection has not been established, because we have never quite said, *Our Father*. Once we find this living surface, and receive life from it, we are as restful as the infant on the bosom of the mother. The whole world nourishes us, and we go to sleep in its arms. It has been made for us, as certainly as we have

been made for it. The purpose of God embraces us, the Kingdom of Heaven gathers us in, and the grand procedure of events goes on its way with that absolute and comprehensive certainty which is the foundation of all truth. All that is best and most enjoyable in human relations is present to speak to us of heavenly relations, and to prepare us for them. We sum up all good, present and future, in words interpreted by the best things we have known. *Our Father which art in heaven*—is this the prophecy and fulfillment of our entire lives?

## HALLOWED BE THY NAME

A name has very little more direct connection with the person designated by it than has the chalk mark with the stick of timber to which we have applied it. Both are merely guides to our thoughts. Yet so spiritual is man, so readily does the invisible world take on form, that the name comes to stand for a great personality—and all the real and imaginary characteristics that are attached to it. Such a name as Plato becomes a milestone in the progress of philosophy, like one of those conspicuous crosses which the English built where a famous funeral *cortège* had rested. Names are the rings and reef-lines by which the

otherwise flapping sails are held to the mast and boom, and so made to tug at the hull buried in the sea. We catch the winds in the spiritual world by virtue of the heroes who have gone before us. If these names should slip their hold, how many noble incentives would be lost, frayed into nothingness like a flag worn out by ceaseless, aimless motion. It is the slightly, yet permanently sensuous character of words that causes them to become the center of so much spiritual propagation, enabling them to loop up and to hold together all that is significant and attractive in human history.

The spiritual potency of names has been especially conspicuous in religion. Mystery and reverence and awe have gathered about the designations of God, as if they were in some way a condensed expression of his attributes, as if the stupidity and spite of men could in no manner be so plainly vented as in the heedless use of these names, carrying such a load of suggestion. Not only could the name of God be profaned, this profanity, it was thought, took hold of the mind of God in some startling way. "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless who taketh his name in vain."

The third commandment affords a good illus-



tration of what, from one point of view, may have little foundation—in this case the extreme awe of a name—and may, from another point of view, become a command of primary importance. The ill-grounded fear of the name stood for the well-grounded fear of God. The superstitions of the world are often, like other errors of judgment, the stepping-stones by which men move onward.

The same association, in a more general form, enters into this first petition of the Lord's Prayer. *Hallowed be thy name.* The name is accepted as the most direct expression of personality, and the prayer is that this symbol of the divine presence may be kept holy, and our reverence of divine things be made apparent in all its uses. While that which we are to hallow, to keep holy, is figuratively the name of God, that which by the intervention of this symbol we are to keep holy, is the plan and purpose of God in the world. That which is constantly to be present with us, as underlying all things, is the divine thought. This is to be arrived at reverently, watched over assiduously, and carried forward to its completion. We are to feel that we walk with God in his works, and have a part assigned us in their completion. We move, therefore, cautiously, that nothing may be missed

or marred in the grand fulfillment. We enter on every undertaking with the sense that there is a divine law, a divine method, applicable to it, by which its inner force and idea can be secured. Wherever we are, we are there reverently, to observe the great things that are going forward, and to help them on. There is one whole, and to attain that is holiness. We are no longer dealing with the name of God as a word, but with it as the most immediate and sensuous expression of his presence. What we have to hallow, and what we are praying may be hallowed, is the underlying thought of God, the movement of the world toward its spiritual completion.

The sin of profanity lies chiefly in its reaction on the mind guilty of it. It brings disturbance to our knowledge of God's ways, to our apprehension of good and evil in the world. It is the recoil of our thoughts against themselves as we strike against God's goodness; a benumbing contact from which we do not readily recover.

Sacrilege is a sin of large proportions, present in all, even in the grossest forms of faith; yet a sin greatly misapprehended. What are the things that we are to keep whole because the divine mind is in them? All the things which, by one form of unfolding or another, one species of growth or

another, are being gathered together and harmonized in the Kingdom of Heaven. This steady evolution, which is in so many ways our study, in which our lives and the labors of our lives are wrapped up, serves, from beginning to end, to declare to us the divine mind; to put us with it on terms of sympathy and participation, by which we and it and all things are hallowed.

The physical world takes on ever a more complete expression, passes through fresh creative phases into more admirable forms—fertile plains, pleasant fields, hills and mountains carved into shape—and so comes into possession of that abounding use and redundant beauty that are everywhere enthroned in it. It is sacrilege to mar the world, to push it back into chaos, as if God's life were not in it. The gulch miner, who tears the world into shreds, who undoes in a few hours the constructive work of centuries, and who leaves behind him a confusion of all form and a waste of all permanent wealth that he may gather the few particles of gold scattered in the deposit, is sacrilegious, and the verbal profanity which is so likely to attend on the process is only the audible utterance of that stream of desecrating thought which runs through his life. The spring and autumnal fires that waste our mountains are as much sacri-

lege as the smoke of an unclean sacrifice on an altar. Though the saints have often devoted the world to a final purgation of fire, and though the sinners would long since have burned it to ashes were it less inflammable, it yet remains a divine creation, ever taking on new, superb, and beneficent expression. He who mars the world or thwarts its fulfillment or fills it with his own rubbish has not yet come to the meaning of the petition, *Hallowed be thy name.*

The first, most visible, varied, and universal gift to the world, and gift of the world to us, is the vegetable kingdom. Here the process of decoration commences, the rocky framework is covered, and the modest flower and the majestic tree take their places, perfecting those moods of grandeur and seclusion in which nature abounds. We owe a certain spite to people who waste the flowers or devastate the forests, stripping away the garments with which the world has clothed itself. This is the temper of the human cub, the evil-minded boy, who looks both ways to see if any eye is on him, and then, in the sheer wantonness of his vulgar soul, proceeds to mar every fitting thing within his reach. It is against such procedure in the man and boy that the whole heart cries out, *Hallowed be thy name*, for thy name is

beauty and life. Not until this acclamation becomes native to us shall we so much as reach the threshold of a divine life.

When we come to the animal kingdom, fellowship gathers depth. Sympathy means pleasure on both sides. Injury means pain here and brutality there. The murderous inflictions of men upon animals, and the cry of agony that goes with them, are a creeping undertone, a subdued curse, that tell of the diabolical discord of the world, a tearing asunder of the garment of peace with which God is striving to clothe it.

When the pleasure of men is found in the wanton destruction of animal life, and the knowledge of man in the deliberate and prolonged tortures of vivisection; when from every spiracle in the spiritual world there still come sulphurous fumes as if only a thin conventionalism of soft words covered the molten hearts of men, and their passions were not yet so far cooled down that they could enter into the joy of living, the soul is desecrated, and with desecrating tread of pride and scorn and cruelty goes trampling down the good and loving and beautiful things God has made. Not until we adopt everything in its uses, and cherish it in its own temper and kindle with it our sympathies and draw from it our pleasures, can we,

as in the beautiful fable of our first parents, walk with God in the garden, and share the eternal peace of his presence. Cruelty, no matter what our excuse for it, is the unpardonable profanity of a spirit not yet touched, nor waiting to be touched, by the love of God.

Rising one step higher, we come to human life, and here our profanity is so great and so varied that it seems just to have commenced; we seem to have forgotten all that has gone before and the blood with which we have already sprinkled the world. Profanity is much or little according to the nature of that which is desecrated. We can defile an altar because it is a place of sacrifice. We can desecrate a temple because it is set apart for worship. We can treat the child, the woman, the man most profanely because in them the grace of God is struggling upward to its fulfillment. When men have entered on the race for wealth, the tyranny of child-labor has commenced, and the hope of life has been drunk up at once like dew by the coming heat of a parching day. The eager hunger of men has so fed upon the grace of women that that which was meant to be highest has often dropped lowest, and those who should have walked in garments white and pure, have been sprinkled with the mire of the streets. Affections, which

are the tenderness of divine love finding its way in human life, have become the symbols of weakness, the means of betrayal, the open window at which the burglar climbs in. As the colors of flowers show what light can do in shaping things to itself, so the purity and depth of womanly love is God's revelation of what is inmost in his own mind. Here profanity can become devilish, and desecration make an end. We pluck the plumage of the white dove, we break its wings, we blind its eyes, and then fling back in derision this work of God.

The apostle says, "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God?" From this temple we drive out the indwelling spirit. How completely among men have we seen this profanity accomplished. Oaths swarm out at the lips like unclean birds disturbed in their haunts. Decay and filth and parasitic life, all the evil brood of death, claim the man as their own, and the scavengers of the world hasten to resolve him into those ultimate elements that are always pure; nature, baffled by man's profanity, goes back to the beginning, and starts once more the creative process. Is not this the purgation of fire to which all the rubbish of the world, dead branches lopped off, trees cut down without fruit, are hastening?

Perhaps the deepest, most comprehensive profanity which comes to us is that of the home, pre-eminently the profanity of the slums. In a single room, crowded with inmates, with fetid air, dirt, and destitution, every possible germ of a higher life is trampled under foot. This is the profanity of a great city, so anxious for wealth and refinement that it utterly forgets the degradation which this eager pursuit is leaving behind it.

The temper which looks upon living things as they tremble in the creative hand and feels the incoming power as holy, and prays that they may be kept holy, is the first fruit of that *sensitive, receptive* mind by which we pass into spiritual life. The prayer, *Hallowed be thy name*, thus means our emotional mastery of the world, our power to see it as it is. The poetic temper is the apprehending temper, and its highest expression is in the spiritual world. The forms of life gain in mastery by virtue of perceptive power. While man has the largest circle of sensuous faculties, and, far more than this, much greater reflective power with which to drive them forward, there are special organs, like those of scent and sight, which penetrate much farther, and call out action much more quickly in animals than in men. Among the marvels of our time are the discoveries, such as wireless telegra-



phy, which go to show how much more subtle and extended are the mediums of intercourse in the world than we had supposed. We supplement our senses with lines of intelligence which lace together, in one throbbing life, the entire circuit of our globe. The early conception seems to be fulfilled, that the world is one living thing.

Spiritually perceptive power waits chiefly to be acquired, but we may well believe that its extent and delicacy and quickness of response are proportioned to the preëminence of the relations involved in it. All that obscures or mars the mechanism of thought narrows in our spiritual apprehension. Profanity is of the nature of vulgarity, vulgarity which constantly thrusts into the foreground some sensuous impression, crowding out therewith the deeper renderings of life. A man may be habitually profane in speech, not because he is spiritually defiant, but because he wishes, under the custom of life, to make emphatic and propellent language which would otherwise be stale and vapid. When one swears at a mule he is prodding him with the goad nearest at hand. Much of the profanity which we have been taught to hold in horror, is a comparatively venial fault, an artificial sin. No man is directly injured thereby. No creature of God is outraged. It

is the spiritual stupidity that goes with it which gives it its deadening character. A Puritan father might have been shocked at a profane word spoken by his son, and yet himself profaning animal life with cruelty or child life with harshness, thought nothing of it. The thing itself, profanity, might have had less weight with him than the mere appearance of it in language. The injunction against profanity is the symbol above the door by which we are warned to enter with unsandaled feet and heedful movement into all the ways of approach unto God.

I was once in the Sistine Chapel studying the frescoes of Raphael in company with a gentleman, a politician, who had little interest in them. After a moment's listless observation he turned abruptly to me and pointing to a representation of God the Father inquired what old gentleman that was. Thus the too gross temper of art got a still more harsh expression in speech. The invisible, eternal, all-pervasive spirit took on abruptly the form of an old man, possibly of Irish extraction. Yet this man was an intelligent American citizen. He had been Secretary of the Interior—it must have been of the very interior. He was only suffering a little from that national vulgarity which is unable to distinguish values, and

to keep each in its own place. We often meet this obtuse feeling in our public buildings and legislative halls. We take to ourselves a certain pleasure in abusing a beautiful thing, as if we thereby got an advantage over it. In the California House of Representatives a member, who stood for two counties, occasionally threw his legs over his desk, and enjoyed this conspicuous ease as a fitting emolument of a free man. The Speaker, feeling the humor of the situation, made a sketch of the member in this position, putting upon the soles of his two feet the names of the two counties he represented, Colusa, Tehama. The man who can thrust in the face of his fellow-citizens the mud of two counties is not to be lightly regarded.

I ought not to approach so near our own desecration and make no mention of it. I happened into the carpenter shop. A door had been brought down from Morgan Hall for repair. Some young man had evidently thrust holes in it with the ferrule of a heavy cane. It would be a relief to hear such a man swear, as a far more conventional and superficial profanity, as far less private and personal and polluting.

When the secret thoughts of God begin to inscribe themselves on the world before our eyes, when they become vocal in the flow of events,

when they are ready to gather and to marshal men of all conditions and all races for a triumphal march toward the Kingdom of Heaven, we shall lose every disposition to regard anything or any person in fellowship with the divine mind profanely or to fling words of contempt at those who have caught up this rhythmic movement heavenward.

The reverential temper is the seeing temper, and so the receptive temper. We are able to accept the magnificent things the world has to give. Our hands are extended, not to grab, nor even to get wealth, but to hold the spiritual treasure so freely bestowed upon us. It hardly matters whether the divine bounty reaches the palm, the palm is still stretched out toward it. The giving power of the world transcends all our measurements and all our thoughts. We feel sure of immortality as time granted us wherein to gather this harvest, a harvest with which the fields are whitening as far as the eye can reach. We have a certified lien upon the wealth of the world, and that wealth comes pouring in, and breaking at our feet like the inexhaustible waves of the ocean. The poverty of profanity has long since left our hearts. A reverential wonder abides with us that we have to deal with things so great, approachable in ways so sublime.

Our ability to help the world has its source in this same reverential temper, the sense of the innumerable and immeasurable things that may be offered to men. The part of the poet or the prophet falls to us, simply because we see and foresee the divine goodness. The plain before us may seem dry and barren, but we know the climate, the fertility of the soil, and whence the water is to come which is to make it a fruitful paradise. Being directed of God into pleasant paths we can direct our fellow-men into the same paths. As one on a watch-tower, catching sight of the banners of those hastening to the rescue, we are able to speak the word which fills at once all hearts with the gladness of victory.

Moody was a prophet to the masses of men, not by virtue of philosophy, but by means of an intense spirit of reverence. He felt the gathering, growing force of the divine plan and he announced it as he saw it, and men believed him. They too began to feel the undercurrent drawing them into the Kingdom of Heaven. When we can say, as our first spontaneous petition, *Hallowed be thy name*, the everlasting gates are lifted up, and we and all begin to enter in. We cast ourselves on holiness, and its buoyant force is at once felt.

If we think of the world meanly and speak of it

slightingly; if we lie under all the brooding processes of earth and air and sky like so many addled eggs; if as the dumb, dull boy we can say nothing fittingly and so swear, it is simply because the germs of the divine life are not awakened in us. Reverence is the medium of revelation; the atmosphere which receives and diffuses light; the sense of things as they are and are to be in the grand spiritual world which God is creating. Not until we can pray, *Hallowed be thy name*, can we feel that the world is holy, or lend help in making it holy. This petition is the introduction to all spiritual life.

#### THY KINGDOM COME

The road of revelation, like the road of knowledge, is a long one. If we pause anywhere in it, the things we seem to have acquired begin to escape us, to become formal and dead. If we persistently pursue it, our impressions, as those of a dissolving view, are enlivened by all that have gone before, and carry over an increased interest to those which are to follow.

It is often made a ground of reproach that our conceptions of God are so narrow, so human; or, as it is sometimes put in one overwhelming word, so anthropomorphic. Yet what other result

should be anticipated, or could arise? Since we are men, we shall doubtless think and feel as men think and feel. Nor is there any discouragement in this if we remember to how much purpose men have thought and felt. What other result should be desired, or could be anticipated, than that we should think about God as men may think about him, and be blest by the thoughts? Anthropomorphic? yes indeed, because we are only somewhat in the image of God. We are children, and our ideas are childish; but the childish idea may make way for the manly one, and is just as much a medium of growth as is the tottering step of the child its only access to the firm foothold of the adult. The danger of our restricted notions does not commence until we begin to hesitate, and no longer shift and expand our thoughts to take in the larger view.

The grotesque idol is a step in the ascent to God, the earliest assertion that the visible world does not exhaust the world, but that there are potencies which we have occasion to recognize, which lie back of things, back of sensuous quality. We become idolaters only when the invisible shrinks into this miserable similitude of an image. Then the image itself begins to become diabolical. The fetish, the idol, the picture, the symbol may

be in our unfolding, like the parting of the scales which enclose the bud, the first evidence that the inner life is beginning to push. All our conceptions of God, to the very end, will be found too narrow, too human, and will give occasion for better images and more adequate ideas. The mind is all the while growing into and taking possession of a profound and limitless universe. Only one thing is to be dreaded, the arrest of life, its turning aside from its true development, a halting at some intermediate point at which we begin to lose the old without gaining the new.

A similar line of thought is applicable to the Kingdom of Heaven. Our earlier conceptions of it are sure to be inadequate and may easily be ridiculous. The unbeliever may think he has made a telling point when he reminds us how tedious the songs, the hosannas of heaven must become. Such criticisms are merely fitted to push us off the stone on which we have been too long seated and to compel us to renew our journey. Streets of gold and gates of pearl, all the pleasures which address the senses, may help to usher in the idea of heaven; but if we stop with them, we and they will sink back into sensuous indulgence, and our heaven be swallowed up once more in the abyss of unpurified pleasures.



The very notion of a kingdom is a human conception, yet it is one so pliant, so capable of expansion, as to fit it to render protracted service. A kingdom is the most simple form which the state assumes. While a kingdom constantly falls short of its true service, it is manifestly intended to secure unity, harmony, and concurrent welfare over the entire area to which it pertains. If the best man be king, his counsel and guidance aim at this result, and the kingdom becomes the earliest form of a self-sustaining and prosperous state. This image of a kingdom, so familiar to men in their entire history, thus becomes the guide of thought in all reconciliation of men with men, in the successful combination of men for the widest, highest ends, and we have the Kingdom of Heaven as the transfer of this harmony to our spiritual relations. And yet how much purging and purifying of the notion of a king, how much submission of the people, indolent and passionate and selfish, to the general welfare, what an over-enlarged apprehension of what the public welfare includes are required before the words, the Kingdom of Heaven, can be freighted with their true meaning, and can convey to us a sense of the grace of God about to be freely exercised toward men! We must climb slowly, patiently up, up, through all failures, perversions,

and narrow forms of government, still up, up into the divine wisdom and goodness, before we can enter, as we should, into the prayer, *Thy kingdom come*; before we can be helped, as we should be, in our daily labor by the certainty that this kingdom is coming, and shall come completely, in the world. We must have, as the condition of prayer, some suitable apprehension of this kingdom, some sense of its corrective and creative power, some conviction that it is included in the ongoing of things, and that neither our thought concerning it nor labor for it is lost in an empty idea. The Kingdom of Heaven must be to us an all-comprehensive good, gathering up our wants and the wants of our fellow-men in perfect fulfillment. Thus only can we pour all our desire and all our labor and all our life into the petition, feeling that our prayer reaches from the center to the circumference of human society and human need and makes all sound.

This promise of the kingdom, this putting together of its first terms, are already in the world; and when we ask for the completion of this creative work, we are simply praying that what is best may become better, that what is partial may become complete, and that the vision of glory which begins to appear in the heavens

may spread over them and everywhere transform them.

We speak of the mineral kingdom, the vegetable kingdom, the animal kingdom, and when we go farther and speak of the spiritual kingdom, the Kingdom of Heaven, we embrace and complete the entire series. We are not thinking of things separate from one another, but of things which sustain and enlarge one another in every imaginable way. We are thinking of foundations wide and strong, of a superstructure suitable to them, of decorations and uses which grow out of them, and of a primary purpose which gives unity and beauty to them all.

We call the mineral world a kingdom because minerals take on so many forms as crystals, while all these forms follow on under similar laws, because they have varied yet definite and permanent ways of combination, and because they make up in quality and quantity a world which is ready for uses, so manifold and multiplied. The mineral kingdom is not indifferent to the vegetable kingdom, the animal kingdom, the Kingdom of Heaven, arching over them all. They are in reference to one another foundations and superstructure. This fitness in first things for things which are to come is partially hidden from us because it is involved

in so many familiar and commonplace relations and because the higher is ever adapting itself to the lower as well as the lower to the higher. We do indeed make the most of the world, but that should not hide from us the fact that the world is one of which much can be made. We build our walls, but we build them of material ready to our hand. Minerals, in quantity and quality, have relation to the wants of man, and they are already so built together as to give a framework of support to his labors. We may wish more of one kind and less of another, but we get along wonderfully well with what we have of each. Our workshop is abundantly furnished with material, and yet the law of labor is not set aside. The world in its first construction is a kingdom, put together with a far-reaching anticipation of consequences. Any extensive change in its materials would affect the whole history of events, and make the record with which we are so familiar very different. The world rules us and we rule it, and out of this reciprocal action come results fortunate and unfortunate in the measure in which we bring wisdom to our task.

In a yet more complete form is the vegetable world a kingdom. It is interlaced in a great variety of dependencies. There is in it every degree

of kinship, every form of hierarchy, and wide ministration of plant to plant, both in nourishment and in protection. The forest gathers under its shadow a long list of herbs and shrubs, as certainly and parentally as the hen, her chickens under her wings. A looking forward to what is to come is yet more manifest in the vegetable than in the mineral kingdom. All animal life is to be provided for, and an extensive action and reaction is set up between these two forms of creation. They must mutually nourish and extend each other. Because this dependence is so inherent, so inevitable, we may cease to marvel at it, as if nothing were wonderful which is not put together, like a puzzle, in a mechanical form. The world grows together in its several parts, and thereby becomes a more complete kingdom. These relations are both near and remote. They are instituted by immediate dependencies and give rise to remote ones. The bee is attracted to the flower by color and so fertilizes it, but how comes the flower with its honey, its money in hand, to pay the busy bee? Yet both flower and bee with all their marvelous capacities are only truly and finally fed upon by the intelligent eye of man. All services are on their way to this goal, all friction is in the mind of man.

The animal kingdom, crowning these lower kingdoms, at once begins to throb with feeling. Waves of appetite and passion and desire stir it in every part. The uses of the world, and the laws of these uses, begin to disclose themselves. The rulers of the world and the rules of the world stand over against each other, and give us more distinctly than ever a united kingdom. It is often said that the law of this kingdom is force, and that this force, in its exercise, brings hopeless strife and tyranny; that our kingdom is not a kingdom of peace nor can it ever be. This is only partially true of a transition state. Animal life starts in nurture and love, and will ultimately return to them as its true ties. Without this first kinship, the animal kingdom would cease to be, and it travails in pain waiting for a second birth into redemptive love. The animal kingdom is in a state of anarchy, its lawful king is not yet on the throne. Nor has the kingly race yet learned the law of its own life. All things are waiting on reason. The animal kingdom and the rational kingdom are inextricably interwoven. Neither can be perfected without the other. As the rational element advances, the physical element retires to its true position. We have force, but force itself must come under the rule of reason and of love.

This immediate anarchy is due to the process of creation. It is not to be alleged against the creative plan, any more than the confusion of a building in its erection is the fault of the finished work. The Inquisition did not disclose the nature of Christian faith, nor does vivisection reveal the character of scientific research. The heartless experimenter is no more a type of manhood than was Torquemada, the terrific inquisitor, with his ten thousand victims wrapped in flames, a type of Christian love.

Our prayer is *Thy Kingdom come*. We wait for the time when force shall be the instrument of reason, and not override it; when men shall enlarge sympathy, not quell it. The questions which forever press upon us are: What are the rudiments of a kingdom of heaven in the world? May all forces remain as forces and yet be put to the service of the affections? Can we build an engine whose imprisoned steam shall tug at every joint and yet be perfectly safe? Are the achievements of love, like those of reason, possible and harmonious, and do they thus contain for us a kingdom of heaven? Human action is so partial in its accomplishments, so conflicting and fragmentary in its putting forth, that we find great trouble in believing in anything approaching perfection

in the actions of men. In the study of plants, when we pass over from systematic botany to structural botany, we forget the beauty of the flower in our desire to know the processes by which it is built up. In biology, we have a museum of skeletons as more instructive than a collection of animals. Yet it is the plant and animal as living things which God gives us, and it is in their perfected life that we best understand them. Our method is as if we should analyze words and sentences and care nothing for literature. The Kingdom of Heaven is the fullness, and the fulfillment, of all things. It is the music in which fitting sounds are combined; the elevation of thought and warmth of feeling which arise when men are attuned to one another and to the world.

*Thy kingdom come* is the prayer of faith, the prayer of one in whom the purposes of life are taking shape, and its possibilities have begun to be seen. It is not the petition of one who is engrossed in the details of living, but of one who is living. It is not, "I believe, help Thou mine unbelief"; it is not the struggle of one for the light, the soul, meanwhile, sinking into darkness, but the abiding desire of one who has caught sight of the goal and is pressing toward it. This prayer is first the victory of faith in the soul, and second the push-



ing outward of this inner life for the conquest of the world. The seed hidden in the earth has felt the heat of the sun and now it is in search of the sun itself. In this prayer we see the true nature of faith, that faith by which we enter into all invisible good and wrap it about us as a garment.

Faith is that temperament of mind and heart to which goodness and truth readily disclose themselves, it is the dormant life ready to become the actual life.

The same man makes a very different impression on different men. One dislikes him and distrusts him; another likes him and trusts him. The two in their conflicting judgments are dealing with spiritual qualities. The one fails to see them, the other is at once impressed by them. The one attitude is that of darkness and apprehension, the other of light and confidence. Faith, when well directed, is not only rational, it is the summation of the highest reason. It is knowing with the knowledge of a pure heart, it is seeing through a perfect lens. The man who prays *Thy kingdom come*, has begun to see that kingdom in the world, to rejoice in its excellence, and to be in haste for its completion. The glimmer on the horizon is for him daylight, light that, in spite of the long darkness, is normal to the world, and will quickly en-

close it in its arms. He sees and feels, and he is alive with his convictions. The forces are at work all about him which are to fulfill his vision.

Take the cruelty of the world, its violence and blood. They disturb him, they distress him, they do not discourage him. His heart is at war with them and rejects them, and he believes that the heart of the world is equally at war with them and will equally reject them. The thought of God seeking realization in the kingdom of God, pushing in all ways into the light, is one of wisdom and love. O that that kingdom might come! The seed has germinated, is piercing the soil, and now we wait for the miracle of flower and fruit.

The coming of this kingdom is not a single, a detached event, it is the marshaling together of all events, the accomplishment of all labors, the completion of all hopes. Men who have grounded arms and lie stretched here and there, at the word of command spring to their feet, fall into ranks, the ranks close up as regiments, the regiments stand fast as divisions, and the divisions become one army. Such is the coming together of the detached parts of the kingdom. Herein is the invincible force of faith, its conquering power. This kingdom completes the world. This completion must be, the world is that it might be, and has

been from the beginning in these throes of birth. It is not denying one thing, it is denying and making futile all things, to say there is no kingdom. The soul abhors this unbelief as utter blindness, and flings itself with new desire on the prayer, *Thy kingdom come.*

This kingdom is a kingdom and has the unity and aidfulness of a kingdom. A conspicuous feature of the world has been its strife. Some have laid great stress on this struggle for existence, as if it were the deepest impulse in human life and in all life. And yet the cruel pressure of this law remains with us only until we can climb up into a higher, more beneficent, and more efficient law, that of love. Even war has wrought on the side of affiliation and men have been consolidated into nations, wherein they have grown strong by unity, by a fellowship which has sheltered all the institutions of peace. One step alone remains, aidfulness among nations. The better law, which sprang up in the shelter of the household, has gone thence as the affiliation of great peoples with one another, and now waits to draw these peoples themselves into the household of nations.

Most human passions and all human virtue are social. We sin because of the temptations others bring to us, we obey more perfectly as others unite

in giving us the incentives and the rewards of obedience. The kingdom sustains all goodness and makes it ever more normal. As holiness comes the kingdom comes, and as the kingdom comes holiness comes with it.

This kingdom has its own patriotism, the patriotism of universal good-will and joy. There are times of darkness. The night settles down and the eye is hemmed in. But all barriers give way to the light. The soul is true to itself, its powers come at length to play freely and it overtakes the joy of the kingdom, and is overtaken by it. It has no occasion to split up and to subdivide its petition, to plead for this or to plead for that special good. *Thy kingdom come* includes all and for all. The joy of a far-spreading and invincible good takes possession of the soul, it wishes simply to love, not to narrow itself to luxuries and to the luxurious, but to be the recipient of all good with all and through all. The day has come in gladness, let it move forward in strength.

This kingdom is a kingdom. It has its king in whose hand all wisdom and goodness are gathered. He rules beneath and above. The physical and the spiritual minister to each other, and in their interlock make up and hold firm the kingdom. All things are working together for good to those

who love God. They were made, and remade, and are being made again for this very end of universal service.

It is a kingdom in which authority rests on liberty and liberty issues in authority. The kingdom is not established until those who are subject to it pray *Thy kingdom come*. We share the counsel of God and are found gladly fulfilling his purposes, since under them and with them all events flow together, float and bear forward the welfare of the race. We love God because he first loved us, and there is no abatement or limitation either in his or in our love. Our vision is so extended, our thoughts so widely rational, our hearts so alive to goodness, that we cannot but pray *Thy kingdom come*, the kingdom in which giving and receiving, activities and receptibilities are inseparable, and all are merged in the flow of the universal life forward, as our wills and the divine will together touch the highest creation, that for which all things were made, the Kingdom of Heaven.

THY WILL BE DONE IN EARTH AS IT IS IN HEAVEN

This petition is an amplification under the previous one, *Thy kingdom come*; an amplification

which brings into relief its most distinguishing feature. The Kingdom of Heaven lies in a complete knowing and doing of the will of God.

We are not told how God's will is done in heaven. We are supposed to conceive, in our own experience, ever more distinctly, how it is done—intelligently, habitually, gladly. The joy of heaven is found in this doing; it is not the reward of it. The doctrine of rewards and punishments appeals only to the lower phases of spiritual life, and even these bring many misapprehensions. Everlasting punishment means everlasting discord, and robs itself of all redemptive character. Insight into good, insight into the conditions of welfare are the highest product of culture. The Lord's Prayer presupposes a measure of this knowledge. We apprehend, at least partially, the joy of heaven, and desire its transfer to earth.

This is what God is about, teaching us his will; this is what we should be about, learning his will deeply, broadly, beneficently.

This learning the will of God is, in the fullest meaning of the word, empirical, an experience; it is also, in the fullest meaning of the word, intuitive, an insight by which we draw near to God in vision. We strive to do the will of God, and so we come to know what that will is. The good we accomplish

makes a higher good visible to us. We become skilled workmen in the Kingdom of Heaven. Even the evil into which we have fallen makes plain to us that we have missed the path. We are in all ways corrected and instructed in spiritual things. The vices and the virtues of those about us are disclosures to us of the conditions of life. We make our way by means of them through the unreclaimed forces of the world. Having gained some notion of spiritual good, we are thus prepared to pray *Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven.*

This is the first great fact of our lives, that we are being taught; trained in knowledge, until the will of God, the plan of God, is understood by us. We thus catch glimpses of the divine vision, and are anxious to reproduce it fully in a world as yet unshaped by it. Truth, instead of lying here and there, now and then, like flakes of light on the landscape, we come to see should cover the entire field of action, penetrating it everywhere with its warmth and vitality. This is to be done in our separate, individual experience; this is to be done in our common, collective experience, an experience not yet purified in thought, corrected in practice, and brought under the discipline of love. Distinction of races, nations, classes; distinctions between those of kindred occupations and those

who are not; distinctions of those akin to us and those alien to us; distinctions in which reason and unreason, the will of God and the passions of men are commingled and confounded—it is to these distinctions that we are to bring the will of God and to build up relations under it like unto those of the Kingdom of Heaven.

A fundamental conviction is that the will of God, the plan of God covers all things; that in every relation of life there is a course of conduct that in reference to all other courses is good, right, pleasure-giving, and that this course expresses the will of God; that nothing is haphazard in society any more than in the physical world; and that this action, which is ordained for the welfare of men, expresses the divine mind. We wish it to have sway in the same complete form in the world as we suppose it to have in heaven. *Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven.*

We know a great deal about the will of God, but there is more, much more, that needs to be known. All the lasting peace and joy of our lives turn on what we know of God's will, and all the perplexity, fear, and discouragement, on what we fail to know. We are like one who lives by the shore of the ocean. He is constantly on it, he gets his food from it, he forecasts its storms, he rejoices in its bright days.



Yet how much remains unknown to him. He rows and sails on a great sea whose depths and wide stretches lie quite beyond him, a sea which furnishes no such food for mind and heart as it is ready to furnish, a sea that may, after all, swallow him up, because of his hopeless ignorance and unwise courage.

In the acquisition of this needed knowledge, there are many mistakes to be encountered, much suffering, constant delay, frequent retreat. We have not yet learned what was declared to us long ago, that God hath made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on all the face of the earth. We, as a nation, have never reached in practice those primary principles of equality which, at one time, taught by our own trials, we seemed to espouse. We limit them, fall below them, rob them of their immediate bearing. We vibrate about the polar point like a needle suffering magnetic disturbance.

Take such a thing as war. At times we catch sight of its foolish, diabolical character; unfitted alike to wise men and to good men. More frequently we think of it as a part of the framework of things, and watch its development with tranquil interest. We see the circumstances accumulating which tend to strife, the provocations which usher in war gaining ground; and we begin to discuss its

possibility and its probable results. The building may take fire, and, if it does, we shall be there to see it burn. We forget the waste of human labor, the good ready to be reached driven back into chaos. We speak of civilized warfare. We might as well talk of lovable hatred.

The essential condition of doing the divine will as it is done in heaven is more knowledge, not of things but of persons, a knowledge of the beauty and joy and eternal peace of the ties which unite us to our fellow-men and to the throne of God. Not a theoretical knowledge which may lie, dry seed, in the resinous hand of a mummy three thousand years without germinating, but a practical knowledge, seed in the soil, drinking in moisture, bursting its integuments, and, under the quickening heat of the sun, finding all its mysterious powers.

The idea which keeps company with this knowledge of the will of God is liberty, the power and obligation to do it. God is waiting, the world is waiting, the happiness of men is waiting on liberty, waiting until we shall learn to think the things and to do the things that are thought and done in heaven. Let us give a moment's consideration to this liberty, involved in the petition, *Thy will be DONE in earth as it is in heaven*; the liberty which

explains the plan of God, covers all delays, and lies at the foundation of spiritual welfare. Men have ridiculed this liberty, and have put it down by what they have regarded as invincible argument; and then they have proceeded to make use of this same liberty without guidance against their own lives. If a man wishes to show himself an imbecile and to prove himself an idiot, this argument will carry him a long way in his purpose.

Liberty, in the Christian scheme, is our constant point of departure and of return. "Strive to enter in at the strait gate." "Seek ye first the Kingdom of Heaven." "Every one that asketh receiveth, and he that seeketh findeth, and to him that knocketh it shall be opened." These words lie in the line of our daily experience. They are full of encouragement; they break down all obstructions and call out latent powers. Men, missing liberty, build up schemes of election, as if there were or could be any other election than the soul's election of God and God's election of the soul, each in liberty, two drops melting into one sphere. The moment we force a few into the Kingdom of Heaven, we begin to force many out of it. The Kingdom of Heaven ceases to be within us, an everlasting possibility of life.

Human life is at one with the gospel on this

question of liberty. We hold all men everywhere and at all times, the young and the old, the high-minded and the debased, to the test of liberty; to censure and praise, reward and punishment, according to their use of liberty. We turn apparent prosperity into sudden overthrow by the exposure of wrong action. Men have never done otherwise, and never will do otherwise.

Liberty is not blind power, it is the power to see, to understand, and to act. Thinking itself, which is the adjustment of the mind to the facts, must be free, and it must carry freedom with it. Will is but the fructifying of this power of thought in action. If we are swimming to any purpose we are not under the water, our heads are above the water and our eyes on the shore. To think with observation and forecast is to alter the conditions of action; is for the pilot to cast his eyes on the chart, before he brings the ship about. "As a man thinketh so is he." What thinkest thou of the world, of Christ, of human destiny? These are the questions which put our powers in motion and make us masters of life. This is the freedom of the sons of God, the freedom that goes with broad daylight. This is the freedom to which we appeal in the petition, *Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven.*

We may not at all times seem to be in possession of this liberty. We may be surrounded by many vexations, a cloud of mosquitoes which we cannot drive off. Men envelop themselves in multitudinous cares and claims and conventional sentiments, and so sink below liberty. They become slaves of excessive desires, yet there is air above them. Let them rise into an atmosphere clear enough to see in, cool enough to think in, and there once more they will regain their liberty.

If a man is to have an opinion, to express an opinion, to enforce an opinion, that opinion must be the product of his own thought; twisted together out of the filaments of his own conviction. We commit intellectual suicide when we say that we are not able to form an opinion. Our words fall at once to the ground. We become slaves who can own nothing, give nothing, testify to nothing. A man must stand by his freedom whether he comprehends it or not, for only thus can he enter into any kingdom, earthly or heavenly. It is to bring these two kingdoms into harmony, as resting on the same convictions, that we pray *Thy will be done*. We understand the world by our own will. This is the only government the world knows. We are constantly pushing responsibility to its limits. We are eager to hold men responsible to us. We

live in this atmosphere of praise and censure: sharp, biting censure; honeyed, voluminous praise. There is nothing we are surer of than our fault-finding. There is no reaction of the human mind more immediate and certain than its reaction against injury. Our daily thoughts, feelings, actions revolve on this pivot of conduct.

The theory which takes all substance out of liberty has been held by good men, and yet they have proceeded at once to neglect it in action. If men are passive under surrounding circumstances, waiting to be moved by them, then they are things. It is indeed vain to strive to bring such a being under moral forces, to load him down with responsibilities, he still remains, in heaven or on earth, a beast of burden. If we first put the drinking-cup into Benjamin's sack, we shall indeed know where to find it. But what right have we, in view of the history of the world, its achievements and its failures, to cast human lives as so much drift-wood into the stream of events?

Liberty in action comes through liberty of thought. "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free." What is better worth knowing than the truth; but why know it, if we are unable to obey it? The pilot's hand is on the helm. He sees the conditions before him. Let the winds

blow, the waves dash, the currents tug, he is there to resist them and to bring his ship to port. We are slow to feel that there is a spiritual order and spiritual presence in the world, which frames law, which swaddles us in it like a garment, and nurses us by it into manhood. This world must make itself seen and felt and understood as permeated with the will of God; and God is struggling with this revelation of love which is to fill full our spiritual cup.

The harmony of the world with itself turns on these spiritual elements. This is the spiritual matrix in which a kingdom of heaven is to be shaped. Without it all is immediate strife and ultimate ruin. The physical laws on which we plant ourselves are naked granite; much can be built on them, nothing can be grown on them. When the world takes on a spiritual character its elements come together in achievement, in holiness, in blessedness. The garment of divine love begins to be cast over the framework of things. Personality emerges, and we are ready to pray *Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven*. Do not let us stultify ourselves or our fellow-men by denying our power to know and to do the divine will, a will spread out all over the world that we may know it and may do it.

The world is the breeding place of spiritual powers. Its chief feature is the discipline by which we come to see what is good, to learn what is true, and to pursue them. God places us in a world where all things are to be wrought out, and to be wrought into perfect form. We may, if we will, profane the name of God, set lightly by his law, and despise his power. That which we shall be judged by, stand or fall by, is the conformity of our thoughts and actions to the facts of the world. This training is a far-reaching training. It puts us to constant trial. The knowing and the doing are forever flung back upon us. We may repeat our mistakes, or we may correct them. No justification of disobedience, no dogmatism in error, no submission of our will to the will of others, will rid us of our ever-returning responsibility to know and to do the will of God as it is known and done in heaven.

It seems a strange petition, *Thy will be done*, as if the will of God were not sure to be done. We appear to ask for a stay of procedure, that events should be held in check, while we discuss this question of obedience. This is what we do ask, and it is what we truly need. The law of the world marches with the day, with the seasons, with the centuries. We are petitioning that God should



quicken us with his thoughts, ply us with his persuasions, until we are ready to get to our feet and to take our place with these forms of life as they move forward out of chaos into the beauty and order of creation. Our danger lies just here, that when the words of wisdom come to us, we shall not heed them; nor understand the forces which, with us or without us, push events forward to their fulfillment. Let not the consummation complete itself and we find no place in it. Yes, we have need to pray Make the years to tarry that we too may learn in them to do Thy will.

This discipline of the world is *concessive* as well as searching. While the circumstances of life are by no means in each person equally favorable to obedience, each set of circumstances makes up a discipline in which the spirit subject to them may be thoroughly trained. Nor are the differences what we think them to be. Favorable conditions constantly miscarry and unfavorable ones are often successful. The victory is not in his surroundings, nor yet wholly in the man, but in a living interplay of the two. All soils and all climates declare themselves in suitable flower and fruit. The mind adjusts itself to duties, and duties instruct the mind. The desire to know and the effort to know, these prosper wherever they are. It is a

faithful dealing with the rudiments of the Kingdom of Heaven as they lie about us, and a diligent extension of them, which build us up in knowledge and obedience, and render the prayer earnest and intelligent, *Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven*. It is this discipline which makes us ready for heaven as we approach heaven.

This discipline is not only comprehensive and concessive, it is loving. It is difficult for us to see the kindness of the world. Our indolence, our thwarted desires make the path of obedience hard and distasteful. The constancy with which we are thrown back on obedience only enforces the lesson that God's will is to be done *completely*, done in earth as it is done in heaven. The beauty of obedience lies in its perfection. The confusion and the suffering of the world are due to partial obedience. Our discipline, because it is loving, goes to the heart of the difficulty. The obedience of heaven is held up to us complete, cheerful, effectual. This obedience becomes brighter and brighter, more and more possible, as we dwell upon it. It passes into the deep-seated desire of our text, *Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven*.

Our thoughts, feelings, actions fall into harmony; we are instructed in the true sources of our own pleasure; our satisfaction is deepened in the

pleasures of others, and all subsidiary good finds its way into one stream that flows through our lives. We come to possess both earth and heaven when we see that one and the same law, one and the same will, governs them both; that God's will is the creative love of God which is seeking to declare itself in that evolution in which the highest comes out of the lowest, and all things work together toward the Kingdom of Heaven. If we understand the world in which we are, the prayer becomes inevitable, *Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven.*

GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD

This petition, regarded in its statement simply, is a plain, narrow supplication. Yet, as the mind rests upon it, it unfolds its reasons, and we begin to feel its inspiration; it enlarges itself in all directions until it embraces the whole field, from horizon to horizon, of things to be given and received at the divine hand. We ask for a simple, physical thing and immediately discover that we have asked for all related physical gifts. We then see that intellectual opportunities and spiritual blessings stand on the same footing and have their part in the petition. We are, in reference to them all, on the same terms of reception, and we

are before the great giver of all good, seeking at his hand the gifts of the day. As fast as grows our sense of need, so fast grows the petition we have put up, until we find ourselves up and far away on the path of life. We start where all men start, in physical necessities, but we end where all should end, in the universal presence of God, in a world shaped to cover every human want. A plain narrow door gives us access into the munificence of heaven.

Bread stands for all physical nourishment at the table which the world spreads for us. This day is simply the first in that regiment of days, with which, keeping step, we enter into the years of God. There is no distinction made between the present and the future; the day's provision stands for the ever-renewed, the ever-renewing gifts of God, by which we rest with him forever on the same cordial terms of intercourse. Our favors are daily favors and unite us to God in an ever-renewed tie of love. We take an attitude in this petition which grows more and more fitting, more and more comforting, at each step of progress. We are taken into the presence of God and walk with him through the years so unknown to us, so dependent on his kindly favor. There is no slip, no failure, no loss of way in this journey.

The needs of each day open the divine hand; as the want arises, arises also the gratification. The actual good grows in endless sequence out of the possible evil and good which surround us. We have no occasion for anxiety or fear, for God has taken us in charge, and with him rest the responsibility and the power. We have only to keep ourselves in the receptive attitude. This nearness of the world to God is in the prayer, and begets the prayer, *Give us this day our daily bread.* O for the ability to pray as God would have us pray, that we may know as he would have us know how near we are to him.

In the first place, with this petition in our hearts as well as on our lips, we are filled with contentment. The world, as men find it, is an easy place to be stupid in, a hard place to be active and contented in. We may agree with ourselves to let things take care of themselves. We may fall into confusion under the number of things to be lost and to be gained, and may decline the struggle of living. This comes very near the prevailing temper among men. They refuse to inquire what is best, and when it is forced upon them they refuse the toil and self-denial necessary to gain it. The labor is too immediate, the chances of failure too great; they have neither the strength nor the

courage for so hard a day's work. They are content to rest quietly as they are, rather than to put forth the effort to become what they are not, and what they can as yet hardly conceive to be the better thing. The world thus becomes a place of desultory and transient gratifications, of accumulating disappointments, of more and more complete estrangement from God and from his purposes of grace toward them. They hardly see, and they only see to misunderstand what they see. So the summation of desire, the final result of effort, is a sense of disappointment. They are led even to think that this is the final lesson of wisdom, not to desire much and not to expect much; that the unrecompensed strain of effort and the ease of indolence alike lead to the same result, contentment with a little, contentment that grows out of a barren soil.

The world is something quite other than this. It calls for wise and diligent effort and makes provision for its reward. A few see and feel this demand and put forth the labor called for, but frequently in a direction in which it is only partially successful. They gain something but do not gain the full reward—the reward accompanied with a restful sense of its adequacy. At the very last, when the fullness of the return should be compre-

hended, they are overtaken by a feeling of the unsatisfactory character of the things they have attained; that wealth, power, honor sink into the oblivion that swallows up human labor, and leave the soul desolate. "Wherefore," says the prophet, "do ye expend your money for that which is not bread, and your labor for that which satisfieth not?" The author of Ecclesiastes finds his way out of this dilemma obscurely. "What profit hath a man of all his labor? All things are full of labor; man cannot utter it." To rejoice in labor, this is the gift of God.

There is hardly another complex feeling in which men so agree, slowly floating into it from the experience of life, as in this dissatisfaction with the results of labor; especially when contrasted with the enthusiasm with which each generation takes up its tasks. In the morning they are ready for the toil of the day, but when the night comes the return is found slight and disappointing.

The civilization which men attain is worth very much, yet it miscarries in essential things. The poverty and debasement which pursue them put a stigma on human ambitions not easily forgotten. Our labor in making and marketing our products, our unceasing provision for ease and elegance, still leave us confronted with destitution, vice,

disease, and death. Is there sufficient reason for contentment, confronted as we are with these losses? The followers of Christ have met this apparent failure with inadequate devices. They have assumed, at times, an ascetic temper; have thrust aside enjoyment, have devoted themselves to suffering, and have thought and spoken of this beautiful and enjoyable world as an Aceldama. They have thus sinned against themselves, against their fellow-men, against the wisdom and goodness of God. They have abandoned the problem of life, and have in advance pronounced life a failure.

Or, escaping this error, that the pleasures of the world are simply a temptation, Christians have often come to share, in a half-hearted way, the feeling of laborious, ambitious men, and to expect and to accept a certain disappointment in present enjoyments, cherishing the hope that a better future would make all right. The world may thus become less satisfactory to them than to others, pursuing a blessing but half revealed, and disparaging the pleasures close at hand. It is hard for most persons to hold fast to the good-will of God, to believe in its possible extension to all, and to have a sense of its immediate sufficiency when fully possessed. All men strive to draw good-will into their own homes, into their own centers of life,



while they still entertain the notion that a little way out in the world there may be present, first, a spirit of indifference, and then, a little farther out, a vigorous antagonism. Though they are ever striving to lay hold of affection when it comes near to them, they fail to feel that love is the joy of the world, and that a spiritual sterility follows close on its absence.

The petition before us implies this transformation, this conversion of the world into the home of the spirit. It asks that the blessings of the world may be given unto us this very day. In accepting a blessing at the hand of God, it accepts it for all, and accepts it as a gift about to return with each returning day. Herein is the contentment of love, love that is satisfied in itself, that asks and only asks that it may be able to hold fast where it is, and to abide in its own pleasure. While the largest activity is called for to reach, under the divine providence, the gifts, actual and possible, in the world, there is no sense of their inadequacy or of their transient character. The home fire does not go out in ashes. Be the blessing little or large, it goes to the enlargement of human happiness. So we build our lives, so we hold them and there is no bitterness therewith. There is nothing lost. There is no poor

man robbed, no vicious man tempted, no obscure man forgotten, all are gathered up and compacted together in the kingdom of the world, all may be gathered up and compacted together in the Kingdom of Heaven. "To live is Christ and to die is gain." There is no obstacle in the path of grace, none but the sluggish apprehensions of men, and this obstacle is giving way wherever assailed. We are contented because the true goal of life is being approached every day, with the day's duties, the day's joys, the day's hopes.

But this contentment is continuous, progressive. What is good to-day is still better to-morrow. It is seen more clearly, desired more earnestly, and the way to it is less obstructed. Busy with nothing but the day's gifts and the day's work, we make no serious mistakes and find our labor ripening in our hands. The prayer, the effort, and the reward constantly renew themselves, and with each day we are farther on and higher up in the path of attainment. Strangely enough our Christian faith develops not infrequently a tendency to break up this continuity of temper and of action. We have supposed it possible to have one law of business and another law of religion; one method of making wealth, another method of expending it; one manner of encountering the strife and

enterprise of the world, and another manner of turning our anxieties, in the end, into a helpful and peaceful life. As an active people we have shown ourselves adepts in this transformation. Saul has not only been among the prophets, but has set the prophetic fashion. We have crowded our neighbors bitterly in winning prosperity, but prosperity once won, we have turned a sharp corner and have taken counsel with the world as to what work most needs to be done in it, can be most rapidly and certainly pushed forward by money, the money laid at the door of the temple. We forget the indignant rebuke of the apostle, "Thy money perish with thee, because thou hast thought that the gift of God could be purchased with money." It has not been our prayer, *Give us this day our daily bread*, but rather, Let me alone that I may make what I can in what way I can, and later I will settle the claims of heaven upon me. But it is not money but love that builds the Kingdom of Heaven, and if we have not charity, if we have not love, we become as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. There is no distinction of times and places tenable. The petition is always and everywhere, *Give us this day our daily bread*; and if we have not this temper in hand a cheque drawn on the future is worthless. We must walk with

God to-day and every day, if the higher, holier spirit is to become native to us. Our days must keep company with one another if they are to strengthen one another, and the divine work, the work of good will, is to prosper in our hands. This is obedience, this, the spiritual temper, and nothing else is. The renewing work of love is as constant, as continuous as the work of creation and for much the same reason, part uniting itself to part, love to love, until the divine thought is fulfilled. We cannot with one set of workmen, with hard labor and loud oath, draw the material together, then with another set build the temple, and, last of all, with a trusting temper worship quietly in it. The same spirit that is to occupy and to sanctify the structure must build it; from foundation to topmost stone a loving hand and a cloudless vision must preside over all. Nothing puts upon life or gives to life cohesion, continuity, fruition. It grows up one and the same by virtue of a vitality that is one and the same from inception to conclusion.

Again this petition, while it starts us in the way and leads us on in it by continuous, coherent changes, is always looking forward to a glorious completion. We are not confused nor cut short in the journey. There is one road before us, ever

stretching heavenward. We see the point of union where physical and intellectual and spiritual good unite, and whence stream out the light and the revelation which we are coming to understand.

We meet with so many disappointments. We fail in so many ways, we so readily mingle the good with the evil, that it is hard for us to believe that there is a plain heavenly path, which we may pursue with a simple, steadfast purpose. Yet so it would seem to be. Here is a petition we can offer, a way we can pursue, and find ourselves never far from divine aid nor waiting long for divine guidance. The world is in its youth. It has many things to learn, many to correct. Its powers are dormant, its passions awake. Yet in spite of darkness and confusion we see unmistakable signs of progress. Scattered through the history of the world, and more abundant in our day than in any previous one, there are men searching for the truth and giving it ready obedience. All forms of activity find their votaries—commerce, art, philanthropy—and every year the bonds of helpfulness and love are drawn closer. Never before were there so many men in the world ready to enjoy it and to make it enjoyable for others. If the day has not come, its light is on the mountains and begins to descend

into the valleys. We are able to offer and do offer the prayer, *Give us this day our daily bread*. We are making no distinction between God's activity and our own activity. We do not stand over against him nor does he stand over against us. We are absorbed in the one work of carrying the world forward in obedience and love, his and our labor. The getting and the giving go together, and are alike divine. We are united in both with our fellow-men. We do not pray, give me a million to-day and two millions to-morrow, but, give us our daily bread. We ask nothing for ourselves which is not pertinent for all and beneficial for all. Every gift is received in the way of fellowship and carried forward in the line of fellowship. We have not the presumption to suppose that we can get selfishly and give liberally, that we can live in the valley and have the visions of the summit. Our life is concurrent, concurrent with God, concurrent with the kingdom, concurrent with our fellow-men. The conditions and promises of the highest welfare we find applicable to our daily life, and ready to be ripened into the full fruition of blessings.

Events also, the ongoing of the world, concur with one another, and with what we are coming to see is the true evolution of the mind of God.

Every day grows out of the previous day, yet may be better than it. There are no waste years, no inclement seasons, in which the victories of life are suspended. We are more aware that one eternal purpose runs through them all, that events are coming together, approaching one center, that we have only to labor and to pray and to wait for the approach of events which as yet it has not entered our minds to conceive.

One hardly dares to rest so much on what at times seems so little and is so feebly understood. Yet, if we can adopt this temper and are able to say *Give us this day our daily bread*, the contentment, the continuity, the fulfillment of human life are all secured, and we move quietly forward to the realization of divine love. The end justifies the delay, and stands with the beginning a completed plan of salvation.

FORGIVE US OUR DEBTS AS WE FORGIVE  
OUR DEBTORS

The Lord's Prayer is free from dogma. Its doctrines are deeply imbedded in it, but do not rise to the surface. Dogmas are like the bones of the body, the more freely they are used, and the less conspicuously they are exposed, the better. In the petition before us a principle is involved of

which we have taken only too little notice,—the principle of forgiveness. Forgiveness and the occasions and consequences of forgiveness are great facts in the spiritual life. They are familiar terms of our daily experience. We all have occasion to be forgiven, we all have occasion to forgive, and we all know something of the results of forgiveness, freely granted or sullenly withheld. Bickerings, quarrels, and injuries are softened by repentance and removed by forgiveness. A man who never repents and never forgives has no place in the social world, any more than a flinty, angular stone in the mechanical world. A man who cannot forgive should be free from faults, since neither he nor we have any way of getting rid of his faults. If he will not suffer himself to be washed clean in the waters of repentance, we have no other method of cleansing him. The possibility of forgiveness is the possibility of renewing and healing our lives when they have miscarried. Christian doctrine has at times forgotten this fact and has put our relations to God on an unforgiving basis, a basis we are utterly unable to endure; one which darkens down the heavens and fills them with disastrous storms. We have thought that firmness in the character of God gives him so unyielding a hold on the sinner as to preclude forgiveness. We have transferred



to God the unyielding temper we sometimes see in men, the temper which stands fast in simple obstinacy and does not concern itself with consequences. The punishments of God thus become eternal and carry with them no touch of pity, no renovating power. Christ bids us to forgive seventy times seven. It is the forgiving temper which purifies our earthly atmosphere and makes it wholesome. Without it the air would become malarious, contagious, deadly. Government does not arise above forgiveness into the frigid regions of justice, it rises through forgiveness into the warm regions of love, and there renews all the germs of life.

There are three degrees of relationship among men, those of the household, those of society, and those of the State. The last of these, the relations of the State, are the most artificial and the most restricted; and yet they are the ones by which we have most frequently interpreted the divine government, forgetting the forbearance and loving delay with which in the family we meet the culprit. We put upon God's government the weakness and failures of our own jurisprudence. The State, from its lack of knowledge, from its lack of power, from its lack of time, can extend forgiveness only hesitatingly and reluctantly. It is by no

means sure that the tears of repentance are genuine, and it cannot allow the door of forgiveness to swing at once on the touch of every criminal. The object of punishment in the State is the immediate safety of its citizens. It must be sure not only that repentance strikes deep enough for correction, but also—what is far more difficult—that the sense of the nature of crime is in no way weakened in the community at large or in the criminal class by apparent repentance. This ignorance of facts and of results greatly retards the swing of ethical law in human tribunals, and makes it move on rusty and complaining hinges.

When we come to the family, whose primary purpose is nurture, forgiveness is constantly in order. We have as much forgiveness as we have transgression, with the single caution that forgiveness stands associated with repentance, and that the two pass on into improvement. In society much the same temper prevails. To work off the ills which arise among men by forgiveness is as normal an act as to wash one's hands; as fitting to be done as to rub out an old score in preparation for a new one. The close association of men in clubs or under some code of honor admits of apology as a method of escaping offense, and men would avail themselves more freely of

this method were it not for an ascription which sometimes attaches to it of cowardice. Men are so thoroughly cowards that they greatly fear the reputation of cowardice, so readily caught and so hard to shake off.

Trained in these ethical facts of the world we approach the divine government and the divine mind. We see in these laws of human nature what are the powers with which we are dealing. The discipline which comes to us under the laws of nature, the laws of God is instructive, corrective, and forbearing. Much is punished, much is passed over, much is forgiven. Our lives are so complicated, events take so wide a circuit before they come back, our actions are so mixed up with the actions of others, that it may require careful analysis to trace the relations of our own conduct and to see what, and in what way, God has taught us.

A man handles ignorantly the engine with which he is occupied. An explosion follows, and he meets his instruction and his punishment in one result. The injury may extend, and is likely to extend to persons who had nothing to do with the remissness. This is a consequence of the relations in which we are enclosed. The world is not devoted to the training of one man but of all men;

not to men separately but to them collectively. Not a man, but a community, a nation, the Kingdom of Heaven, are to be the fruit of discipline. There is no matching of one thing with one thing but all things together, until they make up a physical, intellectual, and spiritual world. This is the purpose which defines offenses, defines punishment, and defines the path of progress. The forgiveness granted must be fitted to secure the welfare of the world in its slow progression upward.

This perpetual retardation of the movement, this hinging of it on so many conditions has led some to say there is no forgiveness in nature. Causes once set in motion are never arrested; retribution, like hounds on the trail, is ever pushing forward to the finish. This assertion is certainly a mistake. In purely physical things there are an anticipation and a prevention of disaster. The elastic body recovers from a blow, and regains its form after pressure. We constantly avail ourselves of this quality to escape a jar or to prevent an accident. If this evasion of violence is not forgiveness, it is at least a fitting symbol of forgiveness; it holds back the ruin just ready to break in upon us and returns us to the line of safety.

In living things there is a constant correction of wrong tendencies, often a long and patient over-

looking of offenses. Most injuries are healed, most diseases cured. The one astonishing thing is the amount of forgiveness extended to a lusty young man, before the final blow is delivered. We thus speak of the *vis medicatrix*, the healing hand of nature, the tenderness with which she wards off disaster and repairs damages. If this is not forgiveness, it plays the same part in the dependence of events.

When we come to the world of human action forgiveness at once shows a supreme power. It cuts evil short, restores beneficent feeling, puts staggering virtue on its feet again, and unites men once more in the pursuit of their common welfare. The fruits of forgiveness are marvelous in human life. It makes light of the frailty of men, corrects their weakness, and gives life a new birth at the very moment of its failure. There is hardly another fact in the spiritual world so undeniable, so marvelous, so renovating as well-timed forgiveness; correcting our thoughts, softening our hearts in the moment of belligerency, and converting the evil impulse into a new send-off in the Kingdom of Heaven. No man is a saint who has not often forgiven and often been forgiven.

Forgiveness implies two persons and two reciprocal states; sorrow in the offender, relenting

tenderness in the offended. Repentance has very different depths, proportioned partly to the gravity of the offense and still more to the mind's apprehension of it. Adequate repentance means at once confession, correction, restitution. It is a discovery to the soul itself of its own sin, and a cleansing of the soul itself in the bitter waters of sorrow. It puts away the transgression and returns with renewed desire to the path of obedience. There may be a long and bitter struggle in this return, but the soul never abandons it. Forgiveness, on the other hand, recognizes this new attitude of the penitent, rejoices in it, concurs with it. There is no act more characteristic of a pure, spiritual state than forgiveness. God is said to rejoice more over one sinner that repenteth than over ninety and nine just persons who need no repentance. On the other hand, no sweeter relief ever comes to pain than that which springs from repentance, issuing in confession and calling out forgiveness. This knitting of souls together by forgiveness is a great spiritual fact, tested many thousand times in many thousand ways. It is sufficient of itself to establish the existence of a spiritual kingdom, and lies naturally as a central fact, first, in our relation to God, the fountain of these pure waters of life, and second, in our re-

lation to each other, bathing anew in this divine affluent.

Though this renewal of strength is complete only in the hearty assent of two persons, its proper initiative is found with the wrongdoer; and this return of the soul to truth does not altogether lose its healing power even if forgiveness is withheld. In offenses between men the wrong is more frequently not wholly on one side, and the better temper may return equally and concurrently to both minds. Though the refusal to forgive mars the pleasure of the penitent, it does not destroy the healing power of the penitence itself. We are clean when we are washed, though the anointing oil is not extended to us. Yet the true communal character of the spiritual world is seen in the fact that two spirits meet each other in repentance and forgiveness and are both strengthened without any exact apportionment of wrongs. In a community quarrel where a bitter temper prevails, and cruel, unyielding passions swell like a torrent, all hearts inflamed, all minds irritable, forgiveness, like the coming warmth of spring, softens the air, steals away the anger, until peace and good-will return once more. When we see how certainly an unforgiving spirit provokes transgression, it is strange that we ever thought that God, at

any time or in any place or for any reason, could fail to unite the penitent in reconciling love to himself. In the degree in which one pushes toward the universal life, will he extend forgiveness to every transgressor that seeks it in penitence. The only limitation is the genuine, corrective character of the penitence. The wound is to be healed, not converted into a running sore. The perfection of God's character makes him alert to the cry of the transgressor. It is in part for this reason that we make all offenses also offenses against God, that we may call in his parental love, make him a witness to our return, and feel the healing power of his grace. Herein we get a purchase of love against offender and offended alike, a love that lightens up all the dark retreats of sin, and makes them sharers in the daylight of divine grace. This pervasive warmth renews once more the processes of life.

We cannot receive forgiveness freely except as we can extend it effectively. *Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors.* These words may mean in the degree in which we forgive our debtors, or they may mean because we forgive our debtors. Though the first rendering of the words, in which we ask to be forgiven in the measure in which we forgive others, may seem to be a dangerous pe-



tition with which to stand before God, yet a little consideration shows us that the two interpretations come to much the same result. The forgiving temper is the very condition by which alone we can receive forgiveness. Forgiveness has purifying power only in the penitent spirit, but a penitent spirit cannot co-exist with an unforgiving one. The depth of our charity toward others measures the depth of our sorrow in view of our own offenses. The obverse and reverse of a sound temper do not bear contradictory legends. We enter into forgiveness, whether it is extended to us or extended by us, by virtue of the tenderness which accompanies repentance. Forgiveness passes by an unforgiving temper and leaves it unblessed. We meet the mind of God and we meet other minds only in the fellowship of penitence and forgiveness. As we forgive, and only as we forgive, are we forgiven. There is one and the same temper on either side. It is less difficult to forgive than it is to seek and to receive forgiveness. If we cannot compass the first, we certainly cannot accomplish the second, We can receive forgiveness only in the temper and in the degree in which we grant it. We are reminded of this in the petition, *Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors.*

Forgiveness is an effacement of sin. The

wound heals without a scar. Recovery means a better condition than before the sickness. Mind and heart gain new vital forces. This is an ultimate fact in the spiritual world. We can be as sure of it as of the fact that injury begets anger, and anger calls out further anger. The true atonement of sin is repentance and forgiveness, the restoration of fellowship by means of them. As two drops of water, touching, instantly rearrange themselves around one center, so two hearts brought together in repentance come at once under a new attraction. This is the nature of spirit, this is the divine method. We know not exactly how or when the contact may occur, but all depends upon it. The delays, shiftings, and accidents of time, like the shaking of a screen, may seem awkward, but they help on this vital process of union between living things. We may worry along in obscure paths, we may search for happiness with an ill-temper in many directions, but the blessing will come when it does come under this old, old formula of repentance and forgiveness, a formula that our Lord put into our daily prayer: *Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors.* Sin perishes in this presence of a forgiving temper and love springs up anew. The soul comes under the redemptive process, salvation begins at once.

This experience of forgiveness is the most penetrative and joyful of any that we undergo. It is springtime, all buds are bursting. We know not at what point under our very feet some new form of life may appear. The leaves rustle in the winds, the birds are in the air. The sweet, inexhaustible summer has begun.

We often figure the Kingdom of Heaven as a place of rest. It is a place of rest but of rest through measured, well-ordered activity. In the warm, fruitful soil of forgiveness, delays and errors find correction. Better things, more rewarding, more successful, spring up. Blindness and weariness pass away. We have cast them out by repentance, and the world greets us again in forgiveness. It matters not that we are at work where one's hands and one's garments are often soiled. We are also at work where they can easily be washed again in pure, living water. We can forgive, we can be forgiven, and thereby mount one step nearer heaven.

There is, it is true, a fearful contrast to this ascent of the soul by forgiveness, with unending stroke of wing; it is the inability to repent of a familiar sin, a mind made dull and heavy by temptation, powers unstrung, not strengthened by repentance. We thus by betraying repentance

reach a point of collapse from which we cannot recover, a point in which a mawkish phase of sorrow may remain to us with no renovating power. A man long crushed under a vicious habit, like intemperance, may shed tears which have no more significance than the drops which creep through the crevices of a weeping rock.

One may lose the healing power of forgiveness because one has steadily misapplied and wasted it. It is a fact of this kind which makes life critical. Vital forces are at work and they must either accomplish their beneficent purpose, or, failing of it, put it more and more beyond our reach. We cannot offer day by day this prayer for forgiveness without strengthening or weakening the processes of life. The power of repentance, the renewal of affection, the renovation of the will, must become a living experience or one in which we suffer perpetual effacement. It is from these paths of indifference and danger that we pluck our feet by the ever-renewed petition, *Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors*. Unless we can urge this prayer, feeling each time its cleansing power, we are falling below the very conditions of life, and making harder and yet harder the way of transgression. It is the daily escape from sin by repentance and forgiveness that makes our lives

glad and buoyant, and lifts them into the divine presence.

LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION, BUT DELIVER US  
FROM EVIL

This language illustrates the fact that the Scriptures, like all free and comprehensive forms of speech, are to be interpreted under the light of the ideas and of the conditions involved in them; and not merely as verbal propositions. Men have spent much ingenuity, especially in legal documents, in wrapping up a given purpose in phrases so snug and exact that the language and the thought should no more part company, but should convey to every mind the same impression. The effort has been but partially successful. A little ingenuity has so expanded the expression or shriveled the idea, that the language and the meaning have separated, and the idea has come to rattle about, like a withered kernel in the shell which contains it. Men have never prospered in so tying the wings of thought that it should remain on the same perch forever. Language is a reflecting surface, that yields its images according to the position of the eye that receives them. Mind and language meet each other, like the steel and the flint; the spark de-

pend on the force of the collision. We might, determined on a critical rendering of this petition, infer that God was accustomed to lead us into temptation, and that our danger arose from this circumstance; as the danger of a child may arise from the curiosity of its nurse.

Yet the language is easily intelligible to one under the stress of sin. To one, like an inebriate, on whom temptation is constantly stealing, putting to rout his feeble purpose, the petition is perfectly plain. He can pray with perfect comprehension *Lead me not into temptation, but deliver me from evil*. No struggle overtakes a man with himself which does not at once give this petition meaning, force, hope; rallying the soul to God's grace and calling that grace to its aid.

Comprehension comes with the feeling that the methods of the world and God's methods are identical; that we meet God when we meet the world, and that in this daily discipline we need the sense of divine guidance and aid. We are children. The thoughts and actions of the child should coalesce with those of the parent, and thus safety be found. If the child separates itself from the counsel of the parent presumptuously or passionately, a conflict sets in by which wisdom and goodness become repellent to it. The loss from this

strife is immediate. The parent has occasion to adapt his actions to the child, and the child has occasion to yield his ignorance and inexperience to the parent who has him in charge. The constant petition may well be in the mind of the child that the thing required of him may not be beyond his strength, and that the strength of the father may be with him in its performance. In proportion as weakness and power, ignorance and wisdom meet each other in the same task is this need of guidance felt.

When we pray *Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil*, we feel the critical character of the world: how far off goodness is from any ready attainment, and how much we need that God's hand should keep close hold upon us and we upon it. We are not praying that the world may be remade; that no tasks and no dangers may come to us; but that we may be saved from any unreasonable boldness or passionate resistance that will take from us all security in the moment of trial. So the Psalmist prays "Keep back thy servant from presumptuous sins, let them not have dominion over me." The mind is in search of strength, and that strength it hopes to find in the divine strength; it is in search of safety, and that safety it expects to find in the divine love. There

is here no desire to alter God's action, but to get the full benefit of it; no wish to separate ourselves from his discipline, but to find him in it. The world, as fitted to us and we to it, is our starting point, but that which alone can make this union fruitful and enjoyable is God's presence. No matter in how rich a soil the seed may be planted it must still be visited by the sunlight. The discipline of life lies at this point, a slow coming out into manhood and the repose of strength by virtue of the mastery of temptation. The prayer recognizes temptations as pressing us toward the danger line; temptations that are blinding the eyes, weakening the will, and preparing to swallow us up, as the ocean engulfs the spent swimmer. Deliver us, O God, deliver us. Restore the gifts we were about to squander, and were ready to lose.

All training involves temptation. It is under temptation and against temptation that our powers are developed. The growth of powers and the loss of powers are wrapped up in themselves. Human powers are vital, not mechanical; they are subject to no self-regulating process. We are entrusted to ourselves and our safety lies in the manner in which we meet temptation. The good soldier must bear hardship; must encounter the



struggles incident to his calling; and for that reason the more he needs a supreme generalship that his sacrifices may not be lost.

This gives us our first element in human culture, evil, in the form of temptation, to be overcome. The question then arises how far shall we evade the temptation, how far shall we meet and vanquish it? When does our prayer take on the form, *Lead us not into temptation*, and when the form, *Deliver us from evil*? We are always standing in reference to evil in these critical circumstances of avoidance and victory. The poise of spiritual life is maintained at this point of conflict, here takes on its commanding form. When discipline and duty define our path, we have only to walk in it cheerfully, confronting its dangers. Ask me not to define these two words, discipline and duty. They take a definition under each man's experience, and, when the force of them is felt, they brace the mind against evil as the will braces the body against contagion. On the other hand, indolence and indulgence relax the strength, open the pores, and make the man accessible to physical and spiritual malaria. We are not to rummage the world for evil, we are to encounter it when it comes, as we encounter all danger, with a fearless mind. This tension of life is its own protection.

The question comes to us in the training of children, to what temptations shall we expose them? Some object to our public schools, so subject to rude contact and vulgarity. But the principle seems to hold that we must meet the ordinary dangers of life, dangers that we reduce by meeting them, dangers that we have not created and from which we cannot go into hiding. More men fall by cowardice, are slain when they uncover their backs by running, than were ever slain in the front rank. Those who withdraw from the public into an exclusive companionship of their own plunge headlong into pride and arrogance, far more mischievous, far more congenial to human nature than vulgarity. The narrow circle often becomes the hotbed of vice, the contagious temper of self-assertion prevails, which would have been blown away in the open air. The supreme feelings of sympathy and love root themselves in the open field, and are nourished by daily sunlight. Life, human life, becomes mean, narrow, pimply, if we shut it up. It calls for the whole world in which to grow and to thrive, passing into its own proper strength.

The temptations we have chiefly to fear are those which already have hold upon us, which have found some weak spot in our character which

they daily assail, some pressure of circumstances to which we have often and again given way. Here the sentinel must be planted and the watch kept. If our appetites are domineering, our passions violent, our irritations constant; if praise intoxicates, and censure angers us, and success confuses our judgment, we have pressing need of the petition, *Lead us not into temptation*. If our heads swim, we are not to seek high places. Put a knife to thy throat, says the proverbialist, if thou be a man given to appetite. The world is full of the folly of conceit, and has little of the wisdom of humility. The fine powers of Robert Burns did not save him from walking straight over the precipice which lay in his path. We all have occasion for that apprehension of defeat which finds expression in the petition, *Lead us not into temptation*. The courageous man estimates danger at its true value, and so is delivered from it. Rashness is a lack of equipoise, a prophecy of failure. The rash man is trampled down by the herd he thought easily to turn aside. How many armies going to battle have carried shackles for their captives which have proved to be their own chains. This timid petition is the soul's real strength.

However much wisdom we may show in avoiding temptation, temptation is sure to come. This

renders life a battle, and the battle being on, our cry becomes *Deliver us from evil*. These two parts of the petition may seem to indicate a timid, unheroic temper. We must penetrate to the substance of the prayer before this impression disappears. There is only one deliverance from evil, power over it. Our battle must be fought to a finish. We are saved in fighting a successful fight. We invoke the aid of Heaven and go forward. The battles of righteousness call for foresight, caution, prudence; but they equally demand courage, staying power, trust. The apostle exhorts us, "Having done all to stand." The timidity with which we avoid temptation passes over into the courage with which we confront it. Our deliverance is a free passage into the victory of wisdom and love, a reunion with the mind of God. This is the primary service of the petition; not retreat, not flight, but the sense that we are waging a holy war.

The impression which this petition should make upon us is that we are never alone, are always in the midst of a predetermined struggle. Things may seem to make against us; we may think our lives about to be overwhelmed by accidents. Not so; many more things are making for us. We must wait for the recruits God is sending to us; for the years yet to come in which his blessings are being

gathered. We are in a world not subdued to our hand, nor even to the divine hand; yet, once subdued, it will pour power and pleasure into our laps. If God tarries, wait for him; he will not tarry. The frontier man drives his plow around stumps, under and over stones. If he wearies of his toil, the wild growth sets in again; if he perseveres in it, fruitful and well-tilled fields lie before him. Nature is with him, and the two are sure to conquer. Any serious movement, any movement among physical forces in the line of intellectual development or of spiritual growth is never without the divine presence, directing, cheering, sustaining it. There is in us and with us superintendence, guidance, comfort. We are not left without resources and without escape. The strife is not hopeless, the defeat is not absolute. The winter cold may be on us, severe, cruel, hard to bear; farther on in the year there is warmth, deeper down in the soil there is life; wait for them. Life may be measured by the disasters it has passed through, it is not wasted by them. There is always a forlorn hope ready for realization, a sympathy with work and suffering in which the good are all with us. It is with this constant sense of the nearness of God to us, by an enveloping and supporting providence, that we carry our lives each day on-

ward, with the prayer, *Lead us not into temptation*, the temptation of arrogance or of despair. *Deliver us from evil*, those evils that press hard upon us, hungry wolves eager to devour us. The children of God are not an army misled, ambushed, and slaughtered to no purpose. A new bloom will soon cover the bloody soil. We are moving with events and marching under a leadership which will make the prayer and the response, the danger and the deliverance one experience. We are abashed when we think how much we fear, how little we have occasion to fear; how many have borne a wearisome battle and suffered a long defeat, while we have entered almost at once into the blessings of labor.

There is no place more lonely, more forsaken than the world without God. So much good comes near us that we attain not, so many mishaps fall heavily upon us which we are not able to bear. Beautiful years, happy friendships, consoling love are swept behind us, lost as visions of good that return not. But God with us and we with him, and a heart of love beats ever even under these ribs of death. The greatest good is still before us. Deliverance remains the last thing, the most emphatic thing, the thing that never fails the world in which we are.

This petition also teaches us that we are not dealing with trifles, wasting our time in things ready to vanish. We are not stumbling to no purpose into temptations, that come and go at random. The divine hand is in them all; they may all purify and build up our lives. By means of them all we may come nearer to God. When we confront evil, God lends a hand, the contention is his. When we are safe, it is because the mantle of his providence has been cast over us. When we have done good, it is because we have found out his thought. If no purpose of reach and moment were involved in our lives, events might seem big or little, they would all be little. The hills may seem high or low, it is only a question of our experience, and our experience may at any moment be altered. But if a life is to be achieved, truth to be understood, goodness to be felt, a Kingdom of Heaven to be framed in eternal strength, things at once take on measurement and importance in reference to these objects. The large and the little get definition, and slight things are turned to great account. A day's work is taken into large fellowship; every stone finds a place somewhere in the temple of God. When the Kingdom of Heaven is the question involved, a kingdom which has been a-building so many

ages, a kingdom as yet so far from completion; when we understand how great are its possibilities, how innumerable its liabilities, how many scoff at it, how many weary of it, how many wrap all labor and life about it, we shall feel at once there is nothing negligible, nothing little, all things have to do with its coming. The temptation that overcomes pushes one spirit backward, the temptation that is overcome helps many forward. All sin cleansed away, all virtue attained, verify the kingdom, spread daylight through the whole heavens. A man pursues an honest business honestly. His prosperity, like a pure spring breaking from the hillside, proclaims the wholesome circulation of the world. If the right thing can be done successfully once, twice, thrice, it becomes the law of the world, beginning to rule the world. If one in political life is truly a public servant, thrusting back all personal advantage, he becomes both a proof of what may be done and a prophecy of what will be done. The self-forgetfulness, assiduity, and gentleness with which we build the home bring peace to society, disprove the cynicism of men, and disclose the true goal of life. Though the battle becomes more extended, and takes on new heat, the fit thing is ever winning fresh power. It is as if some new ingredient had been cast into



the smelting-pot; the fierce effervescence indicates some favorable combination. Ground gained, better forms of union, the Kingdom of Heaven are the history of the world, its inevitable evolution. How certainly have inferior forms of life given place to superior ones. The instructed hand of man, caressing the world, brings forward new plants, trees, animals, that yield larger service and bestow more pleasure; all built together in more fortunate relations. As we approach this harmony of Heaven, we see how deeply it has been planted in the physical and spiritual conditions about us, waiting upon our handiwork. The ocean, tossed by the storm, itself purified and the air purified, sinks back into peace. We share the exultation of the prophet. "Sing, O ye heavens, for the Lord hath done it. Shout, ye lower parts of the earth, break forth into singing, ye mountains. O forest and every tree therein."

We are led also to see that the Kingdom of Heaven is self-sustaining and self-propagating. Like a fresh species, it has the equipoise of the old form and the vigorous endowment of the new one. It is indigenous to the world. The reactions of goodness are as beneficent as its actions. If it is blessed to receive it is at the same time more blessed to give. To give is the very soul of

goodness, and it unites and strengthens all hearts. As the Kingdom of Heaven is established, higher, wider, more delicate, and more musical harmonies set in. It stands fast because it is more potent and more proportionate in all its parts.

But the Kingdom of Heaven has not yet come. There are only patches of light here and there. Neither we nor our fellow-men are yet ready for it. Our appetites are not trained into service, our desires subdued into order, our affections extended and softened to the needs of men. We grow weary of the general welfare and crave our own indulgences. Temptations press upon us, and we cannot rise to the occasion, the magnificent occasion, of the Kingdom of Heaven. Opinions and actions, our own and others, become obscure and perplexed, and we stand wearing our sandals though our feet are on holy ground. So standing so hesitating, so inwardly confused, we need the final petition of our Lord's Prayer, *Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.* We need to feel that we are never alone, never left to our own interests simply. We are taking part in a comprehensive whole, and must find our place in it. Our own work rendered, we shall be gathered into, supported by, and fed from that universal life, which makes all sound and complete. Nothing

will perish in our hands, or become false and insignificant. Our absorbing desire is, deliver us from haste, deliver us from indolence, deliver us from self-indulgence. Plant our feet in the paths of life, with the feet of the good who have gone before us and the good who are about us. Deliver us from every snare of temptation, that our thoughts, our hopes, our actions may all enter in to crown the one issue of life.

**FOR THINE IS THE KINGDOM, AND THE POWER, AND  
THE GLORY, FOREVER. AMEN.**

These last words of the Lord's Prayer are words of summation and of ascription. We accumulate in them the impression which the prayer has made on our own minds, and we transfer our thoughts from the feeble, necessitous human side to the ample, superabounding, divine side where all is kingdom, power, glory, now and evermore. For the most part, in human affairs, power and honor are built upon and go with government, authority; in divine affairs, the power and the glory are in the kingdom, come pouring up through it into the light, and leave it behind them as their imperishable trail of strength. Such is the feeling with which we conclude the Lord's Prayer. The

kingdom, the power, the glory have been and ever shall be the presence of God in the world.

All men of any scope of thought discover a kingdom, or kingdoms, of one kind or another, in the world. The world is not a place of confusion, of unreconciled qualities and quantities, even on its surface. It is always passing into order, into peaceful, harmonious, dominant relations. There is the mineral kingdom, the vegetable kingdom, the animal kingdom, the rational kingdom; wherever the eye moves, these connections emerge, and science is ever proclaiming and dwelling on these terms of concord. There is no lack of law in the world. If the law is not recognized as divine, nature is immediately personified and we speak of Nature's laws and of the ways in which she is ever openly or secretly building up her kingdoms under the feet of men, or over the heads of men, for their support and protection.

Not a man is willing to surrender the notion of a kingdom in the world. They are all installing themselves as heralds and interpreters of that kingdom. If we have no king, yet we have a kingdom, and busy ourselves endlessly with its affairs, expounding its precepts, enforcing its principles, asserting its authority.

Now the Lord's Prayer is at one with science,

at one with the minds of men, in this notion of a kingdom. It brings together all kingdoms as one kingdom, and refers the power and the glory of them all to the divine presence.

The scope of this ascription is sufficiently evident; what is the proof of it? Wherein is this kingdom visible, and ever becoming more visible, in the structure of the world? How amid the failures, defeats, and defects of events are we borne triumphantly on to the notion of a kingdom, ample in power, glorious in fulfillment, radiating in all directions the divine wisdom and love? How is it that having just offered so many, and as yet unanswered petitions, we sum up without fear and without doubt, *For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen?*

If this is not a dream but a fact ever growing plainer, we ought to be able to see it. Why do we not see it? A great difficulty often overtakes us in getting from the seen to the unseen, from the temporal to the eternal, from familiar things and familiar language to the spiritual intent and purpose of them all. We need to come to the world, still in the confusion and long delay of passing into the Kingdom of Heaven, with the eye of an architect, at once gathering up the bits of construction accomplished into the plan of the whole, seeing in

the chiseled stone, lying here and there among the rough material and accumulating waste, the superb promise of a finished product. We should be able to say of the spiritual world as the architect would say of the suggestive work before him, This is magnificent, once completed it will stand, a great fact of creation. Thus is the Kingdom of Heaven the fulfillment of all that has gone before it. What a long, weary path the world has traveled, yet ever rising more and more into the light, that light which creates, amplifies, colors, and reveals the kingdom in every step of it, a single and indivisible process! The seed has germinated, but neither the bud nor flower nor fruit has yet appeared. We wait for them all, yet knowing that the miracle of life is with us, before us, and will give them all to us. The kingdom remains to be finished, and furnished forth in its spiritual elements; yet here it is, with us every day. There is love in the world, distinctively divine love, though there is hatred also. There is concord in the world, a struggle of living affinities, though it reaches as yet only a few. There are a thousand utilities, ten thousand enjoyments, though they still lie scattered about, often lost, often turned into injury, never as yet triumphant. Looking even at men's work we may feel as felt the disciples when

they said of the temple, "What great stones are these!" Men have done many magnificent things, but have not as yet been able to secure by means of them the plenty and the peace which alone make them significant. Our work transcends the scope of our expectations, yet these expectations are on the increase. Let the world once become spiritual, the seat of universal sympathy, the means of constant aid, the stretching out of the divine hand and the stretching forth of the hands of men in perpetual receiving and giving, and we shall see and feel that there is and always has been but one comprehensive purpose in the world, making all things sound, physical and intellectual, individual and collective; and that this purpose is the spiritual harmony of the race, by which they abide together as the sons of God. What short of this can crown the world, what less than this is prophesied by the world? What other dome can cover these foundations than this dome of the divine wisdom and love? The delay matters not, nor the open and secret conflicts; these are the beginnings, these the rubbish, the end will abolish them all, correct them all, expound them all. The kingdom which is rising from beneath, which is descending from above is God's kingdom, the power and peace of a living thing abiding with it.

Thine is the kingdom, O God, and we enter it by these open doors of prayer and praise. This is the path, the path the vulture's eye hath not seen, but by it the spirit of man comes at length to its own.

The spiritual kingdom is not derived from the physical kingdom. They are parts of each other, as much so as earth and air. What springs up in the one finds expansion and proportion in the other. The chief characteristic of the spiritual life is that it extends, interprets, and transforms our sensuous life. Things seen become at once the symbols of things unseen. The animal is immersed in a universe of far-reaching things, but is hardly aware of it. It simply concerns itself with what makes for immediate comfort and safety. It does not break over the narrow circle of the senses which fence in its own feeding-ground. The heavens over it, things remote in the present, in the past, and in the future remain unheeded. The universe is merely a wall which encloses a simple field of physical comforts. Not thus is it with man, less and less is it thus with man. The greatness, the magnificence, the far-reaching relations of the world, all challenge his attentions, all furnish motives of action. It is not simply the ripples that gather in at his own center that con-



cern him, but the waves, little and large, which come dashing in from all quarters; the world's action. These astonish him, these alarm him, these stimulate and guide him. This lifting of life on the wing into the upper air, this gathering of motives from all quarters and all distances, and bringing them to bear on the thoughts, feelings, purposes of our daily lives, this is the ultimate reason of the world. Here is a kingdom, not any more of the earth merely, but of earth and heaven. Its forces come far and go far. It sets us in action upon the whole universe, and the whole universe in action upon us, and makes us cogent and permanent parts of it. What lies far back in the past, far out in the present, far on in the future concerns us. The actions and reactions of eternity, the present and the remote effects of conduct, how the events we are setting in motion will issue, all concern us; are the waves which are at play under our keel. Human life thus becomes, with a stroke, much enlarged, like all life, a single phase in a continuous process, defined by and defining all the products of time. Herein is an immense uplift, an immense compression, an immense propulsion of motive, and the power of it all is the divine kingdom. Stimulating and exacting appetites are to be con-

strained, not for extinction but for construction; passions, breaking forth as a flame in men's lives, are to be checked, and to be graded down until they lie as harmonized forces at the center of rational effort; desires intense in our own nature, and intensified in us by others are to become the regulated impulses which carry thrift, enterprise, prosperity through all the world for the world's sake, and which pulsate backward and forward in the social, spiritual atmosphere with the rapidity and discrimination of a wireless telegram, until we feel that we are inclosed in conditions which receive, propagate, and enforce our hopes as if they were so many words already written in the air. How far in advance of the spiritual uses to which we are putting them are the physical ministrations of the world! Words of counsel and command find at once a waiting ear through a thousand miles of space, while words of consolation and affection perish while they are still on our lips. These innumerable inventions and discoveries by which we are mastering at once the far and the near, and sending human aid to the very point at which it is called for are after all only the possible diffusion of wisdom and love which God has placed within our reach. What might not love do, if love were only ready to do it.

This power does not drop down upon us from an external source, is not the power of armies nor of fleets that coerce us, a coercion that is far more frequently destruction than creation, a fury that treads down almost indifferently the good and the bad; this power is one which creates and creates only, a power which, working within, gathers together and harmonizes all forces, inferior and superior, our own or another's, until we reach a finished product, like the flower, perfect in form, color, fragrance, its secret hidden in its own bosom. Utterly unable as we may be to see the plant in the seed, the flower in the bud, who ever doubts that seed and bud hold the plant and flower, and are precious because of them?

How little matters the exact stage reached in growth. It is all there, past, present, and future, until the thing not yet conceived by us overtakes us. It has been said "He who models nations according to his own image, he is king." He who pours out love on the world, a pure, compelling stream, builds it into love; his is the kingdom and the power and the glory forever. God's love lies centerwise in all that is pure and good, until the whole becomes pure and good in every part of it. How comes this glory, *thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory?* Much of the glory among

men is thrust upon them or given to them as alien to their proper selves, or is something won from their fellow-men by violence. The most conspicuous, and perhaps the largest half of glory has been military glory; the largest half of honor, military honor. This, honor! It is as often as otherwise antagonistic to it. It is an artificial flower, snipped into form or splashed into color, no true flower bursting into life by the force of its own being.

We are afraid of this word glory, so filled is it, in human speech, with pride, and prudery, and cruelty; so rarely does it mean irrepressible goodness, true thought, sound purpose, wide affection, a profound response to the wants of men. In these alone is glory, the glory which belongs to God, building the kingdom of love in the world. This is glory, his glory, whether men think it or not; whether it escapes their vision or dazzles it or blesses it. This is the glory whose very recognition makes the beheld and the beholder stand up together in one and the same light.

Observe the Jacob's ladder by which in a spirit of prayer we have ascended: first a kingdom; its blessings reaching to all, blessings in the heart, in the household, in the community, in the nation, in the family of nations; blessings for all the plans and

purposes of men by which they climb out of chaos into creation, into divine love and divine gifts. This is indeed evolution, comprehensive, complete, true evolution, by which the divine wisdom and will unroll themselves until all see them and all are blessed in the vision. Out of this inner power, out of work done, springs the glory; not as an art-gallery in the night wakes up under gaslight, and, this failing, sinks back at once into darkness, but as the sun, sending its harbingers before it, itself bursts the horizon and pours out light and heat and creative energy over all the land. With this glory *everywhere* about us, we pass inevitably into forever, a forever in which effort and hope, expectation and fulfillment move forward together, henceforth indivisible. So standing, so feeling, our whole life utters itself in one word, *Amen*. As all things have come into the light, let them abide in that light. How otherwise than thus could we have ascended up through the Lord's Prayer, through the kingdom, by the power, into the glory which in our reconciled hearts abides forever?

Note the courage which takes possession of the mind, as by its own insight it comes into the light. It justifies itself to itself, and waits on no man's concession. Its amen is its own full assent.

When the mind, the mathematical mind, sees the line of proof before it, with what confidence, with what neglect of criticism, does it rush to the goal. It sees and knows, knows because it sees. The soul in which genius lodges, when it is struck through with the light of consciousness, becomes at once aware of the scope and power of its own vision. How indifferent it is to fault-finding, how certain that that which it feels gives law to feeling, is itself life. The deepest conviction and the strongest satisfaction are inseparable, and together sweep all doubt before them. The mind, ascending by these steps of insight and sentiment, is sure that it is drawing near to God, near to the heart of the world, and, by its own life, is taking possession of the world.

Mark also the helpfulness of this conclusion of prayer. The more the persons, the greater the concord of voices, the more profound and acquiescent is the amen which embraces all. If one can say amen, much more a score; if a score, much more all the millions of men, until human hearts gain in it articulation, cosmic utterance, the breaking of ten thousand waves on the same shore.

Once again observe the repose, throbbing with action, the poised attitude, backward and forward, with which we rest on the last word, amen.

Nothing more would we have, nothing less shall suffice us. We all, with one mind, each for himself and each for others, say Amen, let this thing be. God's rest, man's rest, the rest of the thoughts, the rest of the feelings, the rest of our activities in the glory of the world, in our own glory, in the glory of God, become the fullness of every impulse in its last, highest expression. This is why we pray, this is for what we pray, this is the answer of prayer. *For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.*

## ADDRESS TO ASSOCIATION OF MINISTERS

GARDINER, ME.

**T**HERE is a feeling that we have reached a critical period in religious faith; that there are influences steadily undermining it which threaten its overthrow. While there is some truth in this sentiment, there is also much assumption and exaggeration. Those who entertain it imagine that the direction of the world is much more at their disposal than it really is. The last thought of the last philosopher, or the latest theory of the latest scientists, has about as much to do with the final issue of events as a single leaf on a magnificent tree has to do with its fortunes. The tree has encountered the frost, borne the snows, and met the whirlwinds of many seasons, and come out of them all unscathed. It will not now perish because a few leaves have withered.

The facts of religion pertain to the lives of the masses of men. There they remain, not un-



changeable, but invincible. They spring out of the fears and hopes, the labors and burdens of life, and thence they will grow as long as these experiences remain. We have to deal not with the speculations of speculative minds, but with the thoughts of practical men, tossed about and beat upon by their own griefs and discouragements, and by the wrongs of their fellow-men. Religion springs up, like seed in the soil, between darkness and light, and, like seed, will germinate as long as earth and air minister to it. There is a cold effrontery in hasty denial which men, searching for a hand of love to which they can cling and by which they can be lifted, will not heed. Speculate by all means, but remember that the world no more moves in obedience to speculation alone than the seasons come and go by the northern lights. The wide-open and perfumed blossom of the magnolia cannot say I crown the topmost branch, when I wither the tree dies with me. No indeed, large and beautiful and fragrant flowers are still due in the years to come. As the tree is a greater fact than any one of its blossoms, so the experiences of men are of more moment than any one product of thought. The fertility of the human mind in spiritual conceptions remains inexhaustible. We have faith in the spiritual facts of

the world, the facts which give value to all other facts. What patient love, what heroic consecration, what abiding courage, what faith in things unseen have come to men; now, as a conspicuous illumination; now, as a daily consolation. As long as we attach importance to human history, and feel that here lie the great events of the world, so long we shall not be disheartened by any attack on the principles which have made and are making man's life illustrious. We stand with those potent impulses which have wrought at least a partial redemption among men.

While, then, we do not believe that the scepticism of our time has brought any shock of dissolution to the spiritual world, we yet recognize the fact that the day is changing, and that the stress of duty is not the same that it was yesterday. Our time is critical, but critical times are good times. They indicate that new influences are setting in, and that if we take this tide at the flood it will lead us on to fortune.

What is the nature of this alleged crisis? It is simply an injunction to go forward; one more illustration of what we should have known always, that our lives are to be advanced and perfected by a wide experience in a world administered for this very end of growth. Of all things religious life

must be the most progressive. It means the fullness of knowledge, the completion of powers, the harmony of pleasures; all impulses in all kept in a state of tension and reconciliation. God chasteneth every son whom he receiveth. More patience, more power are the divine idea. Men love better to regard themselves as already in the promised land.

Our time offers victories which must be won at once or the issue will be disastrous defeat. This is our crisis, much to be done, much to be feared, much to be gained; the redemption of a great opportunity which has overtaken us.

Men are united in churches by creeds, rituals, actions. The bond with which we are most familiar is a creed. While creeds have their service, they do not and cannot give expression to the power and the unity of a spiritual life. They are only a part of that life, and, if separated from the remaining portion, are a barren part. Churches have sought for some form of infallibility, and, in the measure in which they seem to have attained it, they have become formal and dead. Infallibility means a bench by the wayside, on which men rest in their heavenly journey and at length drop to sleep. Our infallibility has been associated with the Scriptures, and whatever this infalli-

bility may be it cannot avail us. The moment we begin to search the Scriptures and to expound them, that moment our fallible powers disclose themselves. What we affirm to be unmistakable truth is our conviction of truth, colored by our own minds. Nor have we the slightest occasion to regret that truth is won for us by our own activity, any more than that food gets its relish and service in our own mouths and by our own digestion. Most dogmatism is an apology for indolence.

Next best to knowing the truth is a distinct recognition that we do not know it. It is this sense of ignorance that quickens inquiry. "I count not myself to have apprehended," says the apostle, "but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind and reaching forth unto those which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." Man's life is swallowed up in effort. It is the joy of a prolonged search; a passage from life into life. Take the most simple and intelligible truths, the two commands of love; or the simpler of the two, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." It is like the sea, it has many measurements and many places in which the plummet has not reached bottom. These plain words remain to be filled with meaning by a life-

long experience; by an inquisitive and diligent search, which knows no weariness. We learn in our daily action what love is, what it can do, what it cannot do, the growing skill and consideration and concession it involves. To make a creed of this command may be to kill it; to make a life of it is to understand it. If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine. Light is struck out in the spiritual world as in the electric current, by the difficulties which love meets with in circulation. This is what makes our day a critical one, there are so many who tell us that our doctrines are dead, that our precepts have ceased to lay hold of the conscience, that men are eating and drinking unmindful of any catastrophe. If we are put severely to the test, "By their fruits ye shall know them," the verdict becomes one of hesitancy and doubt. We bring forth our treasures under the form of a creed, and men make a mock of them.

Nor is any religious ritual more satisfactory. There has been a manifest disposition in our churches to strengthen our worship, as in itself too cold and colorless, by a simple ritual. Our forms have wearied us, have lost flavor, and we have been willing, if possible, to make them a little more appetizing. We never can give our worship the

quality of worship in a ritualistic church, like the Catholic, whose methods have been the slow deposit of ages. We have neither the disposition nor the patience to build up a highway of observances, by means of which those who march along it are projected, at least in the eyes of those standing far off beneath them, into the Kingdom of Heaven. Not a few are casting about for some adequate bond by which all Christians may be marshaled into one body, and make a new and more imposing impression on the world. The creed, in itself so divisible and so dividing, is to be reduced to its smallest terms; church ordinances are to be established which will give a conspicuous path heavenward. The eye is to be satisfied, all good men marching one way with the same confessions and the same songs on their lips. How futile! how utterly outside of the divine mind! We need unity, but not the unity of a tub whose hoops have been newly driven, but rather the unity of a tree, whose fibres lie straight, or twisted and tied, as the strength of the tree requires; so twisted and tied that no burden can break them or wind fret them apart. Churches are not to be framed together, they must grow together in a divine union from their first putting forth. A church can no more be made than a State can be made. This is the error

of socialism. The socialist imagines that men, once united in helpful relation, will remain together in a manifest fellowship of purpose. The fellowship of purpose must come before that of structure, and so rule it. The egg, the germ of a living thing, seems simple. It is capable of analysis, and all its ingredients are readily found; but no man can put them together and make an egg. His nearest approach to it is one of chalk offered as a hint to a hen. The unintelligent fowl frames the living thing under the divine idea. Here is our way out of the religious crisis that has come to us. Our escape is through a new form of growth. We must cease to rely on a creed, no matter how carefully shaped. We are not to frame a ritual which defines the lines of actions we agree to call religious. We are to go forward under the divine providence which has come to us, to perform, as best we can, those duties which are marked out for us, and which constitute our immediate service.

It is our purposes and our activity under these duties which need to be reshaped. Our thoughts and feelings will take on new character under this fresh form of service, and, before we are aware, we shall be united and strengthened according to the divine mind. This is sound sense, sound philosophy, sound religion. It is experience illuminated

by ideas, and ideas corrected and guided by experience. God hands us over to the world, hands us over to our immediate duties, and instructs and disciplines us in the progress of events. Ideas are good things, a theory of the world is always in order, but the ideas must be practical ideas, and the theory must have a sound ring when struck like a car wheel with a hammer. Our thoughts concerning the world must be the spiritual counterparts of the world, as it passes before us day by day. It is the world made by God and moving on under his hand that tries and tests all our schemes of salvation. Scripture interpretation, revelation, must resolve themselves into conduct and character, into the framework of the state and society, into a Kingdom of Heaven, shaped where men are growing rich and growing poor, and where the good and the evil are thrown promiscuously together. The real question, the question which it is salvation to put and to answer, is How can the Kingdom of Heaven come through all and for all.

We have some notion of how this inquiry should be answered, but by no means a complete notion. Begin to work out this idea, be diligent in each day's labor, and the kingdom will more and more rise before the mind, a heavenly vision, fitted to



guide our thoughts, to encourage our hearts, and to bind us to the good and great everywhere.

We hear much of inquiry, observation, induction, also of insight, of revelation, of entering by deduction into the mind of God. Indeed all knowledge is born in this copulation of things and ideas, the world and the plan of the world which has brooded above it so many centuries as the creative spirit. This union is precisely what we are urging, is the step to which God is impelling us as the next stride heavenward. We are to take possession with God of the world as evermore his own; we are to bring it under those impulses and laws which constitute and disclose its divine character. So shall we learn to see, to feel, and to share the salvation of the world. Artificers of the kingdom, we shall know what the kingdom means, and be ready to enter into its pleasures.

Our religious life must rest, in the first place, on the conviction that divine wisdom and love lie at the center of the world, and, in the second place, that from this center they are going forth to take possession of the world, and, in the third place, that those who labor for this consummation will thereby enter into it and share it. We grow into the kingdom as we frame the kingdom. God does not make the kingdom and then lift us into

it, as the angel of the Lord is said to have raised the prophet Habakkuk by the hair of his head. He and we shape the kingdom, and so share its spirit. The kingdom is at once within us and without us. Our struggle for an external revelation makes clear and open the inner vision. This is the history of all high art, and of the highest art of all, the Kingdom of Heaven.

The spiritual man differs from every other man in feeling that wisdom and love have made the world, and are more than ever busy with this work. This revelation comes piecemeal, and takes possession of us as the fruit of a large experience. The two great commands, the love of God and the love of man, are conjoined because they cannot exist or be understood apart. These two feelings are planted together in mutual action and reaction. It is not obvious that God is love, that a loving hand has framed and guides the world. It is easy to believe the opposite. The love of God is so comprehensive, takes such wide circuits, so holds us back from premature and raw pleasure, is so patient in laying the foundations of good that men easily become impatient of it, and angrily deny its existence. How does this ruling idea and central revelation come to us? Chiefly in connection with an earnest purpose to

make the world, in all its parts, what it ought to be. Cherish love, learn the lessons of love, come to feel how much it contains and how slowly it is realized, and, point by point, the mind of God opens upon us. We understand the process of spiritual growth, its wholesome severity, its manifold corrections, and are led to feel that these seeds of eternal life must be made strong and vital, and all development proceed under them.

Take this one fact, which may seem a strange fact, that those who are most sensitive to human love and most painstaking in making it widely felt are those who most fully believe in the love of God and are least garrulous concerning it. Is not this the best possible proof that the world is spiritual, and everywhere pervaded by love? Love begins to understand the world, and more and more to rejoice in it. If this is not the very nature of the world, we shall never be able to plant love in it successfully. Heaven will forever remain alien to a world of strife, bitterness, and cruelty.

This conviction must be born and must grow up in the world of action; so God would lead us that, standing under the open heavens, our life strong within us by virtue of effort, our hearts warmed by pursuit, we may be able to feel that God is love,

that a kingdom of love is normal to the world, and that as it comes it will shape events to itself as readily as the sun of spring unfolds the flower; the same sun that disperses the dead thing in decay opens a living thing in the full circuit of its powers.

This notion of divine love, established and strengthened in experience, is so constructive in its nature, so adequate for its work as to make sure of its fulfillment in the Kingdom of Heaven. If there is to be any harmony among men; any life proportioned to the grandeur of their powers; any true and adequate possession of the world; any completion of development, it must be found in that living temper already kindled in the human heart, and waiting to be nourished by all truth. This evolution crowns and completes all evolution. This is the doctrine of evolution recited from beginning to end. Personal life, family life, social life, national life wait on wisdom and good-will. Strife, dissension, division rest on ignorance, narrowness, and ill-will. To deny the world love is to condemn it to sterility and death. All that ails society is its stupidity, its brutality, its insensibility; the assumption that more can be done for human happiness by a hard fist and a grasping hand than by a tender and sympathetic heart.

Divine love is not yet accepted, but is coming to be accepted as the key of life.

Our Christian creeds have never given the true position to ethical principles. They have even, at times, begotten a certain contempt of what has been termed mere morality, as if it were some false way of climbing into heaven. Yet the moral law is the law planted in the hearts of men, which they ever more and more have occasion to expand. It is the law which guides love, and through which love feeds all the streams of pleasure. As one's right arm in service throbs with the blood-energy and nerve-energy which flow through it, so obedience to the ethical law of our spiritual life means the highest fulfillment of all pure and joyful impulses. This transition now urged makes our faith realistic.

It is strange how timid we have been in the defense of truth, and chiefly because the truth of our creeds has been so remotely and artificially conceived. The narrative of Genesis has occasioned us much trouble, and led to an ignominious retreat. There is in it, rightly conceived, no embarrassment of faith, but an occasion of a fresh revelation. When the scientist came with his facts, we, trained in speculation, knew not how to meet him. He discussed the making of the world, and we were

discussing the formation of the Trinity. Our weapons, on either side, missed each other in the darkness, or, meeting, theory was shivered into fragments against stubborn facts.

Why have we not dealt with facts? We have as many facts, facts as pertinent and significant as those of the physical world. Historic facts, personal and social facts, are, rightly urged, as undeniable and invincible as those of the material world. What we see with mental vision is as much a part of our experience as what we see with our eyes. If we take our stand by human hopes and attainments, our position is as impregnable as that of science, and overtops it. We have occasion to rejoice in scientific facts, but when the scientist sets up as a philosopher, and makes the physical world the image of all worlds, he has as many glass windows, and windows as easily stoned as the most defenseless of us. When we affirm that love is the law of human life, the affirmation so touches every man's experience as hardly to call for proof; or, if proof is still sought for, history crowds in with its facts like a marching army.

This transition from creed and ritual to action ordered by good-will is also redemptive. Each man who makes it, in the measure in which he makes it, passes into the divine love, penitent,

faithful, obedient, instructed, trained. How many men have been softened and made wise by a theory of the atonement, thought out and defended? How many hearts have been softened and made wise by an effort to make the divine love in some new way effective in the world? Love is never entertained without becoming at once redemptive.

This transition is also Christlike. Christ dealt very little with doctrine, he dealt constantly with conduct. He left the just impulse to draw after it the just conception. He gave the two commandments their true relation and position. On them, said he, hang all the law and the prophets. Life and the prophecy of life are in them alone.

“I am among you as he that serveth.” “By your fruits shall ye be known.” “Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an-hungred, and fed thee? or thirsty, and gave thee drink? When saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in? or naked, and clothed thee? Or when saw we thee, sick or in prison, and came unto thee? And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.”

We have been so occupied with speculation that we have had little time left in which to obey. The

present crisis of our faith is to force us from the theory of godliness into the practice of godliness, from the form of godliness into the power of it. The light of our creeds has been like the light of a trolley car; it burns brightest when there is no force spent in motion.

Before we turn to the practical uses of the truth we have considered, let us sketch the path we have traveled. There is a religious crisis, caused by the remote and speculative character of our creeds, and the undue importance attached to our rituals. This crisis is to be relieved and is to pass away by accepting current spiritual facts, as they press upon our attention in the world about us, and by adapting our action to them. We are to share the empirical development of our time, and to institute a search for the Kingdom of Heaven. We thus enter on a deeper and more immediate knowledge of the world, and the divine idea contained in it. Our faith becomes realistic, as science is realistic. It becomes redemptive and cannot be pushed aside because it is redemptive. It accepts the spirit of Christ and so remains Christian.

No time and no country ever had more abundant practical and fruitful social problems before it than our time and our country. No time and country ever had more need of the gospel of



Christ, or could find in it more revelation than our time and our country.

It remains only to hint at a few of these problems. The State of Maine stands as a prohibitory State. You have doubtless been much perplexed and divided over this question. Yet, what other temper can be trusted with the settlement of the problem than the Christian temper? Prohibitionists seem to me at times to take untenable ground, and to have less sympathy and patience than belong to them. Yet look where I will, the community which forbids the sale of intoxicating drinks seems to occupy higher ground than one which allows it. There is a deeper sense of social obligation in prohibition than in license. Yet is it not true that we cannot stand on high moral ground without a high moral temper; that we must gird ourselves the more tightly the greater the work we have in hand? The disposition to overcome evil with good must be a little more vital in Maine than in Massachusetts. Every man for himself reads license, every man for his neighbor reads prohibition. The conflict between these two tendencies is always far-reaching and obscure. Upon Maine is laid the immediate service of showing that prohibition, however harsh it may seem, may yet stand for so much

good-will, such watchfulness of the strong over the weak as to make of it an exalted expression of our common life.

A question which is destined to be a weary one in the handling and one which nothing but a Christian temper, instructed in many ways, can settle, is that which lies between workmen and their employers. The present position of the working classes is one that involves hardship and discouragement; less with us than elsewhere, yet even with us open to much bitterness. This relation has arisen under obscure causes, with which both the faults of men and the selfishness of men have had much to do. It has been the product of composite terms among which ignorance, indolence, and vice have played a part on the one side, and, on the other, forgetfulness, selfishness, and brutality. It is not an easy task for any Christian, immersed to the lips in custom and conventional sentiment, to understand the claims of the labor-movement, and to bring to it the spirit of Christ. If you wish to make proof of your Christianity, here is an opportunity. What correction of opinion, what sacrifice of interest, what charity toward mistakes are you prepared to enter on, in order that the masses of men may frame for themselves a life of more impulse and more opportunity,

a life more commensurate with your own lives and with the love of God?

The workmen feel, and not without reason, that the Church is often opposed to them and is always unsympathetic. Yet it is the office of the Church to furnish that vital heat which maintains growth in society. The customs of society are adverse to labor. It presses down the rewards of labor and makes light of its hopes. The burdens of inability and poverty lie heaped up in the path of labor, and few are willing to aid in their removal. It is the business of the Christian to nourish a progressive temper. Things as they are, are not to him the rule of life. While he holds fast that which is good, he is to make it a means to that which is still better. It is his commission to unite a wise radicalism to a wise conservatism. The Kingdom of Heaven will not come by holding fast that which we have. We have occasion to untangle the snarled skein of life, to lay straight its twisted threads, and to bring them more perfectly under the law of order and service. This is a delicate task, and because it is a delicate task it falls to those who are striving to furnish the wisdom and good-will of the Kingdom of Heaven.

An equally pressing claim, the counterpart of the one now urged, is a correction of the unrighteous

methods by which we are pursuing wealth. It is a temper which pervades society. We seem to think that if money is being made we are nationally prosperous. We forget that a just and kindly distribution of wealth is of more moment than its acquisition. The heaping up of wealth in the hands of a few may be but little better than robbery. The rain, which should fall in gentle showers all through the land, pours out of the torn clouds as a torrent.

The career of John D. Rockefeller draws attention because it expresses, in its most intense form, a temper that is coming to rule the commercial world. He has turned business into unceasing and unflinching warfare, a securing of prosperity not only without reference to others but with constant cunning exercised toward them, and secret depredations made upon them. He has done this with an open profession of Christian faith. If these two things are not hostile to each other, then all spiritual relations become unintelligible to us. A burglar may as well be devout as another man. If one can love his neighbor and spend his life in plundering him, the distinction between light and darkness disappears. Herein lies the guilt of this man, and of others of the same ilk, and of all who put themselves in fellowship with them,

that they confound ethical distinctions and make the world one medley of wrongdoing. Is not this what our Saviour meant when he said, "Ye cannot serve God and mammon"? The two spiritual methods are incompatible and incapable of assimilation. If we give business the one standard and Christianity the other they become at once irreconcilable. All that remains for us is to choose between them. The political world will follow the business world, the social world will take the same line of march, and the Christian world will—what will it do? Concede these forms of activity to the devil, and what remains to righteousness? Nothing but the crumbs which fall from the table, the feast of dogs. How ridiculous is the attitude in which President Hadley is placed by the acceptance, on the part of the university, of a million dollars from Mr. Rockefeller. His remedy for the evil of trusts was social stigma, and now, like an idle schoolboy, he is left to follow in the wake of the alumni as they shout "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!"

Our present methods of gaining wealth, those under consideration, are not consistent with honesty, with personal integrity, with general prosperity, with free institutions. This conflict, as good Christians and good citizens, we

are bound in all the relations of life to recognize. We were raised up for such a day as this. We were called away from our creeds for this higher service. The dog that will not bark in such an hour of danger, what can be done with him but shoot him?

The man who steals twenty dollars is not half so dangerous as the man who steals a business, a business by which a man supports his family and nourishes his own powers. Do not let us mislead ourselves by a mere trick of words. Every competitor may crowd his rivals, but if he does it under open, fair, and equal terms, the act carries with it no censure. The maintenance of his own enterprise and of the welfare of the community is included in it. If he does it by underselling a rival, simply that he may later raise prices against us all, his act is as destructive as theft of all good-will. I am at liberty to run a race. I am not at liberty to trip the man who runs it with me. It is these lies within lies that every honest man hates. It is these lies within lies, one wrong wrapped up in another, that make so much of our business enterprise an abomination. It is these lies within lies which should make every good man sensitive and alert, the moment the evil odor is in the air. The political dishonesty so painfully present with

us is only one more swarm hatched in the oppressive, malarious atmosphere which envelops us. What does liberty mean, what do free institutions mean, but equality of opportunity, open paths to all the possibilities of life, liberty to do and to be and to become all that the social and the business world provide for us? Men like Rockefeller murder liberty, not only in their own generation but in all the generations that are to follow, until these wrongful accumulations of power are once more scattered, and divided.

Here and now in this struggle for the conditions of life, a life such as God gives us, comes the crisis of our faith. Our creeds and our rituals are mere rubbish if they do not prepare us for this strife; if they leave us lapped in our own comforts, with no word or deed with which to strengthen the right. We have been marched up by the work and by the weariness of the world hitherto, through its defeats, and its victories, to this crisis, this transition from formal to actual, from personal to popular life, from the kingdoms of this world to the Kingdom of Heaven. The present is an opportunity, as yet misapprehended and unredeemed, to show what resources of good-will are hidden in our Christian faith. Every weapon is ours with which to meet the ever-enduring, ever-re-

turning struggle between good and evil, the kingdom of love and the kingdom of self-love. But our victory is to be one of good over evil, a triumph of divine grace. We have occasion, therefore, to wash our hands and to purify our hearts as a first condition of success. If we are to dress the wounds of the world, if we are to carry no infection with us, the process must be antiseptic from beginning to end. The American Board tells us, however, that this is not necessary. It is sufficient if those who work with us are not under legal condemnation. The test of human law and divine law are the same, any man may be our helper who is not wearing stripes. It is not our business, in spreading the kingdom, to search diligently, intelligently, lovingly into the spirit of the kingdom. We are told that we may gather our resources freely where we can and so encourage charity even though we make the building of the kingdom an ovation to those who have unrelentingly rejected its principles; that the notion of blood poison in the spiritual world is fanciful; the practical man pays no heed to it. Paul, as practical a man as ever lived, gives us his notion in full:

“Wherefore take unto you the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to stand in the evil day, and, having done all, to stand. Stand, therefore, having your



loins girt about with truth and having on the breast-plate of righteousness; and your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace; Above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked. And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the spirit, which is the word of God; Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication for all saints;”.

AN ADDRESS TO THE GRADUATING CLASS  
OF THE PALMER HIGH SCHOOL,

PALMER, MASSACHUSETTS

YOUNG women and young men are always interesting. Any exercises ordered by them are sure to be attractive. Our high school exhibition fills our church at Williamstown, while distinguished speakers from abroad go begging for an audience. A halo gathers about a head just rising above the horizon, which disappears as the day advances. There is a freshness in the morning dew and a fragrance in the morning air that give way before the growing heat. This fascination is, at least in part, due to our sense of the immeasurable possibilities which attend on the beginning of every life. What distinguished men and noble women have traveled these same paths, and come out into the full light of the world, the world with such grand revelations, fitting work, and worthy rewards for its loved ones. When we ourselves have ceased to stand before the open door, we cannot see others on its threshold without a re-

newed sense of the scope of things, of the glory of the light which still streams through these portals. It is of this that I propose to speak to you this evening—the open door of life—the method by which you are to enter in.

If we can say that the world was made for any one thing, that thing is life. For many millions of years, it has been increasing and varying the number of lives, gathering them, scattering them, shepherding them always, until, among the beautiful and enjoyable objects about us, living things stand first. Beyond comparison man is the most perfect, comprehensive, and ruling creature in the world. He sums up, possesses, and enjoys all these other forms of life, which themselves put the world to their own uses. Nor is this process of development, which has covered so many centuries, approaching an end. Still more serviceable, more beautiful things are coming forth under the creative hand, and man himself is occupied in this workshop of life, determining what lives shall next appear, whether for use or decoration or mastery. Still, as in the tree, it is the topmost portion that grows most freely. The perfect man is before us, though a long way off. We begin to see him, we do not overtake him. Yet how wonderfully are things being made ready for him. The house has

been bought and furnished, but the bride and bridegroom have not appeared. Franklin drew from the clouds along his feeble kite-string the least hint of electricity. He doubtless thought many things; he certainly did not think that the first lasso had been cast over the head of the most omnipresent and strongest agent that has ever been drawn into the service of man.

It is into this fellowship of life, now mastering the world, that we are to enter; this life that we are to study, to enjoy, and to expand. Participation is open to all; leadership and expansion in a less degree. Yet, as we expand life, we shall lead it, and as we lead it we shall expand it. Whoever plants a beautiful garden leads life. Whoever cultivates intelligently a productive farm both guides and expands it. Every parent and every teacher, and this is the excellency of his office, is dealing with life. Every man who thinks and feels and acts becomes a leader of men. I trust you, young men, have outgrown any admiration you may have had for Napoleon, who was a great leader, by being a great destroyer of men. If not, you are still in the cradle, and I hope some one will lift you out, or tumble you out, until you come to know what leadership is.

I am about to try to give some guidance to this

process of entering into life, a process so constantly assayed and so often missed. It is a familiar topic, buried in so many precepts that it needs to be shaken loose in your thoughts and brought once more into fresh consideration.

The first principle I enforce is Win by not winning. This may seem to you contradictory. There is a contrast between its two parts but not a contradiction. Our best thinking and doing are often a combination of opposites, of centrifugal and centripetal forces, that hold a planetary system between them in order. The arch of the bridge, which spans the stream so peacefully, is poised in the air by balanced forces. The house you live in is full of strain and tension in opposite directions; all in one direction, and it would fall upon you and crush you. There is a maxim that runs in this wise, Make money, honestly if you can, but make money. My principle, Win by not winning, runs in the opposite direction. Win, win widely, constantly, laboriously, but be cautious about the finish. To set some object before you and win it, is often destructive of the winning process, which is of far more moment than the thing won. Let me illustrate this principle in several directions. I presume the young men in Palmer High School, in common with so many other young

men, are interested in athletic games. The primary purpose of these games is relaxation, the contribution they make to happiness and health. An incident of these amusements is the rivalry called out between the contending parties, the satisfaction which comes to the victor by victory. We have in the game relaxation, training, triumph, not in crescendo but in diminuendo. We turn the game end for end. We win by winning, and winning becomes our absorbing purpose. The play loses its relaxing quality, because we cannot relax and win. It loses its general quality, because only the best players can win. It misses its social pleasure, because it is not pleasant to be beaten, especially when the victor makes the welkin ring with his shouts. It brings the temptation to excess and unfairness, for these help to win. It tempts to betting, to enhance an interest already too intense. We thus suffer an accumulation of passion quite alien to our first purpose. Players, through with a game of this kind, instead of being ready to return to routine labor in good heart, wish to renew the strife with fresh risks and fresh hopes. One has no right to play a game unless he can take defeat gracefully and cheerfully. It is his contribution half the time to the common pleasure. We are to show our good-will and our mastery in

the game quite independently of beating. When games are pursued with an insatiate desire of victory, they lose their character as games, and become a source of bitter rivalries. The courtesy we still strive to throw over them is like the preliminary shaking of hands when two men enter the ring. The true law of sports is Win by not winning, win whatever the issue.

Emulation in class work, pushed into contention and finished up by prizes, is another case in which we miss our principle, Win by not winning. Excellency ceases to be our reward and is displaced by the miserable substitute of superiority; a superiority oftentimes doubtful and subject to a great variety of opinion. If the superiority really exists, it is not gracious to enforce it; and if it does not exist, to assert it is cruel. Paul thought, and I think we shall be compelled to agree with him, that those who measure themselves among themselves, and compare themselves with themselves, are not wise. There is an emulation we must all entertain, the desire of imitation which arises in the presence of excellence. But this sentiment should be lodged silently in our own hearts, and lead us to follow quietly in the steps of the strong. We miss it most completely when we substitute for it the wish to outstrip some one else. When we are pushed

forward by this counterfeited form of emulation, we begin at once to put upon excellence itself a false judgment.

A noble profession has much marred its nobility by rendering our maxim in the form, Win by winning. The lawyer who tests his merits by the number of cases won, or by the number of criminals acquitted through his efforts, has lost any just view of his profession and of his duties to the public. He is properly an instrument in administering justice, not in thwarting it.

The acquisition of all profound knowledge comes under our precept, Win by not winning. A dangerous enemy to knowledge is the impression that we know already. The plummet of thought sinks to the bottom of any deep inquiry very slowly. If we draw the line too quickly our measurements are all too shallow. It is a common experience that those who have supported a theory, in its own day useful, become the adversaries of truth when advancing inquiry calls for a modification of previous opinions. One of the finest qualities of a good teacher is to lead the pupil to see the inadequacy of his notions.

Religious bigotry is religious ignorance, and the root of it lies just here, the feeling that the profound truths of our spiritual experience have



received an adequate and final statement, when in fact we are just beginning to conceive them. He who wins by winning a creed is liable to discover—or if he does not discover it his neighbor may discover it for him—that he has gained little and lost much by his overconfidence.

These young people, as they graduate from the high school, which I make no doubt has furnished them a good training, may be ready to say Now we are through, thank Heaven! we have completed our education and are ready for the world. The purpose of an education is not to get itself done, but to open up ever wider and grander views of life, and to inspire the mind in their pursuit. You have been bowled out into a wide, open field, and are to bring up neither here nor there; but to feel forever those impulses of knowledge which have been imparted to you. You will win, if you win at all, by not winning, by never being through. One more example and we will pass to our next principle.

I am a believer in what is called woman's rights. Most of us are, in one degree or another. We all feel that the circle of thought and influence which surrounds any person is sacred to that person; and is not to be circumscribed or trespassed upon except for the very best of reasons. Under this

idea, noble and zealous women have long been in eager pursuit of political rights. Their success has been but partial; yet they have won by not winning. They have disciplined their own powers, awakened the minds of others, and pushed us all into a new order of things. They have put on regal garments and will be ready when the time comes to exercise regal authority. Many a man has won his political rights far too easily, and now knows not what to do with them, except to sell them at some pitiful price. If he were driven back among the disfranchised and left there until he was ready to claim and to fight for his rights, it is possible that he might associate them with a high value and fitting use. It is the winning of a right that gives us the wisdom to exercise it.

This principle is one for our own personal guidance. It is the claiming, not the gaining, that enthrones the mind. "As a man thinketh so is he." Take the two assertions, "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you," and, "Lay up for yourselves treasures in Heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt," and we have the entire philosophy of life.

This is a doctrine of perfection. Doctrines of perfection are our spiritual inheritance. "Be ye perfect even as your Father in heaven is perfect."

We can misunderstand these doctrines of perfection, and we can understand them. We have had perfectionists, and we have not known which most to wonder at, their effrontery or their stupidity.

We are told to overcome evil with good, another doctrine of perfection. We prefer to meet anger with anger, a blow with a blow. But these at the best only balk evil for the moment; they leave it to renew itself when the opportunity offers. This was the truth which our Lord had in mind when he bade us, being buffeted on the one cheek, to turn the other also.

Samuel H. Hadley, a descendant of President Edwards, in charge of the Jerry McCauley Mission in New York, was accustomed to entertain every vagabond that offered himself, and, no matter how frequently he returned to his vices, to receive him again and again as often as he presented himself. He thus always approached men, and impressed men, with the divine temper. Yet President Edwards conceived of God as thrusting the sinner into hell the moment he caught him. Between the two, who best expressed the divine mind? There are two sequences, not either of them easily broken, a heavy armament—arrogance, resentment, war; or the more beneficent series—justice, good-will, patience, peace. Just now as a

people our faith is directed to menace and not to mildness. We stumble at the principle, Win by not winning, yet every earnest petition contains it. Light, more light, ever more light. Grant me that chief virtue, charity, a love pure, peaceable, that can outstretch the sins of the greatest sinner. "Nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee."

Our second principle is a social one rather than a personal one: Get without getting. Be more anxious about the method of money-making than about the money made. Interest yourself in intelligent, honest, and beneficent production, but remember that its value is by no means measured by the amount you yourself secure by means of it. The getting that you are to go without is that intense getting, which is grabbing, the getting of Wall Street. Our multi-millionaires, and our aspirants to multi-millionaireship are converting commerce into a gigantic grab-bag. This is as much a sin against sound commerce, as it is against Christian fellowship. True wealth-getting is a coöperative process, bringing labor and capital, toil and enterprise from the ends of the world to aid us. We are to enter into the spirit of this coöperation, to bless others by it and ourselves to be blessed by means of it. There are few directions in which large-mindedness can more convincingly

show itself than in money-making. We see it here more quickly, and feel it more strongly, than elsewhere. To get wealth beneficently is to lay the foundations of the Kingdom of Heaven. The New Jerusalem is of truth built with streets of gold and gates of pearl. No poor man and no mean man can dwell there. Wealth means the degree in which the world is subject to us; the distribution of wealth stands for the fellowship of men in spiritual possessions.

Our generation, during the last forty years, has shown more intense selfishness, a more successful assault on economic rights, on social amenities, and on civil liberties than have fallen to any previous generation in our history. It is not now the slavery of the black that is under discussion, but the slavery of the great mass of citizens. The inequalities in the distribution of wealth that have gained admission among us cannot go forward and leave even the shreds of opportunity which should fall to every man. The Standard Oil Company is an anomaly in human history. If we consider its industrial leadership, the business interest and ability which support it, its astonishing success, the number of those who justify and emulate it, whose standards of right and wrong have been shaped in this school of greed, the number who

have swallowed down all censure in the hope of gaining some share of the spoils, some crumbs at the rich man's table; if we fairly estimate a tithe of these things, we shall feel that no such monstrous growth has before oppressed our earth. Planted in a rich soil, it has sucked up moisture like Jonah's gourd, and in a single night has spread a canopy over the head of every prophet anxious to curse the people.

It has subverted all principles of fair dealing and raised its hand against every competitor. It has cast over its daily procedure the cloak of secrecy, and lived in the dark like any burglar; it has pushed aside every moral and legal principle that lay in its path, and the only question that it has ever seemed to ask has been, How can we advance our own interest? It is equally at war with democracy and Christianity, and like a leech sucks the life-blood of everything it touches. The leader in this conscienceless and remorseless pursuit of wealth is a member in good and regular standing in the Baptist Church. He may weigh down the Baptist Church, I will not say how low, but no Baptist Church can lift him up. He cannot even be a wolf in sheep's clothing, for no pelt is large enough to hide him. The gospel of love can do him no good until it first becomes a purgation in his

own heart. This patient, untiring, and unscrupulous plundering is hidden from our censure simply by success, success which an American covets above all things. What is theft in one grade of society becomes enterprise in another, and robbery is acquitted in the measure in which it prospers. This leader in the business world is approaching a billion and could buy up half the towns in Massachusetts, and make all right at San Francisco.

I dislike to speak disparagingly of Carnegie, with his liberal temper, but it would have been far better if the money which he has accumulated had been more evenly distributed in the process of production. By positive law, by neglect of law, and by a faulty business sentiment that knows no law, we have made it possible for a Scotch boy, wandering over to the United States, to make 200,000,000 dollars. We as a people shall not be rendered enough better by all his donations to cover up this folly on our part. He may pension, if he will, poor professors, but an independent and enterprising people ought to be able suitably to reward all needed service without his or any other man's intervention. Business, honest as I believe it to be in most of its branches, insists, in its higher financial flights, on setting up a law of its own. Men dealing in stocks make a business of inflating or

reducing values to suit their own convenience. Stocks are as elastic as soap-bubbles. If the values contained in stocks were as well defined as those in breadstuffs or broadcloths; if men dealt only in facts and not in fictions, a good many fortunes would have shrunk to nothing in the making. Men seem to think that the ability to deceive constitutes a right to deceive; that there are two standards of right, one for a good man and one for a business man. He who is unscrupulous, unsympathetic, ready to take advantage of any one's ignorance shows exactly what he is and what is in him. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" is not suspended when one enters Wall Street. The best place for a man to make proof of goodwill is in business, where it is most needed and most appreciated.

The most plausible apology for the multi-millionaire, because the most obscure one, is the survival of the fittest. Science has been for years enforcing this principle. It is thought to mean simply the natural dominance of force, and this is regarded as the fundamental law of the world, which at the very last, shows up in the multi-millionaire.

We may well be evolutionists. The world has been for long unfolding, and is still rolling itself



out into the Kingdom of Heaven. This fact, rightly rendered, means evolution, not revolution, means constant addition, growth declaring itself in successive stages. It is not the turning of things over, and then again over; it is lifting them into new relations as stones are lifted in a building. It is possible that man came into being in connection with some sort of ape, but that does not make him an ape. An ape may be as good material of which to make a man as clay. If one should say, I was born of a monkey, without addition or alteration, one would be tempted to respond, Your assertion makes that seem very probable.

The qualities under which solution, evolution is going forward are constantly changing. The test of to-day is not that of yesterday. Physical force has settled many conflicts, yet the crocodile, with his thick hide and heavy jaws, does not command our rivers. Quick senses, fleetness of foot, a delicate response to the world enter, one by one, into the struggle for existence, and make evolution a development of the higher forms of life. In due time come the fawn and the foal, the bird of feather and of song. A man with a revolver is more formidable than a Boabdil; a man with personal qualities that draw followers together is more formidable than the man with a revolver. Inven-

tion takes the place of force, and good-will, the place of invention. The survival of the fittest is destined to mean the survival of one who possesses most of the divine tenderness. The man who justifies the multi-millionaire as the survival of the fittest has not yet learned what the fittest is. The shark survives until the man with a harpoon comes along. When the world shall at length pronounce for good-will its verdict will be irrevocable. Napoleon said that God was on the side of the heaviest artillery. What did he think of it when he sank into his socket and flickered, like an expiring candle, on the island of St. Helena?

There was a time, not so very far back, as I can testify, when the whip was thought to be the chief instrument in school discipline. To-day he is regarded as the best teacher who has most of the milk of human kindness.

This second principle, Get without getting, applies to social position and political honor, as well as to material possessions. We have been compelled to devise a new word with which to designate a sin fatally prevalent among us, graft. It is becoming a ruling passion of those in the foreground to turn their position in some way into personal advantage. A taint of dishonesty, an odor of corruption mar the good name of public

servants. We are waiting to find the men who will do something for town, state, United States, with no ulterior purpose, with no pay; not the man who will exact the most for what he does, but who will do the most without exaction.

Webster, with his magnificent endowments, would have stood sensibly higher in public esteem if he had been indifferent to the Presidency. The shadow that darkens his history was some dropping off from the doctrine of liberty which belongs to every citizen of Massachusetts. Buchanan would have passed for a man of fair endowment, if he had never been made President. He did not possess that sound civic judgment which the times demanded. He was concessive without reason, and obstinate without cause. Like one crossing a street thronged with vehicles, he hesitated, stopped, and was run over.

There is a portrait that hangs in my sleeping-room. In the dark hours of night it is not visible. As daylight filters in, it slowly finds its lineaments. When the day has fully come, it too comes back to the world of realities, with its faults and merits all on it. The only question then is what is its excellence. The light is sure to come in due time to every one. Garrison, in the anti-slavery conflict, seemed to most a man to be scorned and hated.

Now, as the day dawns, we only remember his consecration to liberty. He got without getting; labored, and left the years to crown his labor.

I have one more principle which need not detain us, Live by living. Overlook nothing, postpone nothing, enter by the blessings near to you into the blessings which lie beyond. This is a law of growth, and yet one often forgotten. Men think they are purchasing a future good by a self-denial which merely robs the present. In the living thing, the present gathers up the gains of the past and makes them the promise of the future. The flower, fruit, and seed are all in one product. At some great festival, we are anxious to secure a position in which the procession shall pass before us. A station is given each of us in the grandest of all movements, the onward march of the world, from which we can see, with eyes wide open what has been, is, and is to be, in the progress of events; that station is our own lives. We may limit or lose our advantage in two ways. Every form of dissipation blinds the eyes. The intemperate man, in the beginning, thinks he is living by living, but as the burden of appetite grows heavy upon him, he finds that instead of winning life he has lost and wasted it. There is no deeper pathos than that of a life drowned in its own pleasures.

This principle is also lost sight of when one proposes to live by crucifying life, when he looks on hard work and self-denial as things good in themselves. We come to know what life is, and to be truly thankful for it, only by gladly enjoying it. The goodness of God is disclosed in the gifts of God. When we meet men most freely, give the most, and receive the most, we best understand our lives and the lives of our fellow-men. An ever larger conception of life, a growing effort to round it out to its full proportions, this is evolution in the spiritual world. Religious faith will only become to us what it ought to be when we have learned the art of living, reducing its sorrows, increasing its joys, and entering at every step into the rewards of labor. Our Lord bids us to take no thought of the morrow, because our thought is vexatious and inadequate. We are not to burden ourselves with anxieties and fears that may never mature, but to move trippingly with the events which bear us far more than we bear them. When one gets in the habit of carrying the world, the world becomes a very great load. Live by living, thus we arrive at the divine mind. Plant one foot of your dividers at the center where appetites, affections, inspirations come together, with the other sweep a full circle over all you can easily cover. Restrained

appetites will give reality, practicality, and soundness to your labors. Affections will widen your aim, pleasures will multiply the pleasures of others. Inspirations will lead you out hopefully into that illimitable world that lies about you.

It will require much wisdom, young people, to understand and to apply these principles, Win by not winning, Get without getting, Live by living. You can put them in another form: Don't stop, Don't crowd, Don't be stupid. You are moving with men, close up quietly as the opportunity offers. Be true to yourselves, true to others, true to the plan of life. Life takes time and has time. The surest thing we know is that events are never finished, are forever being finished. The world is a through train. Our wisdom turns on sticking to it. This is the open door. If we enter in, we cannot but be saved.

## PHI BETA KAPPA ADDRESS

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

I HAVE been invited to address you on the motto of our association, *Φιλοσοφία βίου κυβερνήτης*, "Philosophy the pilot of life." No theme could be more to my liking, or more to the purposes of sound thought. While philosophy is a great deep, it is also a broad ocean. I shall not aim at any deep-sea dredging, whose results are remote and obscure, but shall content myself with those wide and stimulating, even though superficial, views which greet us as we look out over the vast expanse of knowledge, rippling near and far in the sunlight of our common consciousness.

Let us start with a hasty sketch of the field of human thought. We have many words which we apply to it, wisdom, philosophy, science, knowledge. Of these four, knowledge is the most comprehensive. This stands for our entire store of information, the information of all, into which the rivulets and the rivers of acquisition have been pouring from the beginning as into an ocean that

can never be filled and can never overflow. This common knowledge, this universal wealth, of which our own is but an insignificant part, is constantly underrated by us. The little inlet that floats our own shallow seems more to us than all the sea besides. We are apt to think the knowledge of the common man as much of the nature of ignorance. The reverse is often true, and our special theories are the wax-lights in the blaze of this mid-day sun. The sound principles, the underlying postulate, the eternal methods of thought are all present in this universal knowledge, and present in their most efficient and wholesome form. Whatever any of us may be able to contribute to the intellectual possessions of the world, must, sooner or later, be poured into and unite with this aggregate of human wisdom. It is this which holds science and philosophy alike in solution, and turns them into the hourly nourishment of every form of intellectual life. Common knowledge is the vital protoplasm, not yet differentiated into distinct organs and distinct forms of life, but remaining the source of all and the vital receptacle of all.

Science and philosophy, special directions of knowledge, have been constantly falling into disagreement and rivalry, a conflict which, like that between labor and capital, is a very in-



adequate expression of their real relations. Philosophy as metaphysics, and science as empiricism, flout each other, and cast endless scorn, the one on the groveling ways of its rival, and the other on the aimless flight amid clouds of its adversary. The truth is, however, that the scientist is always in pursuit of a philosophy suited to his own taste, and the philosopher is willing to avail himself of any detached scientific facts that meet his wishes.

Putting it broadly, science deals with causes and philosophy deals with reasons. Causes are the connections of things, reasons are the connections of thoughts. The one binds the physical, the other binds the intellectual world together. These two, as separable and forever uninterchangeable as any two things can be, combine with each other in the most flexible and diverse ways. As distinct as the two poles of an electric battery, in intervening spaces they rest upon each other and sustain each other like the opposed movements in that potent circuit.

A man may master causes and know little about the uses of life. The moment he raises the question of uses, philosophy, with its reasons, must come to his aid, or he flounders hopelessly. A man may be content to deal only with causes, to be a mere waif on the stream of forces, but the instant

he asserts manhood, he has the whole spiritual world on his hands and must push boldly into this domain of reasons, which may seem to him as fluctuating as the waves, and yet has a movement as permanent and far-reaching as the tides. Science has given to reasons that very infelicitous designation, final causes—since reasons are in no way causes—and has then waived them aside in favor of efficient causes.

This method leaves out half of the human world. The ethical region, the region of conduct and character, where men take on a spiritual orientation which throws them into an orderly revolution with their fellow-men, which unites them in households, communities, and nations, is pre-eminently a region of reasons, a determination by the mind itself of the eternal conditions of good-fellowship in human society. Out of this realm of philosophy comes the pilot of our voyage—a voyage amid the physical facts, the rocks and shoals and deep waters, which science so assiduously maps and offers as a chart to our helmsman, yet a chart that can never tell us whither we are going or why we are going thither.

This guidance of a pilot, coming to us from the higher realm of reason, we will glance at in three directions, that of personal action, that of civic

action, and that of education. Individual character gives us the units which are brought together in social structure, while education is that training process by which the citizen learns to fulfill himself in the State, and the State learns to fulfill itself in the citizen.

We turn first to the man, the fruitfulness of philosophy in individual life. Philosophy means, in this connection, a wide, subtle, yet sober play of reason over all the facts and aims of life, and an extraction from them of the spiritual impulses they so abundantly contain. This brooding force of a philosophic temper over the crass features which lie beneath it is like the play of the atmosphere, with its light, heat, evaporation, radiation, and downpour of rain, on the land and water it envelops, crumbling the rock, filling the chasm, drying the pool, and bringing all into those soft outlines which are ready to receive the glowing forms of vegetable life, like the decoration of a painter. Philosophy opens up the spaces of thought, rolls back obscuring clouds, and makes the inner world wide and cheerful with patches, and great stretches of sunshine. Philosophy gives birth to all the brood of poetry, peopling the world with spirits akin to itself, and translating it into creations of passion and affection.

Philosophy is not to be judged by its fallacies. It must stand with us for the habitual flow of reason, bringing to every part of life its most adequate solution. Like the wings on the sandals of Mercury, it makes the spirit the swift messenger of the gods, going whither it will. The sensuous temper is the inflexible patten with which the peasant thumps along his sloppy way, tallying off his slow steps as he returns from his day's labor.

This light, volatile temper of philosophy is brought out in the dialogue between Touchstone and the shepherd, Corin.

“Corin. And how like you this shepherd's life, Master Touchstone?

“Touchstone. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now, in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect that it is not in the Court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humor well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

“Corin. No more but that I know the more one sickens the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money, means, and content is without three good friends; that the property of rain is to wet and fire to burn; that good pasture makes fat sheep, and that a great cause of the night is the lack of the sun;

that he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art may complain of good breeding or comes of a very dull kindred."

The vivacious mind of Touchstone casts lights and shadows, marks failures and fulfillments. The dull mind of Corin plods on amid facts.

Philosophy flings wide the doors of the future, and brings to us the light of years yet to be. Science trudges patiently along our present foot-paths. It maps out a road, but it is a road that stretches over the same wide plain to the limits of the horizon. It wearies us with the weariness of physical things. Philosophy contemplates many a turn and sudden ascent in the path, and glorious outlooks scattered here and there. The Chinese, in shooting the rapids of their swift streams, strain at the oars to keep a motion of its own on the boat, and so make the helm effective. Otherwise they strike on the first rock in the channels. Philosophy gives the mind headway, and enables it to avoid innumerable dangers that wreck the thoughtless man by simply getting in his way. It is with much fitness that philosophy is said to be the pilot of life, one who steps on board from a foreign land and guides us into port. Reasons took on the designation of final causes from this very fact that they look forward, not

backward. The doctrine of immortality is a thing of reasons. Causes, as they are summoned in order to testify, can only make answer, It is not in us. We have no word and no vision.

The first purpose, then, that philosophy subserves in our individual life is to lift our thoughts, to give space, air, and light around us, stimulating our various activities. There is thus a fellowship of good things, running up from our first contact with sensuous pleasure to the highest inspiration of hope in the presence of objects that just begin to be known to the spirit.

A second service is, that by means of it, we escape the erratic escapades of thought, the foolish eccentricities of mind-steam, bursting out in a wasteful jet because it is put to no service, because the engine is standing still. Men of genius are addicted to these intellectual spurts, and the half-taught are great admirers of them. They like a leader who breaks away from the haunts of man, and starts for the wilderness, where he and his followers in due time perish. Just now one of these meteors has gone out in darkness, Nietzsche, who added to some extreme ideas in art a bitter attack on ethical canons. A spurious mushroom philosophy is always springing up among the rank growth of science, and many ac-

cept it in lieu of more adequate theory. Haeckel may be wise in science, but he is a mere charlatan in philosophy. One purpose of a rational faith is to exclude an irrational one, and to escape that emptiness which leaves a man open to all the vagaries of thought. Our own dog keeps the neighbors' dogs at a distance. We need some kind of tom-tom to drown the racket made by other people.

A third function of philosophy, akin to this second function, is, that by it we maintain our connection with the great among men, we move forward, slowly it may be but safely, with the camp of humanity. There is oftentimes an unbearable conceit in learned men. They are open to the taunt of Job, "Ye are the people, and wisdom shall die with you." It will not die with them, because it was not born with them. The reservoirs of wisdom are in the world at large; when a man brings forward his theory of knowledge in the face of all that has been, he is suffering from the presumption of childhood. Human knowledge is not the product of coherent thought simply, desirable as that may be. A great part of it is the product of the collisions, corrections, and self-adjustments of human actions; the slow settling of sedimentary truth into the rich soil of human experience.

Principles of conduct, methods of procedure, are brought into working order, not by a set purpose, but by the blind necessities of the case: as light bodies and heavy ones, large and small ones, are arranged by the simple jolting of the cart in which they are carried. In all our speculation we need to keep close to this instinctive, empirical knowledge of men, which is the true wealth of the race. This sound philosophy will help us to do. This is the very problem of philosophy, to expound men's thoughts as they are.

Evolutionists frequently give us the most extreme and fanciful interpretations of life. They do not understand their own doctrine. They have not found their way into evolution itself. Evolution means a slow-ascending grade, never abruptly changed. It means the absolute verity of what has been in its relation to what is to be. It means that past events, whether they be forms of physical or of spiritual life, whether they be instincts or convictions, are the womb of coming events; that the future is to be born of them and of them only; that the most fugitive of them all have some significance in the march of years. No braying trumpet, no flaunting flag, that has not a meaning and a place and a power in this comprehensive march.



For a single man, therefore, scientist or otherwise, to confront such a potent throng, coming down upon him with the accumulated momentum of centuries, to wave his hand and to bid them fall back, is nothing short of March madness. Of this sort of extravagance of speculation we have abundant examples in religion. Every church has its own expression of belief; its own restricted purpose, while its fussy marshals summon the whole world to fall in line. Few either of the brood of belief or unbelief understand what fiery, inexhaustible spiritual impulses lie at the great heart of humanity, sure, as hitherto, to drive it on along the painful uplift of a spiritual development.

Not long since I was in the Catholic cathedral of New York. The imposing assembly-room was full of men and women, old men, middle-aged men, and young men, all of them intent on the sensuous movement of the spiritual forces finding expression there. It was an undeniable utterance of what lies in the soul of man in this world of ours. I stepped across the avenue to a leading Presbyterian church. A scattered audience, made up of women and a few old men, was assembled on the same religious festival. What is the instruction of these two facts, which repeat themselves

in every large city? First, if we confront a sensuous, historic belief with a sensuous, scientific non-belief, the former will prove the commanding element. Why should it not? There is a thousand-fold more evolutionary reality back of it, and, therefore, at bottom it is sounder science. The destructive criticism of science is of yesterday. A film of oil poured on the ocean is not going to control its tides. These were provided for when the solar system was shaped.

Second, a narrow speculative exposition of the spiritual world will not govern human life. It is like a distillation in an open retort. The residuary remainder becomes less and less. What we need is a wider, more comprehensive philosophy of life, or, if you prefer the word, wisdom. Wisdom may be defined as that harmonious union of causes and reasons in which they sustain each other, and correct each other. Wisdom cries in the streets, because she brings guidance to the masses of men. The third lesson is the one we have in hand: a sound philosophy keeps us close to human life, and our theories will prosper whether they be religious or civic or social, in the measure in which they express our common wants. The merchandise of wisdom is better than the merchandise of silver, because it is more universal.

A religion that fails to handle human life as the only real work before it; a philosophy that misses the problem of human knowledge and puts something else in its place will alike drop away as events unfold themselves. It is this unfolding force of the world that gives and accepts all explanation. The soundest philosophy is the best rendering we have of it; and it renews itself in each generation with unending labor. The world and the theory of the world, the whole world physical and spiritual and the last word concerning it forever stand over against each other, the two supports of wisdom, and the true terms of philosophy.

The cantilever bridge, with its skillful poise, thrusts forth its great arc from a single pier. It must meet the return arc from the opposite pier, and with corrective weight and push sustain it and be sustained by it. Thus we have the highway of commerce. We span no stream from a single shore, we strike the farther shore by supports from that shore itself. We unite the physical and the spiritual worlds, across the swift, dark stream that washes them both, by twin supports, sensuous and supersensuous, that are alike imbedded in our daily lives, causes and reasons, form and inner force. Science and psychology are

with us as the starting point and terminus of that philosophy which rounds over the all of knowledge and makes the world one, one in terms so far apart and yet so near each other. If we cling to things, we get no spiritual support; if we hold fast to visions, we secure no sensuous footing; if we unite the two, the center of our arc stands firm above the surging tide.

Science must be constantly turned into philosophy to retain its stimulating power. Mere facts are that "much knowledge" which is wearisome to the flesh. Knowledge that comes to us as reasons is no more fatiguing than a new day to childhood. One visits a large publishing establishment. The stereotype plates are piled from floor to ceiling. What shall we do with all this dead material of knowledge? Be not disturbed. Only here and there a box will be dug out for a new edition. In a brief period all will be returned to the smelting pot, and new plates in new boxes take their places. The knowledge which is in them will have passed into a higher philosophy of life.

Philosophy, by being a constructive power in our individual lives, becomes also, in the second place, an interpreting power in our collective life. The true environment of the man is society. It is in this direction that his chief powers get expression,

take on form, and multiply themselves many fold by combination. Conduct and character lie between men. The water is no more a medium of life to the fish, or the air to the bird than is social intercourse to the spirit of man.

This is not denying the force of physical things, but is assigning them their true relation as conditions and means of power, not the very substance and form of power. They are what the tools are to the workman, they aid and they limit his execution, they do not determine its direction or its purpose. A nation has its accepted principles, its confirmed characteristics, its habitual sentiments, and these modify and expand themselves by perpetual interaction, until they become that stream of inheritance which treasures all the spiritual wealth of the world, and transmits it for further increase. All causes are simple, all lines of physical transfer single, compared with these tendencies to good or evil, to apprehension or misapprehension, to fellowship or strife, which come floating down upon us in the blood of our race. Here is present every method of reasoning, every shifty and sagacious impulse, every custom with which we safeguard action until a web of life is thrown over us from which there is no escape; which gives form and color and changeable light

to character, as the mantle of a mollusk to its shell. There must be a large discourse of reason, a deep analysis of the spiritual terms of life, a subtle and a practical philosophy, when we discuss this collective growth which receives all hope, all prophecy, all prayer, and works them into the Kingdom of Heaven.

The State is the outline rather than the content, the negative rather than the positive expression of this social life. The State checks excesses, prevents interference, but leaves the great volume of economic, artistic, and social impulses to flow on by virtue of their own force. As the circulation of the body, its strength of muscle, depth of inspiration, glow of color lie within well-defined superficies, so the life of a people, its activity of thought, fellowship of feeling, and spiritual inspiration are held within the limits the State assigns them.

The merit of the Jewish Theocracy lay in the conception that the nation was a type of life, and that this more comprehensive life would meet its rewards and punishments along the lines of conduct. The excellence of the Grecian Democracy was found in the idea that the collective function of the commonwealth was a supreme function, subordinating every other and ready to take on

the most imposing artistic expression. The first great era of philosophy was marked by a most brilliant embodiment of the popular life. Plato and Aristotle—preëminently Aristotle, than whom hardly another in the history of the world is to be found with a wider and more practical survey of both reasons and causes embodied in a sound philosophy—conceived the State as the essential condition of individual development, and only too completely absorbed all private interests in the public welfare.

We, in reaction against this and kindred excesses, by which the State becomes so rank a growth as to overshadow and to smother the life it was intended to nourish, have gone over to the other extreme of individualism, forgetful that all that is best in the life of every man must be drawn from the lives of his fellow-men, and must stand in ministrations to them.

Science, hastily transformed into a philosophy, has confirmed this excessive individualism. We have the dogma of the survival of the fittest giving the dignity of a social principle to the thrust and push of the strong. The life of man is thus to be scaled down to the life of the brute and no new analysis of what is fit to be instituted in the light of his higher nature. Philosophy bids

us rather to throw ourselves forward at each step of ascent in recognition and acceptance of the new principles of action which are approaching us.

If it belonged to earlier civilizations to frame the State, it belongs to us to build up the citizen. If they enclosed the vineyard, we are to fill it with fruitful vines. In doing this we have the higher task laid upon us of reconciling the two, State and citizen, in one comprehensive and complete product.

It is time for us to see that individual and collective welfare are strict correlatives of each other; that any antagonism we establish between them is mutually destructive. The public welfare is summed up in the welfare of citizens, and citizens are endowed with the wealth of the common life of which they are partakers. Strength is common strength, weakness, common weakness. Sound philosophy bids each citizen expand his thought to the full circumference of the social life about him. Any failure to do this is deficiency in him as well as deficiency in it. We are to gird ourselves with the public strength, to feed at that truly royal table to which every wise man makes his contribution, and to feel the inflation of that life which, like a trade wind, sweeps around the world as a part of its cosmic movement.



Law, wise social and civil law, is simply the embodiment of liberty; it stands for more lines of action in which all can take part, for that accumulation of power in which the individual and the collective contribution are indistinguishable and inseparable portions. Liberty is power in free exercise. Our social life, by means of law, accumulates this power and gives it ready expression with a marvelous redundancy of energy.

Righteous law is simply the curve which our aggregate movement takes on in expending itself. The engine is free on the track—nowhere else. With the iron way under its wheels, it puts forth its strength at once. Let it leap the track, and it falls instantly into impotency. Reason, philosophy, defines a way for man among men, as definite, and full of support as the iron rail, as free in direction as the flight of the bird in the air. The mechanism of our spiritual motion is the fulfillment of all life. We move by the force of things invisible, with that instinctive power with which a hawk gathers the wind under its wings.

This brings us to the third branch of our discussion, education. It is the office of education to effect a junction between individual life and

common life, to place them in mutual ministrations, each to each. This is the work of all education, and preëminently of public education. What we have found to be true of sound and sober thought, that it keeps close to the great centers of life, endures the purgation and correction of experience, and profits by its slow accumulations of knowledge, is also true of education. It must lend itself freely to the popular want, to the uses of the masses of men, and so gain adequate purposes and wholesome reactions within itself. It cannot be a private cult, leaving no great social gains behind it, and so finding less and less work before it. Our state universities must spring out of the soil, the roots in the earth commensurate with the branches in the air. When one and another section, one and another class, feel that they have no part in the university, the university itself will suffer as a reservoir of knowledge. When the fibers of growth begin to withdraw themselves from the world in which they are planted, the yellow leaf will soon follow.

A first condition of value in education, especially in the instruction of a university, is, that the cost be kept so low as to make it truly an open door, even to the most indigent. This is the very meaning of a public institution, one to which

the public can get ready access. There is a constant temptation, for the sake of more extended work, to add a charge here and a charge there; a temptation to the students, in their growing indulgences, to increase their expenditures, until the aggregate cost closes the path, and puts education beyond the hopes of many. It matters little how high the ladder of knowledge may extend, if its first rungs are beyond the reach of the foot passengers. Scholarship, though a most important subsidiary end, is not the primary purpose of education. This purpose is the nourishment, the government of life. It is not a searchlight, but an arc light, that we are setting up to illuminate all dark ways.

The teacher is to remember that he works under a self-denying ordinance, that his salary comes not by speculation, but by taxation, out of the pockets of the masses. There is here no room for indulgences. Teachers should constitute, and for the most part do constitute, a solid phalanx, in whom popular rights and interests find their most clear and defensible expression. They are the advanced column, behind whom is heard the tread of millions. Those who are not willing to identify their lives with the lives of the many, who wish to draw off from the multitude in some retreat of

elegance and leisure have no place in this sapping and mining corps of progress. It calls for a noble temper to teach worthily, and he who possesses it will feel little disposition to complain of the somewhat narrow terms which go with it. His life is a marriage to truth, for better or for worse, and he will not spend his time in inquiring too closely as to the dowry which accompanies his espousal.

The democratic temper of our educational institutions was never more needed than now. There has not been in the past an association of men, a guild, a monastery, a city, a State that has not been ruined by prosperity. What the world waits to secure is wealth united to the public weal. Our turn has come. Not even the Roman Empire, when it was hastening to its overthrow, took, in so short a period, such long strides in ill-gotten wealth as we have taken in the past thirty years. Another thirty years of like movement would seem to make the case irremediable. It is not that we see so prodigious an accumulation of wealth in single hands that no one can withstand it, but that this wealth has been gathered by means that set at naught our common rights. It looks as if our democracy did not belong to the convictions of men, but to the

poverty of men, and was to be cast off at the first show of prosperity. The conflict has come, we are being rapidly metamorphosed into a plutocracy. The gorgeous butterfly is well out of the cocoon, and we are half bewildered, half delighted with the gold and silver on its wings. A sister university, from which much was to have been expected, has caught on. Its harpoon deeply buried in the blubber of the biggest whale in the ocean, it sails fast in a golden sea. The question is which shall conquer, the boat the whale, or the whale the boat. Our wager is on the whale. The complacent ducking multitude, which only asks to stand in the sunshine, is on the increase. Those who believe that the kernel of the Kingdom of Heaven is to be found in the people, and must grow thence or not at all, have occasion to gather their thoughts together, to spread once more their theories of life in the light, and to see how far these facts which have sprung up so quickly about us conform to them. There is a shallowness, an insufficiency and a perversion in our current political convictions which compel us, if we are not to despair of the republic, to go back to, and to get back, not necessarily our early policy, but our early temper, when, in our poverty, we held to the rights of men. And where I ask should these ever re-

turning questions, these questions vital to the life of the community, find statement and restatement more assiduously than in the state university?

This leads us to a second characteristic of our education, it should be humanitarian. The humanities should be uppermost. Literature, history, civic and social construction should yield its vital force. This is the region of practical philosophy, the region of reasons expounded and fortified by facts, the region in which we put to noble uses all the sensuous resources of the world. This priority of the humanities is not in disparagement of science, language, speculative philosophy. It gives rather to all these their fullest service. It brings them together in the richest product the world knows, the life of the people.

It is a great satisfaction to us all that the University of Wisconsin is so well advanced in this special line of development. It has done, and is doing, work of which any institution might be proud. I do not mention names lest I should impair the work by omissions, or disturb by excess the admirable balance now present—a beauty of proportion which renders us indifferent to praise.

The true foundation of all study that touches man is history—history in its narrow sense as a record of events, and history in its wide sense as a

development of human life, a philosophy of the achievements and failures which have followed in the steps of men hitherto. Wisconsin has long been associated with the narrative side of history, and it lies, therefore, in its normal growth that it should take up and push extendedly the prophetic purport of history. The study of the past should culminate in social and civic construction, should be the occasion and the means of the more immediate and safe evolution of existing institutions into those higher forms which belong to them. This interplay of the past and the present; this passage of both into a future more worthy of us as a free people, is the leading purpose of education and can be fulfilled only by a growing knowledge both of the form and the temper of our social life.

A yet more comprehensive aim, which gathers up and compacts together all that is good in training, is character. An education which does not profoundly affect character is not a real education, no matter how much information it may impart. It has not yet touched the habitual sources of action. The final lodgment of truth is in character. It is there that the germinating processes take place. It is a small matter to make skillful engineers and astute lawyers, if we do not also

make good citizens. This is the only adequate return which can be made to the state for its expenditure on public instruction—good citizens. We may well be afraid of a discipline which gives power with no adequate motives or restraints in its use. The University should send back its graduates to the community from which they came, large-minded and liberal men, with a clear perception of the public welfare and a steadfast purpose to pursue it. This is an industrial training of the highest order.

The importance which has been attached to religious instruction has had its justification at this point, that it was an effort to put character uppermost. No wise man will say that this has been a misapprehension, or that it has altogether failed of its object. Yet no wise man will affirm that sound character is necessarily, much less exclusively, associated with any one faith. We wish a broader and firmer foundation of conduct than that offered by any speculative creed. The entire ethical and spiritual world is open to us in the humanities. It is here that all empirical inquiries into life may be prosecuted, and all speculative ones be corrected. It is most unsafe reasoning, that because character and religious instruction have been so long ostentatiously asso-



ciated, that, therefore, in ruling out a creed we rule out character. We put restraints on the enforcement of religious opinions simply because this method has not been found the shortest road to good citizenship. We would take up the question of good citizenship on its own grounds, unembarrassed by the preconception of a religious rendering of men's relations to one another. We would expound our lives where these lives are led, in contact with men, in the market, at the polls, played upon by the endless attractions and repulsions of social intercourse. We would cease to deduce the character of the world from our religious belief, but would deduce that belief from the character of the world. The primary facts are with us all, not with the religionist alone. We are simply claiming the liberty of the world, a larger liberty than that of any one faith. God's revelation is in our own lives and in the lives of our fellow-men, and there we make haste to study it. The man who sees the pervasive laws of growth in society and is ready to help them forward has foundations of character as deep as the world itself, and in his contact with young men and young women he can bring to them an educating power of the highest order. The many faithful men who have fulfilled their lives in the University

have not been, like a nimble teller, shoving dimes and half dimes, eagles and half eagles across the counter, indifferent as to their use; they have made the terms of knowledge, one and all, data in the problem of life. No man can teach who is not first enamored of the truth, and no man can give the best instruction who does not feel that every truth is but one more fiber in the nervous network of knowledge that encloses the world. It is this sense of the universality and omnipotence of truth that unites it to manhood, and makes it the framework of character.

Some of you may feel that I have used the word philosophy in this discussion in a manner to suit myself, and have made it mean any and everything that was good; and possibly, also, that there has been a covert disparagement of science. I trust neither impression is correct. We have identified philosophy with reason, and science with causes. Wherever the predominant discussion is one of things, it is of the nature of science; wherever it is of the relation of ideas, it is of the nature of philosophy. We have equal faith in the one and in the other. Ideas are as substantial as things. They are the very life of things. Things are the permanent embodiment of ideas. Philosophy without science is airy, empty, unmanageable,

like a balloon without ballast. Science without philosophy is a balloon with too much ballast, it drags along the earth, and cannot rise above it.

The two, science and philosophy, owe their value to each other. Science furnishes philosophy with adequate data; and philosophy completes science in sufficient uses. Science becomes spurious when it undertakes to exclude philosophy; and philosophy loses itself in worthless speculation when it neglects science.

Our education, when the scientific tendency predominates, tends to become sporadic, partial, and superficial. Some things are minutely known; many things are not known at all. The wide dependence of ideas is broken up, and our training starts from a dozen different points with a still farther dispersion of hasty election. Philosophy tends to unity. Its primary discussion is one of relations, and it completes itself in a system. It is, therefore, in education a constant corrective of that frightful accumulation of information which reduces the mind to the condition of Issachar. All that even his father Jacob could say of him was: "Issachar is a strong ass, couching down between two burdens."

Here is the guiding function of sober philosophy, ever ready to reunite our knowledge; willing

to begin again, with an invincible confidence in itself, and to trace anew the map of the spiritual world. Philosophy is the discourse of reason, the light into which all things are lifted. As man, the proximately perfect man, is a marvelous combination of physical forces reaching up into the spiritual world, and of spiritual impulses finding their execution among physical things as the life of man unfolds along the line of junction between two worlds, so philosophy, ever with him, becomes the perpetual resolution of things into thoughts, of thoughts into things, until the spirit of man, by virtue of the two, sweeps, with strong, even wing, through the whole empyrean. Philosophy is thus not so much the guide of life, as the very life itself, ever renewing itself by its own activity.

The University has now attained so commanding a position as to overshadow persons. Henceforth it will be tendencies, composite movements, which strengthen themselves within themselves, that will shape its course. What tendency could be more safe than one which keeps human wants in the foreground, and pursues them in all well-advised ways? But this is to make philosophy a part of life. Our motto returns then to us, both in our individual and in our collective relations,

as a concise embodiment of wisdom. Philosophy opens to us the superb realm of reasons, seats us at the feet of the Supreme Reason, and teaches us to know even as we are known.

## THE FIELD IS THE WORLD

ANDOVER THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, 1905

**F**EW subjects are more worthy of inquiry on the part of young men in preparation for the Christian ministry than missions. If we understand the claims of missions and the methods fitted to advance them, we shall have entered very profoundly into the temper of our Christian faith, into the history of the world, and into its manner of growth. To know what is adapted to the wants of men is to comprehend the spiritual world of which we are a part. If what I have to say shall help you, even a little, in this direction, the reward of speaking to you will be ample.

The mission monument in Williamstown bears this inscription, "The field is the world." Though the words, in the sense in which they are here employed, are not scriptural, they are none the less an epitome of the scriptural idea. Christ, explaining the parable of the sower, said, "the field is the world;" yet the expression has not the breadth of meaning given it in the inscription. His

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injunction, recorded in Mark, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature," is in the line of the words, "the field is the world," but does not give the thought quite the same emphasis. We might feel called upon to carry the proffers of belief to every man, and yet not regard the world and the Kingdom of Heaven as covering exactly the same ground. This is the assertion of the inscription. The world in its entirety gives the very foundations on which the Kingdom of Heaven is to be built. If the kingdom fails to cover any portion of these foundations, there is, by so much, a mismatch between them. The beginning and the end of what God has undertaken do not correspond. The field to be subdued, planted, cultivated, and transformed into the fruitful vineyard of God is the world, created by him and handled by him in all the centuries of its existence with express reference to this very purpose of becoming the Kingdom of Heaven. There is such a magnitude in God's work, both in space and in time, as to throw us off from those narrow economies with which we are familiar. It is not a question of exactly so much and no more. But this fact ought not to hide from us the unity of his work, nor to make us less aware of its completeness. If any part of the world should show itself barren

and incorrigible in reference to the kingdom, we should be pushed to the conclusion that either the labor had proceeded without a plan, or that the plan had proved a partial failure. In this case the cactus and the desert would remain a waste.

The minds of men are coming but slowly to the fundamental truth, that the field is the world. There has always been some election going on in their thoughts, by which much was to be rejected as well as much to be accepted. When men build, removing the rubbish is no small part of the labor. When God builds, even the parts cast off become nourishment to those which remain. That the world should grow into the kingdom, and the kingdom absorb the world, until the one is simply the fruit of the other, with no unnecessary delay or real waste, is a notion of so transcendental a character that we arrive at it with many mistakes and much hesitancy.

We have been haunted with the idea that we were to use the world as a hunting ground for souls, as some ambitious huntsman ranges it far and near for game, made uneasy by any bird in the mountains or beast in the jungle. Alexander, a cruel hunter of men, pursued them through deserts and ragged wastes, bent on capturing



them or killing them, never on gathering them into civilized communities. Life and wealth belonged to the Greeks, not to the barbarians. The idea of God is not capture but culture, not subjection but subsumption, not a purgation by fire and sword, a pitiful remnant being saved for his own glory, but the growth of all, by means of all, into the welfare of all. God is primarily a creator enlarging life, pushing it forward, ever forward, in all its interlaced forms, capping its last achievements by still larger ones and so storming the gates of heaven; thus at once possessing and peopling the celestial plains. Let us trail no farther the Persian notion that the world contains an evil, as well as a good spirit, and that much is ruined, forever ruined, in the war which goes on between them. Let us feel rather that the seeds of life are planted deep, and may be long in germinating, but that soil and climate and time are all given to them, as holding in their hearts the power and the love of God.

This question of the divine economy must be settled in our minds before we are prepared for the work of missions, before we can assign ourselves the part we are to take in this redemptive growth of the world.

An idea we shall find in every way serviceable in

understanding the world—and unless we do understand it how can we work successfully in it?—is one which has received great emphasis in our time, that of evolution. Here again we are not dealing with a simple notion, the same for all minds. Those who have been most prominent in developing the theory have understood by evolution the movement of all events in a strictly causal relation. So apprehended evolution is not only antagonistic to faith, it is antagonistic to all intellectual and spiritual life. One remorseless, resistless wave of physical causes rises above and sweeps over the feeble and deceitful outputtings of spiritual life, and pounds smooth and hard, like an ocean beach, all the liberties and aspirations and hopes of men.

This form of evolution has not only not been proved, it never can be proved. It is burdened, so far as reason is concerned, with the difficulties of an absurd, self-stultifying process. We, as rational creatures, are called on to say, by virtue of our reason, that reasoning is only one more series of obscure, complicated, causal facts. When reason thus trips up its own feet, reasoning should cease altogether.

Strict evolution assumes all the elements of the world in their present qualities and quantities, and

then prides itself on the discovery that existing relations follow from them, Conceded the clock, and the striking of the clock ceases to be a mystery. But the difficulties of evolution have just commenced when the physical framework of events has been provided for. All the manifold forms of life, part with part, layer upon layer, which give significance to this superb, physical environment and make of it a preserve of the amplest order, have still to be explained. In this explanation, neither the germs nor the processes of their development are sufficiently met. The commencements and the transformations of life equally baffle the evolutionist. He is compelled to regard all increments as slight, fortuitous changes, incidental to surrounding conditions. But accidental and slight changes can never be made to explain such a world as ours. If chance could make this world, it could make anything, and we need no longer rummage the universe for reasons. Unless the passage from one form of life to another is definite in direction and perceptible in amount, natural selection cannot lay hold of the increment, and it sinks again in the same vortex from which it arose. The Parthenon cannot be the product of a ceaseless piling of stones unless some of them, at least, are put together significantly.

There is nothing to select, until there is fitness in the things selected. Strict evolution gives no room for reason, assigns no directions, assumes its starting points, and carries forward fortuitously the building process. Natural selection is simply the truism, what is good is good, and will tend to stand.

The evolution we should accept is development, a continuous movement toward a definite purpose. It means that events are interlocked both by causes and by reasons, reasons combining causes and causes sustaining reasons. The continuity of the world belongs both to the plan and to its method of execution. Every phase of growth contains the subsequent one, both as a part of a scheme and as a part of its own fulfillment. This notion is not only not antagonistic to faith, it imparts to it a higher and a more suitable form. Religious belief has constantly suffered from its detached and fragmentary methods, from the fact that it bears no suitable relation to the world as one whole. The ordinary progress of events has not been supposed to be favorable to it. It has arisen in resistance to them, as a redemptive afterthought. In the Christian faith a single people, not of finest texture, was chosen out of the masses of men, not so much as a medium of blessings to mankind as a

substitution for mankind. With this notion of a new start came the need of miracles, miracles that should sharply suspend natural forces, and put in their place a doctrine of supernatural agencies. Thus faith assumed a detached form as something driven, like a wedge, into the world, rather than as something growing out of the world.

Faith needs, even above other forms of thought, the correction incident to the idea of development; a sense of the breadth and the coherence of the divine method—that our work and our prosperity are taken up in the world's work and the world's prosperity. We are always in search of quick methods and short turns, and for the most part they are inefficacious. We have neither time nor patience for growth. Yet the one word which more than any other is explanatory of the great scheme of things in which we are immersed is growth. The world and men with it grow, grow into each other and grow out of each other. The world becomes what men make it to be, and, at the same time and by the same process, men are what the world has prepared them to become. The hawk, in its structure, in its marvelous flight, is what the air calls for. It was hatched into the air, and rules the air, and can almost make its nest in the air. We were born into the world, and are

waiting to be born out of it and with it into the Kingdom of Heaven. But the state of things which called for this change of conception makes the change more difficult. The theologian was not ready to seize upon the notion of development, to oppose it to causal evolution, and to reconstruct his theories in harmony with it.

A faith which rests on development would seem to be beyond all comparison superior to one which rests on intervention. The one is partial and spasmodic, the other is comprehensive and permanent. The one implies not merely the need of interference, but even then secures only a salvage; the other involves one creative process, whose terms are all required and all interlocked from beginning to end. If you, young men, are ever pressed by the doubts and denials which have arisen in connection with the advance of knowledge, you have no occasion to put together the parts of the broken vase, to try to harmonize the scripture narrative of creation with the revelations of geology. There is open to you a better triumph, the feeling that God is revealing to us, in a new way, his creative work, and is giving it periods and proportions we had not dreamed of. The just live by faith. The great difficulty is to get them into that spiritual world where faith in the

rational method rules. They stumble along, as in the story of the size of the ark, as if the making of the world turned on the dimensions of that ship. Do not let us waste faith on the question, was there a whale big enough to swallow Jonah; there is only one inquiry of moment, Is the world spiritually put together, does God lie at its foundation? It is in the sense of the eternal validity of spiritual things, of truth, conduct, character, that our safety lies. Grasp this firmly, and all needed things will follow. The bird runs along the ground, hops from bush to bush, at length takes to the air, and there is the end. The only safety of our thoughts lies in the imperishable conviction, in behalf of which experience is ever heaping up proof, that the world is primarily a spiritual product.

Observe what the doctrine of development heavenward gives us. One purpose runs through the ages and binds them together. A physical and a spiritual world are infolded in mutual ministration, the shell and the kernel of one nut. We recognize the fact that character, whether it be of persons, or of nations, or of periods, or of a succession of periods, is the fruit of the world, cannot be manufactured but must be grown. Repeated reshaping, refinement, and enlargement, the slow

compacting of experience, enter into the growth. The earth supports it, and is in turn supported by it, until, the two concurring, we have the twelve manner of fruits, each in its own season.

The patience of God, the watchfulness of God, his constant corrections and expansions, must be seen to lie as a divine law at the heart of the world, ready to explain its hardships, to overcome its fears, and to bring the sons of men into glorious fellowship out of this travail of conflict and pain. The length of the way, the severity of the discipline, its punishments and its rewards are not to distress us; for God is at work with us shaping a Kingdom of Heaven that, once accomplished, will make toil and sorrow seem trifling. We are not dealing with secondary changes, but with a spiritual creation, true throughout to its own nature and comprehension of all good. The things and events and persons that take part in this work cannot be thought of as unfortunate. Though there is, from time to time, a downward plunge, when the life of the world comes again to the surface, we find it more ample, better trained, and better taught than ever before. The world is for spiritual attainment, this attainment comes by discipline, and discipline mingles freely all the elements of pain and pleasure, failure and success, discouragement



and triumph. What mastery men are gaining of the world, and this ever growing dominion comes to them by thoughtfulness and by love.

This notion of development is fitted profoundly to modify our systems of theology, and to alter our labors under them.

There is a systematic theology, a laborious and contentious product of thought. In Christian faith its chief convictions are inerrant authority; the Trinity; the atonement; eternal punishment. These doctrines are not found in the world, in its ethical facts nor in its spiritual discipline. They are brought in from abroad, with much obscurity of apprehension and difficulty of application.

There is another theology, a natural theology, which is not woven nearly so much from within, but which we find in a spiritual rendering of the outer world. Its leading doctrines are a divine, creative spirit; the goodness of this spirit; love the primary law of the world; growth into the Kingdom of God by knowledge, repentance, forgiveness; immortality. This theology is drawn from experience and is made ever more consonant with it. It remakes the world, and as the two move on together, the proof becomes ever more personal and complete. Here lies the light of history; and in spite of all darkness, the large-minded and

large-hearted, from all quarters, are constantly breaking through into it.

These two forms of theology, the speculative and the practical, have very different claims upon us. I shall not be thought to underestimate speculative theology. We have the same freedom in it that we have in philosophy; freedom of thought, freedom to go where our best thought carries us. But this is strictly a private liberty. It gives us no authority over our neighbor. He too must go where he listeth. Practical theology is our rendering of the world of action. We need at once the concurrence of our neighbor. It is he and we that are working out together the Kingdom of Heaven. This gives us the field of missions. Men, all men, need to see and to feel and to act alike in the things which concern their immediate and ultimate salvation. It is the truth incorporate in the world, in the hearts of men, in their living experience, that we now need to know, to extend and to propagate. A man may carry about with him for his own satisfaction a speculative theology, as he may put in his hip-pocket a pistol with no intention of using it. If a bumptious heathen becomes inquisitive, we may have a gentle bout with him and show him that we too have things as unintelligible as any he has to offer, but the last impression

which a missionary should make, is that he is so far from home simply to dispose of notions.

Systematic theology is a region of upheavals rather than of deposits. We have occasion to be thankful that so many of its volcanoes have become extinct, so many of its lava streams have grown cold. The Christian religion has not been different from other religions in the general bearing of its speculations. In the centuries in which the fathers were framing creeds they were doing little besides; nor were the later fruits of their beliefs beneficent. We should search the history of the world in vain for a more terrific fact than the inquisitor Torquemada, with his ten thousand victims, racked and burned.

What we should take pains to understand, what we should take pains to propagate, is the creed of the heart, those kindly beliefs and sympathetic actions by which men are bound together in mutual service. Men are hard, dull, cruel. We wish to instruct them, to soften and to enrich their feelings, to lead them into the conviction that there are heavenly paths, which neither we nor they have fully found. We cannot fulfill our own lives, we cannot enlarge the lives of others without doing this work. The search for the Kingdom of Heaven is our own attainment of that kingdom. So meet-

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ing men, we meet God, and share the joy of his service.

I urge this view because it casts light on the inquiry which occupies you, How can the world be redeemed? It is being redeemed, and that by development. We must work in and with this divine method. The great religions of the world have not been so many devices of the devil. With all their crudities, credulities, and, far worse, their cruelties, they have been a discipline, in which spiritual perceptions have been awakened; a shell, which held a kernel waiting to be set free by the frost. These religions are not to be regarded as themselves of no worth, rubbish to be cleared away. We are not to compass sea and land to make one proselyte, and then to find him twofold more the child of bigotry than ourselves. All parts of the world are in the divine discipline. Stock, spiritual stock, from which new growth is possible, is the result of these centuries, and into this we must graft the scions of coming centuries. He who works with living things, be they plants or animals or men, must remember that the law of development is growth and expansion. The cacti of the desert are to be made nutritious to man and beast.

The inestimable value of a false faith is illus-

trated in the religion of the Greeks. As one whole it was a reproduction, on a larger scale, of human passion and human intrigue. Gods and goddesses, little and large, did wicked and foolish things as did men and women. Yet out of this sensuous faith there flashed, from time to time, a sense of oversight and rebuke; sin, in all its windings, pursued and punished.

Observe this petition of Greeks and Trojans in preparation of the duel between Menelaus and Paris:

O Father Love, who rulest from the top  
Of Ida, mightiest one and most august!  
Whichever of these twain has done the wrong,  
Grant that he pass to Pluto's dwelling, slain,  
While friendship and a faithful league are ours.

Even by means of this ladder, a few men mounted high in the spiritual world and remain to our time conspicuous for their virtues—Timoleon among politicians, Socrates among sociologists, Aristotle among scientists.

When we have to deal with a world that God has managed, we should first inquire what he has been about, and what his methods are. If any man needs to be large-minded and large-hearted, finding his way cautiously, like the surgeon dealing

with sound and with diseased tissue, that man is the missionary. Society must pass slowly through its stages of change and of assimilation as we individually pass through them. Even more so, for thought and volition avail more with men singly than they do with men collectively. The first thing, of which the missionary should be aware, is the individuality and the value of different religions, and that there is more or less pointing in them all toward the Kingdom of Heaven. The Mohammedan, with his strong theism and sharp intelligence, must be looked straight in the eye with gentle courtesy and due consideration. The common ground, which lies relatively open among men, is natural theology; the obvious terms, in which we stand with the world and with our fellow-men. Our experiences touch one another more closely in the interests of individual and social life, in the applications of the command of love, than in any discussion of the economy of the Godhead, or of the parts played by the persons of the Trinity. Would it not be well to begin, where we all agree we must leave off, in personal purity and social welfare, in the Kingdom of Heaven? The true embodiment of faith is a Christian civilization; it is also something which we may discuss, may understand, and for which we may work. A pyramid of doctrine

may be built high and carefully oriented, and yet turn out to be only a tomb, and empty at that. If we square our actions with the world about us, the pyramid of conduct will be pretty sure to lead up to a capstone of truth, and to give us a noble outlook on spiritual things. "He that doeth the will of God shall know of the doctrine."

Allied to the diversity of religions is the diversity of races. This variety, no more than that of faith, is to be looked on as an unfortunate waste of chances, which, in spite of charity, is to be regretted. The diversity of nations means a larger occupancy of the spiritual world, more perceptions, more sympathies, more reciprocity of life. We as a people feel that the negro is a great curse to us. He has indeed come to us as an inheritance of sin, yet there are noble spiritual possibilities in his presence. It is a question of digestion. It is a demand for justice and sympathy. If we can rise to the demand, it will become to us an apotheosis. If aversion, injury, hatred are to predominate, we shall sink into a diabolical war of races, to which no wickedness will be alien.

Our most immediate training, in the school of reconciliation, is in the relation of classes to one another in the same community. This first lesson we have by no means mastered; this earliest step

toward the Kingdom of Heaven we have not fully made. Life, the gains of life, its multiplied incentives, its manifold pleasures all center in the masses. It is they, who are to be brought forward in knowledge and love. It is among them that the knowledge and love of the Kingdom of Heaven are to find play. It is the people, who are Argus-eyed, Briareus-handed, and who have volume enough to make a spiritual universe. It is the service of the people that seals the sonship of our Lord and Saviour. The philosopher may withdraw into some nook of speculation, and may spin, thread by thread, a cunning cocoon, but he must eat his way out of it and must get again into the air, if he is to save his life. The theologian, in his study, may make and neatly fold his rope ladder, with which he expects to climb downward, outward, upward, if danger arises, but it is the multitude who always survive; who outlive fire, slaughter, earthquake; and who again renew the world. Our thoughts must be as the thoughts of the many, our hearts, as the hearts of the many, our purpose, the purpose of God for the many, before it will be of much moment how we think, feel, and act. We must understand how God is developing faith in the world, how he is raising up a multitude, which no man can number, as the material of his kingdom.



To this we must add a constant sense of the growth of righteousness, downward, outward, upward, before we can be in any good degree messengers of salvation. A Christian temper is everything in propagating a Christian civilization. The inquiry, which opens the way for missions, is the inquiry, What is Christian society, and how is it to be planted, here, there, everywhere, until all points flow together, and God's grace possesses the world. It is this which makes the acceptance of John D. Rockefeller's gift by the American Board so regrettable. The life to be disseminated must be a pure, holy, and loving life. The missionary sometimes complains of the worthless sailors, who find their way to foreign shores, but this inroad is not nearly so much to be dreaded as that unscrupulous greed, which eats up our own national life, and then, under the guise of enterprise, takes to itself the labors of men wherever men are found. There is in this acceptance disregard of the first principle of the Kingdom of Heaven. Love and patience are invincible and these only. What we need, in making the world the field, is peace among classes in constant aidfulness, peace among races in a common possession of the world, and peace among religions in mutual correction and enlargement. Thus shall men come from the east and

the west, the north and the south, and sit down in the Kingdom of God.

I trust, young men, that the view now urged will not seem to you inferior, in the purposes it inspires and in the scope it offers to the propagation of any single phase of faith, pushing to the wall all other forms of belief. Our hopes, if they are to be adequate, our labors, if they are to be successful, must spring from one root, union with God, in his creation. How grandly superior is this sense of the omnipresence of God in darkness and in light, in failure and in success, in long delays and in sudden advances, to that feeling, which leads us to kindle a single watch fire in the universal night, and to sit fearfully by it until it burns into ashes. The preëminence of our Christian faith is not found in doctrine nor in ritual, but in the feeling that every holy life, the life of our Lord and of every one of his servants, earlier and later, here or there, is another patch of light, which has fallen on the world, proof that the day is approaching.

If anything that has been said does not seem to you to be sound, let it lie as a boulder by the roadside. Do not leave the beaten track to drive over it. I left Andover hill fifty years ago to confront the world; to do what I could for it; to get what I could from it. There has not been another such

fifty years, nor is there likely to be, in physical progress. It has also been a period of rapid spiritual development. But the next fifty years may and ought to be much more marked in their spiritual gifts. If our personal and social growth is not in some measure proportioned to the insight and strength that are being gained in physical directions, we shall hardly retain this wealth. A house divided against itself cannot stand. We are divided against ourselves in many ways, and so waste our great inheritance. Perhaps the most compact and marvelous expression of invention is a warship. But a savage, paddling in his canoe, never went on a more diabolical, bloody errand. If we cannot reconcile ourselves with ourselves and with one another in divine love, then further slaughter and fresh overthrow await us, until this lesson of spiritual life is learned. God commits us to the discipline of the world. This is the field to which all our husbandry is to be directed. A world-wide temper and a world-wide love must go with us before we can possess anything well, and can enter, even in the things nearest to us, into the Kingdom of Heaven. It is this comprehensive sentiment, wrought out in a comprehensive spirit, which will work salvation in us. The field is the world; here all meet in the perfected love of

God; here all gifts descend upon us in the steady flow of eternity; here all things are revealed to us. We know God, we are known of him, and we come to know one another.

## PHILISTINISM

INDIANA STATE UNIVERSITY

**I**T belongs to a poetic nature to be exceedingly sensitive, one may say, extravagantly sensitive, to the conditions of emotional life, by which it is surrounded. The poet is greatly exhilarated by concurrent feeling, and correspondingly depressed by sluggish emotions, and annoyed by insensate qualities. As every sound brings pleasure or irritation to a musician, so every rational creature has for the poet an attractive or a repellent power. An electrometer is put into lively motion by currents of electricity too slight for sensation, and the poetic nature is strongly excited by social conditions, which are the unobserved commonplace of a prosy neighbor.

Heine, the German poet, was far more sensitive than is common even with poets, and was moved with instant aversion by the approach of a dull and phlegmatic person. He cherished a violent dislike toward the narrow-minded, unemotional,

practical man; and toward the English as the embodiment of this temper. His feeling on this subject was much too intense to be discriminating and just.

“Do not send a poet to London” [he says]. “This hard reality of things—this colossal uniformity—this mechanical movement—this sullenness amid the pleasures of overgrown London—depresses the imagination and rends the heart.” [Again:] “The English in general, thoroughbred Englishmen (May God forgive me the sin!) I detest with my whole soul, and sometimes I cannot even consider them my fellow-men, but look upon them as tiresome automata, as machines, whose internal mainspring is egotism. It then seems to me as if I could distinguish the noise of the mechanism by which they think, feel, calculate, digest, and pray.” [Again:] “One ought to be paid to reside in England; whereas, instead of that, the expense of living there is double what it costs elsewhere. No! never let me return to that abominable country, where the machines conduct themselves like men, and the men like machines. The noise of the former and the silence of the latter are equally distressing.”

This extreme dislike to which the poet gives so frequent and witty an expression extends to Americans also, as heirs of the same defects.

“America, that huge prison of freemen, where the invisible fetters would be more galling to me than the

visible ones at home; and where the most odious of all tyrants, the mob, exercises its brutal authority."

This sluggish, inappreciative temper Heine designates as Philistinism, and he has given extensive currency to the word with a certain class of writers. The Philistines have come down to us as men of heavy bones and dull apprehensions, who knocked about in iron chariots, and cared for not much of anything beyond themselves,—a gross people to be hated and to be exterminated. They thus easily stand for a strong, stolid temper, closed up on the poetic side of life, and open only to the coarsest uses of the physical world. I need not say how unjust this conception is when applied to English life as a whole—a life which has nourished the most vigorous, far-reaching, and delicate poetic sentiment, ranging between the marvelous strength of a Shakespeare and the marvelous subtlety and tenuity of a Shelley.

Yet, there is so much truth in the accusation, and so much aptness in the words in which it has been put, that both have held their ground. Matthew Arnold, of good English quality and far less eccentric and meteoric in the movement of his mind, brings the same censure to English society in a formal and labored way. The average Englishman is wanting, for him as for Heine, in

that delicate sensibility and "sweet reasonableness," which make men truly companionable. The middle classes are dominated, he thinks, by a narrow, commercial, and practical spirit, which brings the sunshine of prosperity to physical qualities, but leaves the inner life, which should be ready to blossom into sweet perfumes, unquickened. The Englishman is a plant that grows sturdily in the green leaf, is full of sap, but when it comes to the time of flowering, its vigor falls off, and its pinched and unfragrant blossoms are very disappointing.

An American writer, Richard Grant White, joins in with the same refrain, and is still more explicit in statement.

"In the last century, the Philistine element begins to appear. The dull-minded, middle-class man, rich, purse-proud, vulgar, incapable of apprehending anything beyond the range of his own personal experience comes upon the stage. . . . The Philistine is the man who is steeped in common-place. He is not necessarily ignorant, nor lacking in good sense or good feeling; but his rule of action is precedent, and his ideal of life to do what his little world will regard as proper; and he is filled with a calm, unquestioning conceit of national superiority. . . ."

"One striking truth of British Philistinism is ignorance of other countries, and chiefly ignorance of America. . . . These four men, George III., Dr. John-



son, Lord Palmerston, and Chief Justice Cockburn, stand in the annals of England, as glorified types of the narrow, inflexible, unapprehensive, and, I fear, supported by the testimony of Fielding and Mr. Matthew Arnold, I must say, vulgar sort of Englishman, who was unheard of in English annals before the reign of Queen Anne, and who, I hope and believe, will, by a radical change of heart, disappear from them in the reign of Queen Victoria."<sup>2</sup>

The pith of this word, Philistinism, as used by these authors, seems to be narrow sensibilities and circumscribed attention, arising not so much from ignorance as from a stupid, supercilious satisfaction in the things—the external things—that concern their own thoughts and their own actions, their own set, and their own nation. America is certainly not without its Philistines. As we are a volatile, sensitive, and inquisitive people, this temper arises with us from an inordinate conceit of our institutions, and of our personal gains under them. The American has difficulty in measuring anything at its true dimensions, which lies outside of this charmed circle of indigenous ideas; or in reducing the things within it to their proper relation and value. Philistinism, understood as this absurd, stupid contentment within our own lives, and stolid insensibility

<sup>2</sup>*England, Without and Within*, pp. 581, 590, 593.

beyond them, is a thing of innumerable degrees, and one, which reappears in a great variety of directions. We may not call a man a Philistine unless he shows this disposition distinctly and in excess; but more or less of this quality besets the human soul—a gross reasoner on its own topics, and with obscure, short-sighted vision on alien topics.

Philistinism is the Canaanitish proclivity of the human spirit, by which it settles down to eat and to drink and to ride and to rule in iron chariots in a holy land. Philistinism, as a sensuous and excessive tendency, is directly opposed to Bohemianism. The Bohemian covets, above all things, freedom of intellectual activity, and is ready to sacrifice conventional, commonplace comforts and proprieties in its behalf. He will travel on foot and will stop at shabby hostelries rather than not travel at all; will live in a garret, rather than lack leisure for literary work; and will spurn the elegancies of life, if he can only reach its inner core. He cherishes a contempt for what the Philistine most admires and chiefly admires what the Philistine contemns.

The writers above referred to are especially annoyed by Philistinism, as it narrows intellectual life, offends good taste, and restricts the

domain of beauty. Yet in a broader use of the word, they themselves are not always free from this fault. One may be painfully, stupidly unimpressionable to moral and spiritual ideas; his thoughts may show abrupt change, and lose all their nimbleness the moment he passes the limits of taste and enters the boundaries of a higher human and divine life. Thus when men speak of Americans as all alike, all equally churls; of the monotony of American life, its colorlessness, its narrow-minded notions, they betray great want of discrimination, great want of sensitivity to profound spiritual feelings; they are giving a very dull and stupid attention to the most interesting facts in the history of their own time. This, too, is Philistinism, with the added fault of being of the most perverse and unamiable order possible. It is as if one should enter a crowded assembly of working men in earnest discussion of a social question and be principally affected by the bad air, or by the coarse dress, or by the rude phrase of those present. When Richard Grant White speaks of the hopeless vulgarization of a country by railways, of a howling wilderness of brick and mortar, of hideous brownstone blocks; when he says that it is impossible not to see "that railways and mills and forges and towns are, gradually,

and not very slowly, destroying rural England"<sup>1</sup>; the disproportion of his language betrays excessive sensibility to surface relations, and excessive insensibility to the necessities of average human life. While men may claim beauty, they may claim certainly with equal intensity of meaning the ordinary conditions of comfortable existence, and there is at bottom no conflict between the two. Dilettanteism and Philistinism are the same fault developed at opposite extremes. The first is seated in the nerves of taste as organs of esthetic insight; the second is seated in the nerves of taste as organs of good living.

Heine says that "in discussing politics the stupidest Englishman will always contrive to say something sensible; but whenever the conversation turns upon religion, the most intelligent Englishman is sure to lapse into stupidity." Why is this? There are two reasons. The English repress their feelings, and especially on religious topics. Says Mill, "Most Englishmen who have feelings find their feelings very much in their way." The second reason is, Englishmen handle religion in a much less vital and practical manner than they do politics, and hence feel less, and have less to say on the former subject than on the

<sup>1</sup> *Op. cit.* P. 165.]

latter. Their lives do not spread evenly over the fields of business, of political organization, and of inner spiritual conceptions, and hence, in general conversation, they stumble as they approach the lines of division, which separate these topics. They, as Philistines, are lively here and dull there, with a strange inability to go beyond their own haunts. They are untraveled in the world of ideas; they have in this spiritual realm the local attachments and prejudices of barbarians.

Perhaps it is right that the word Philistinism should settle down to this narrowness of intellectual life in one of its forms,—the gross form in which one is wrapped up in sensuous comforts, in physical existence, and in its showy outside symbols. It is also well, we think, that the essential affiliation of every form of narrowness with every other form should be pointed out, and that we should be taught to widen our lives, not in this direction or in that alone, but in all directions.

We, as Englishmen, with the superadded liabilities and temptations of Americans, are open to Philistinism. It is, therefore, worth our while to inquire how this fault has arisen, and how it can best be removed. Says Renan, quoting M. Amiel:

“The era of mediocrity in all things is about to begin. Equality begets uniformity, and it is by the sacrifice

of the excellent, the remarkable, the extraordinary, that we extirpate what is bad. The whole becomes less coarse; but the whole becomes more vulgar."

Says Renan himself:

"The world is moving in the direction of a kind of Americanism, which shocks our refined ideas, but may not be more inimical than the ancient régime to the only thing, which is of any real importance, viz., the emancipation and progress of the human mind."

Liberty, popular liberty, the breaking out of the people upward into new rights and larger conditions of life, which they have not yet learned how to fill or fully to enjoy, gives rise then to Philistinism. Thus the colorlessness of American life is one of the things complained of. We are in the place of men, it is said, and have not yet come up to the old-time standard of men. What the dilettante spirit craves above all things is picturesqueness, and we, God help us, are not picturesque. High dilettanteism and high humanitarianism are not as yet peaks in the same range, and they command very different views. The humanitarian is no more satisfied with the picturesqueness of the peasant and the serf, the 'prentice and the page, than is the dilettante with the colorlessness of the American citizen. The one says, Give me differences, give me color, or I die. This

eternal sameness will suffocate my delicate sense of beauty, and I can breathe the air of this world at best with difficulty. The other says, Thank God these men are marching: here is the higher life of the spirit feeling the warm, spring sunlight, and breaking bud under it.

While we despise as selfish conceit and inhuman twaddle a good deal that is said about the barrenness of republican society, we yet recognize in it a measure of truth, which we shall do well to consider and to face. Liberty does break up a certain kind of order, and is slow in putting a higher order in its place. It does push men forward, when they are only partially prepared for their new situation. The blacks of the South were doubtless more picturesque when their cabins were gathered close under the shadow of the lordly mansion of their master than they are now, scattered about in independent poverty and squalor. Yet it is no great thing to say that the humanitarian sees far more promise of beauty in the later than in the earlier arrangement. Any other sentiment is a slave to the senses, and the senses alone cannot give beauty.

English artisans, American farmers, middlemen—English and American—are beginning to fill the world's eye by virtue of the advancing power of industry. The streets and public

places and assembly-halls are for them, and while they wear less gilt and less velvet than the more fortunate of their predecessors, they show less arrogance and less servility than they. They are at disadvantage to the eye, an eye backed up by a heartless heart. They are also at disadvantage, and this is a real disadvantage, in not being fully masters of the situation, in not knowing altogether how to wear and to use their liberties, and how to bring their manners and their methods up to the high pitch of their opportunities. They are like a smart, brand new brick dwelling. It may be very comfortable, but it is without relief, without history, and without poetry. It smacks of the brickyard, and nothing more. This difficulty arises, because liberty is young; because she has been occupied in pulling down, because she has herself built but hastily and improvisedly. All in due time, gentlemen. The spiritual world is not made in a day, any more than the physical one.

The second reason, closely associated with the first reason, and more at fault than it for this Philistinism, is the eager, absorbing pursuit of wealth, which characterizes this new era. The power of wealth and the pursuit of wealth have had much to do with promoting liberty, and yet when the possession of wealth is pushed forward



as the chief social distinction, it suffers disparagement as compared even with those physical but more personal characteristics, that family eminence and those aptitudes, which preceded it. Wealth makes one conspicuous on the stage of life, but by no means implies the qualities, which adorn that stage. It may easily be the unfortunate pedestal, which lifts up clumsy and clownish character. Probably no one temper is more directly productive of Philistinism, is more identified with it, than the absorbing pursuit of wealth. The range of vision is greatly narrowed by it; conceit springs up within these close limits, and gross insensibility and ignorance come to characterize the individual and society beyond their own immediate enterprise. The advantages won are largely wasted from the want of any proper method of improvement, and the boasted gain of this new era becomes a coarse materiality, spiced with vice, and sinking into dullness, discontent, and dissoluteness; dullness and dissoluteness, the only relief from discontent.

It has been said that this Philistinism belongs especially to the past and the present century, and that these two centuries are the domain of the purely industrial temper. More material has been dug out of the bowels of the earth, has been

raised on the surface of the earth, has been ground and hammered and woven into shape in the face of day in these centuries than in any previous half dozen centuries. And all for Philistinism? Yes and no. Yes first, and no afterwards. When we have wearied ourselves sufficiently with this crass materialism; when we have found out how much and how little food and clothing and houses and equipage can do for us, the restless spirit of man will make ready for another stage of growth, will make its gains the soil for new seeds. Thus the mosses displace the lichens on the rock, and the ferns, the mosses, and the flowers, the ferns, and the forest, the flowers. The pursuit of wealth, which is a first stage in human liberty, has developed an intense activity, which it alone cannot reward; and has spread far and wide a civilization which it alone cannot sustain and justify. Here, we may well be with the critics, Heine, or Arnold. These roots of industry are like the clover crop, which we plow under. They must decay in the soil to make it truly fertile for further production.

Another reason of this bad temper is a weakening of faith. Nothing so narrows the human spirit as to lose hold of the spiritual. It is then given over, body and soul, to the devil, to physical well-being, to the shortsighted opinions of

Philistinism. It has no currency but a copper currency of custom and conventional opinion, purchasing nothing save childish toys at the nuckster's stands in its own market. If the English drop into dullness on religious topics, it is because they have no thoughts, no experiences, no gleams of light on the horizon in this direction; because they are children in faith. Nothing makes the world more monotonous than a low, gray sky, which shuts out the heavens; nothing so takes light and change from the landscape of life as a loss of spiritual incentives and a spiritual outlook. Why is man upright, but that he may see both earth and heaven; the earth illumined by the heavens, and the heavens beneficently enfolding the earth and ruling over it with light and darkness, heat and cold, shower, sunshine, and storm? When the common mind loses faith, it is made fearfully commonplace, fearfully groveling and brutal in its tendencies.

Picturesque! I know nothing so utterly unpicturesque as what is termed Young America,—willful, impudent, the mouth the ingress of tobacco and the egress of oaths;—the devil's caricature of manhood, as the monkey is the most cynical witticism in nature. I do not say nor believe that these two centuries of Philistinism have had

less faith as a whole than previous ones, but there has been in them a great breaking in on the traditional forms of faith, on its manifest, picturesque presentations, and we are choked with the dust of pulling down, the old, gritty lime-dust, irritating every sense, defiling the whole body. The customs of life are broken up by this relaxation of faith, with present loss, though, we trust, with future gain. For the moment, the forms of our manhood appear to as little advantage as does our domestic furniture on the move, upside down, sidewise, endwise, and upright, uncovered where it should be covered, and covered where it should be uncovered. We are on the move in the spiritual world, and we are just discovering what a miserable lot of old traps the years have accumulated for us. We thought but little about them when they were in their own place or out of sight. Now, that we are breaking our shins over them, they may easily seem the most forlorn, unpresentable lot of goods that ever stood in sunlight. This is the sort of impression that a group of young men at the street corner, half foreign, half American, and wholly unchristian, make on one at first glance. These are the spawn of the lowest species of Philistinism. They covet wealth, but have no

energy to win it; they are hunting for open doors to the gross indulgences, which wealth is thought to supply, and they suffer restraint neither from the sentiments of faith nor from the decencies of society. Have courage! There is always in the best home something to be burned, and this is probably it. There is also always something to be saved, and never more than in our time—an earnest, active time, in which we are not so much settling down to the enjoyments the past has won for us, as we are making ready for the better things of the future.

This charge of Philistinism is a very valid and a very grave charge. We need to call a council of the wise and the good that we may see how to cast it off; how to go forward without going backward. We have no occasion as yet to quarter the crab on our coat of arms; there is a cloud of fire at the head of our ranks that will give more illumination to darkness than ordinarily falls to daylight. We turn to some of the remedies of Philistinism.

The first of these is more liberty; liberty alone can cure the evils of liberty; it is life only that heals life, and progress that gives the conditions of progress. We are not to belong to those timid, stationary souls, who grow frightened at once when the doors are burst open, and the winds rush in, and the ashes on the hearthstone are scattered. It

is ever these periods of change, and destruction even, that are truly productive in the world's history. Free institutions break down and obliterate the strong divisions of society, and yet in the end, they increase diversity and enlarge life. Distinctions that catch the eye at once, like a military coat, or the symbols of a clique, are lost, but in their places come all these less apparent but more real differences, which attend on living things when left to follow freely the bent of their own natures. The colors of a cheap print are strong and sharply defined; those of high art pass into one another by many insensible gradations. The classes and castes of a community, in which customs have grown into tyrannies, are very gross divisions, and all the more gross as they are insurmountable. Where these are broken down, and men begin to flow together under vital impulses simply, a little is lost to the outer eye of the body, and much is gained for the inner eye of the mind. Men sink and rise once more freely, according to the force of the life that is in them; and we have vital motion in place of mechanical motion, inner strength for outward order. It takes more thought, more human sympathy, more divine love to penetrate and to enjoy the second phase than the first, but, intrinsically, it is incomparably higher, better, and

more beautiful. There is one fact that, for a time at least, is at war with these intrinsic diversities of individual life and disguises them, and that is public opinion. Public opinion gets immense sweep in free institutions. It is like a cold wave, which comes driving down from northern plains, or a sirocco laden with the burning heat of a great desert. Yet opinion has less force, after all, in a free community than in one in any way in bondage. The intensity of sentiment in a region in which slavery exists finds no counterpart in more fortunate states. The currents are stronger, more rapid, more dangerous in connection with arbitrary institutions, only they are also more divided and more restricted. Public opinion in the United States, in spite of all that is said to the contrary, leaves individual thought less touched and less constrained than anywhere else in the world. It has the long heavy swells of the open sea, but its waves are easily ridden, far more easily than the short, chopping, conflicting billows of narrow seas. And this liberty in, with, and under public opinion is on the increase. One more and more feels that he has to do with great forces, but is in no way controlled by them nor afraid of them. Sound opinion and just sentiment meet nowhere with less obstruction, are nowhere more potent powers, than in **America**.

Those on whom our society makes a different impression are misled by their senses, have not yet penetrated to its very center and to its real spirit. The first clash of it, like the rush of a wave on the shore, may seem to be all in one direction, and to be full of brute force, but wider experience shows one that never were more, or more diversified, or more immediate, or more remote influences, or more palpable, or more delicate ones at work on society, than on this immense, popular life of ours. Its Philistinism is superficial and changeable; its pliability to all the forces at play on earth or in air is profound and permanent. Liberty is fluidity in the spiritual world, is sensitivity to change of every degree and variety. The insensibility to be feared is that which arises from institutions too strong for those who live under them—institutions that hold them close-bound as a canyon holds a river. The Chinese are Philistines, only we do not easily associate the word with such feebleness. Liberty will purify itself, like a boiling fluid, by its own motion, and that, too, increasingly.

Our second remedy is liberal education. Education is directly antithetic to Philistinism in the degree in which it is liberal; that is, diversified and thorough. Philistinism does not mean ignorance,



but it means narrow knowledge with all the indifference and contempt, the sharp lines of light and darkness that go with it. Philistinism is artificial light—the light of a bonfire, with an immense preponderance of impenetrable shadows. Liberal education is daylight, opening up all spaces and enveloping all things. One is led in this connection to look with some suspicion and apprehension on the decided tendency with us to specialize instruction, and to give it an industrial type. While this movement is very admirable, if we add it to a liberal education, it is very inadmissible, if we displace with it a liberal education in our collegiate institutions, and the first terms of knowledge in our primary schools. This is at once to narrow in life, and to substitute deep, straight, artificial channels for broad, changeable, natural streams. This is to educate men for a given place in society, and so to deepen its divisions and to increase its immobility, instead of to win life for each and all, and the liberty of life. It is to lay more stress on the immediate conditions, which meet men, than on men themselves. There is a direct, practical cast to this method, which gives it much favor with a certain class of minds but these minds are essentially of a Philistine order,—minds that see sharply

the things nearest them, and scarcely at all the things more remote, minds that shape their means so narrowly to their ends as to endanger the ends themselves. The body is more than raiment and the life is more than meat, is the principle, which should govern us in education, if we wish to make education play its true part, to open wide before us the two-leaved doors of the universe, and not simply to give us the key to one of its workshops. As things now are, not only does a university send up a smoke-stack, as black and as high as that of a factory, it is ready to express its efficiency as so many horsepower, and is liable to express its productions as so many marketable wares, so many workmen each with his trade-mark, still called, in deference to the past, a diploma. Enlargement of thought, enlargement of life is the primary purpose of education; education to which success in specific undertakings is to be subordinated. We are to make men, and so to make society; we are not to make society, and then to fit men into it as stones in a wall. The immediate losses of the one method are more than made up by its ultimate gains; the immediate gains of the other method are more than compensated by its ultimate losses. We find at once a place for a poor stone by the one

device; we find good stones for any wall by the other.

One of our educating forces, that of the public press, very readily leads to Philistinism. Philistinism is a lack of perspective; an inability to place objects in position and size according to their true value; a huddling of near objects promiscuously about the observer, and a loss of remote ones. This is very much the method of a great daily, a Chicago newspaper. It is a big thing, but like the kitchen-middens of prehistoric times, it is more remarkable for the amount it contains than for what it contains. Such a paper is without proportion, without perspective, without relation, and without law. The things that are near to its readers in place, or akin to them in tastes, are multiplied and exaggerated with no reference to their intrinsic or to their permanent value. The things remote in either of these particulars are a vanishing quantity. The one thing such a paper does do is to impress with double force on the mind the visible and the transient; the thing it ever fails to do is to open any door into the region of thoughtful, emotional, spiritual life. The opinions expressed in it, like the facts gathered in it, are of the earth, earthy. One who reads the morning paper with his break-

fast, catches a lunch in the hours of active business, eats his dinner with the evening paper, and follows it with a cigar, must more and more, even when naturally gifted with universality of thought and breadth of knowledge, acquire the temper of a Philistine. His mind must become like a dusty thoroughfare, pounded backward and forward to pulverization by every wheel of traffic, but having nowhere the shade of forest, nor bearing anywhere the scent of flowers. One, who is to be broad, and catholic, and open in feeling to the universe of God, must feed on other food than that offered by the daily press—a press that not only perverts the world by its partial method of presentation, but often perverts it still further by the strong bias, under which it conceives it for its own personal and political ends. Sober, thoughtful, spiritual journalism seems as yet almost a contradiction in terms.

But the best possible, the highest possible correction of Philistinism is found in more faith—a purer, more pervasive, more spiritual insight. I know of no Philistinism of a more positive and unmitigated order than its sceptical form. He is a Philistine, indeed, who holds the holy land, the promised land of the race, for unholy and sensuous, if not sensual ends. Even science,

far as it leads us away from Philistinism in one direction, may harbor this spirit in another, when it becomes dogmatic in its methods, narrow, positive, and final in its conclusions. For every door it opens, it then closes another and more important one; for every view it presents, it turns the back on a grander one. If it tells us much about matter, it tells us little about mind. If it gives new glory to the visible, it hides the glory of the invisible.

For one, I thoroughly believe that faith—the activity of the mind toward the personal, the rational element that pervades the universe—is the one antagonistic force to that limited vision, that narrow sensitivity, which in all extreme forms is stigmatized as Philistinism. Nothing so broadens, so enriches, so diversifies, and so beautifies the life as faith. Nothing so narrows it, and so leaves it at work on the mere symbols of existence, as the want of faith. Mathematics have an unapproachable breadth of application, yet no mind is drier or more quickly filled with cobwebs than that of the mathematician, who *confines* his attention to mathematical processes, and who plies the busy shuttle of thought exclusively between the two terms of an equation.

This opinion is so much opposed to the ordinary

view, that I wish to enforce it. The three chief directions in which the world opens upward and outward, until we are made to feel that the physical point which we now occupy is but a tower of observation on a commanding eminence, from which we are shown by the spirit of light the real kingdoms of the world, are science, religion, and art. If we turn to the first of these, science, we are greatly helped and profoundly instructed by it in the degree in which we allow it to lay open to us invisible terms,—so far as our senses are concerned,—inscrutable terms in the world about us. The forces, which weave the phenomenal world together, which make it what it is in its sensible qualities by virtue of an intense, constant, variable activity, as the boy shapes his ribbon of flame by the rapid revolution of his fire-brand, these forces are, in their impalpable character, almost of a spiritual order. The life, which science discloses, yet fails to disclose in all organic things, is another factor of still greater spirituality, and leads us by an easy ascent of thought to the spirit of man,—a term so intimate to us, and yet so far from us, if we undertake to put upon it any sensible expression or measurement. By these rounds we climb higher. Science leads us to that still more pervasive, far more deeply implanted

power by which the universe as a whole is borne forward in orderly growth, and in the wonderful evolution of creation. Here we see reason—well ordered relations and progressive combinations—planted in the center of all movement. Now science enlarges our thought, and deepens our sensibilities in the degree in which we accept these its invisible terms, and deal with them wisely in their plain, empirical method of presentation. We thus start with the true equation of thought, with its known and unknown terms; the one made, more and more, to measure and to express the other. Nothing tends to superficiality more inevitably than to reverse this method, to make the symbol all, the phenomena all; to put nature in place of life, sensations for the soul of man, and combination as an external factor for God. This is to dimple the surface of the pool like a water-fly, and to know nothing of that above it or below it.

But if we allow science to lead us within the portals of the unseen, she is then compelled to yield her guidance to religion. This is the office of religious thought, to furnish the rational clues, the wide, profound, underlying grounds of the visible present, of the past already invisible, of the future,—nearer to us than either the past or the present—the future, which has not yet taken

form, and so we are wont to think may take the very form of our hopes. However much religion may, as a fact, in a dogmatic and unauthorized way, while opening, at the same time *close* the life of the spirit in its principles, aspirations, and promises, nothing is plainer than that religion properly stands for wide thought, the very widest, for deep sensibility, the very deepest, and thus is eternally opposed to any narrow limits, which may be laid down for the mind, or to any preconceived impressions, which may be thrust upon it. Our thoughts thus cease to be even the gold coin of currency, stamped for trade in a narrow territory, and are constantly passing back into pure bullion, open to all service and to all ornament.

Religion is breaking bounds in thought, is claiming and winning the freedom of the Universe of God, is that inner force of the soul, which makes one not the accident of an hour, but the heir of all things. It is this intangibility and emotional fullness of religious life that allies it to art, and puts it at one with beauty—in some sense the most direct and buoyant ascent of the soul upward. Let me justify this last assertion.

Beauty is capable of a very partial treatment, and it is equally capable of a very wide and universal application. Beauty is perfection of form,



and may accompany any manifestation of any high order whatever. The greater the controlling impulse—the included life—the more complete may be the beautiful form, which embodies and presents it. Thus the human body is capable of a perfection transcending all visible things, and this perfection is proportioned to the strength, nobility, and purity of the character it equips and discloses. Strength and beauty are in the sanctuary of God, and beauty because of strength. There is nothing inherently good and admirable that has not a divine claim for that perfect form which makes it beautiful. Beauty is the richly woven robe, which waits to be cast on the shoulders of all who have the vigor and the grace to wear it. Beauty, therefore, rests nowhere more reposefully, nowhere breathes more fragrance than when it encloses as bodily presence, as conduct, as speech a pure spirit in its purity. Beauty is thus in one direction the perfection of holiness, and in the degree, in which we apprehend the inner harmony of the divine life of the soul, and its outer fullness of expression, shall we understand the beauty of holiness.

Though religion has often been very narrow and art has often been very narrow, they have again and again walked hand in hand, and they never

fall apart except through mutual error and loss. Nothing so deepens and broadens life as pure faith. Indeed, faith is the faculty of putting the unseen, the personal, the eternal principles of reason back of the seen, and so informing the visible with that significant power, which makes it beautiful. Beauty can no more dispense with the unseen than religion, since it is the seen in its relation to the unseen, form as the language of spirit, which defines beauty. Religion, true, inner faith, as nourishing the broadest, best, most pervasive, and purest impulses, becomes the very soul of beauty, a beauty that gives to man's spirit wings, bears it everywhere, enables it to rise and to sing with overflowing life in the clear sky, or to rest quietly in thought on any rock or spray the eye falls upon.

Faith is misconceived, or beauty is misconceived, when they are torn asunder, for faith can abide in beauty as easily and as fittingly as the soul of man in his perfected body. Nothing will bring so full a redemption from Philistinism as the pervasive life of faith. One especial reason why Philistinism becomes so apparent is, that our physical life is in advance of our intellectual life, our intellectual life, of our spiritual life.

One enters a large, elegant hotel or public hall.

He is surrounded on all sides with objects of luxury and art. The coarse uses to which they are put, the neglect and abuse they suffer, make a correspondingly painful impression of the want of refinement and sensitivity. These dumb things, trodden on and spit upon, cry out against the vulgarity of our lives. We do not refine the things which we handle nor do we, as skillful workmen, turn them to highest uses, but we mar their refinement and are rebuked by these our servants. The shrewd intelligence of our business life, sharp in judgment, prompt in action, lapses into ignorance and indolence and stolidity in the presence of those social and spiritual problems, which the world has been propounding from the beginning of time.

The Philistine of old mounted his iron chariot and rode rough-shod and defiant over the hills of Palestine until some bolt of heaven struck him, and then he fell and perished where he fell, earth to earth, dust to dust.

With the not unreasonable enlargement we have put upon the word, Philistinism is the disease of a life whose channels are overladen with gross blood—a life that cannot aëryfy or oxygenate the material at its disposal; varying the figure, that cannot, like a thrifty tree, shoot up into a strength

and vigor proportioned to the fertility of the soil in which it stands. Like a too succulent plant, it does not ripen its wood, it is blighted by its own sap, and is blasted in its own greenness. This is the pressing danger of our time and of our country. Our young men are open, on the one side, to the debauchment, profligacy, and vulgarity of irresponsible wealth; and on the other, to the mean and feeble temper, which covets this wealth with an indisposition to make honest payment in useful industry. The ladder is planted; we are ready to climb into a higher, more intellectual, more sympathetic, more spiritual region, but our hands lose their grip, our feet stumble, and we fall bruised and helpless at the very foot of the ascent to the Kingdom of Heaven. This is Philistinism; full of blood and of rank appetite and yet of light digestion; with strong passion, and slight touch of human sympathy; with sharp sight, and no range of vision; the body sensitive, and the soul a torpid creature which will not grow into and by the light that God lets fall upon it. The remedy of this is a body purged of glut and grossness by temperance and industry; a mind awakened to truth in its broad, universal range; a heart touched by the spirit of a divine life that has been for long in the world, and is slowly building

it, by persons, by households, by nations, into the Kingdom of Heaven. To see this Kingdom is to see all things lifted, and ourselves to be lifted, above every gross use and narrow end.

## WHAT IS THE WORLD'S PURPOSE?

**T**HE following article is an interpretation of nature rather than of revelation. What the world is, looked at in its own relations, is a reasonable inquiry. We are quite at liberty to ask what seems to be its purpose. It is fundamental in our knowledge of the world to know what is its general drift. This inquiry by no means sets aside the Bible. It simply draws attention to those prior relations which give significance to the Bible. It does not so much regard the world as expounded by the Bible as it looks upon the Bible as the latest product of the world and expressing the form which its history has taken. The Bible is in the world as a means of growth. It helps to disclose its light and to usher in the perfect day. The Bible shows the significance of the world and helps to reveal and to unite its terms of knowledge. We may study the world in connection with the Bible, or we may study it for what it seems to be in itself. If our study is sincere and successful,

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the Bible will help to expound the world and the world to explain the Bible, and the two will aid each other in placing before us their common problem: What do the things about us mean?

We suppose the fundamental fact of the world, its chief feature, to be evolution, growth upward in all gainful things. Evolution is not simply a mechanical change, a coherence of physical things; but a progress in all truth, a disclosure which is both physical and spiritual. Like all knowledge, it involves the character in which it is written and the idea which gives significance to that character. Evolution is contained in history and becomes, as that history is studied, more and more present to the minds of men. Recent years have given it primarily a physical meaning. In this there has been great loss and great gain. We have learned better to understand the steps by which the movement has proceeded, while at the same time we have been led to overlook the ideas which lie at the bottom of it, and which give it significancy. We wish to speak of an evolution not simply physical, but spiritual also; not merely spiritual, but one that has drawn the lower world into its current and has left everywhere its traces upon it. Each succeeding step in evolution helps to expound each preceding one, and helps us to reach the assurance

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that the universe faces both upward and downward and is endowed with a double vitality.

Man stands midway between physical and spiritual evolution, the highest product of the one, and the lowest product of the other. He is the paragon of animals and the finishing term in the wonderful procession of living things. Delicate in structure, upright in stature, with the full complement of senses and at the same time possessed with a complete circle of intuitions, he commands not only the things beneath him but also the things above and beyond him. With a narrow physical basis and a full stature, in firmness of position and in velocity of change, he offers adequate resistance to attack and stands with his added intellectual endowments supreme among animals. He alone can enter into possession and full enjoyment of the spiritual world. Favor as we will the powers of animals, they only reach the nearest bounds of spiritual things and have in them no inheritance. Man in æsthetic and poetic apprehension takes to himself the pleasures of a spiritual world, and by obedience to the law of duty enters into its high rewards. If the animal by association stands at the porch of the temple, he tarries there and knows nothing of the grandeur and solemnity of the edifice itself. Evolution either comes to an



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abrupt end in man, or takes on a wholly new phase in personal and social development; a fresh lease of life, a true hold of eternity. Evolution, as a doctrine, accepts its proper significance by this extension into the spiritual world. We cease at once to be enclosed and to be smothered in physical things. Evolution in its lower meaning reaches up to evolution in its higher, and we have not merely a progress of events, but also of the ideas which underlie it. The means of expression and the expression are arrived at in one process.

The question, which our narrow vision raises for us, the question, which brings to us perplexity and doubt, is whether the present consummation could not be reached more rapidly, whether the Creator could not lift us to high spiritual ground and push us forward on it with more certainty. This inquiry reaches us every hour. The universe as we know it is built on principles of development, is everywhere the product of growth. Growth is the ruling idea. In our indolence and at the same time in our eagerness, we are often ready to bolt this perpetual labor, this slow transition to things much higher than those we now have. But having and growing are inseparable. We fully possess what we attain only by means of growth, and we grow only by a slow apprehension of what is

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involved in life. We may take part in growth; we may measure its difficulties and its successes; we may suffer its disappointments and rejoice in its triumphs, but this path always remains to be traveled. In growth is our hold on the wisdom and grace of God: by it we enter into them and come to possess them. Without these stages of growth, knowledge falls back into ignorance, and our finiteness becomes pitiable deficiency. We are not mere spectators of good and great things. We feel them, measure them, understand them by our own labor, by treading the path of production and by taking up attainment point by point. We may wish greater regularity of movement, more immediate success; yet as a matter of fact we are constantly in danger, with our present rate of progress, of slurring knowledge and missing the highest things in our own experience. With all reiterations of life we still suffer more from superficiality of thought than we do from standing still when a more stirring experience might have been given us. We stumble often in the light of the coming day, but when the day has actually broken, we are not conscious of any loss of time in reaching it. Growth unites itself to our indolent apprehension and by means of it we enter into a fuller experience of life. The most earnest man

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never feels that he outstrips knowledge, but often feels that its many doors are opened to him with more rapidity than he can meet. An act of creation would thrust aside all measurements; an act of growth divides and subdivides all spaces until we form some estimate of their dimensions.

Spiritual evolution involves individual growth, social growth, and the action and reaction of the two on each other. Of these three we are apt to regard social growth as the most conspicuous. Our individual growth is so involved in that of the community, and we are so often disposed to cast our eyes outward in order to watch the conditions of action which come to us, that we are disposed rather to give weight to the influences which bear upon us than to note our own responses to them. Looking at the few powerful personalities, which seem to rule the world rather than to be ruled by it, we have set apart the adjective, great, to designate these leading minds: this the mass of people are ready to accept as the true term of value. Much of this brilliancy arises from broken light rather than from the strength of light. The force expressed by the community indicates the direction, if not the energy, of the tide. The action and reaction of the individual is the constant variable in evolution. There is no limit to the

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degree and variety of force which arises from it. It is the germ of growth. Though we meet with so much difficulty in getting from one stage to another in development, the succession of these changes, the perpetual change of equilibrium which they indicate discloses the true law of the spiritual world. Customs in society, in politics, and in the state, doctrines and rights in religion reveal the reluctance of the human mind to change its position; and yet in due time they all give way to the succeeding states whose germs they contain. This reaction of each attainment on the questions which are to follow it gives a distinct attitude to society, and leads us to feel that the search for truth, rather than truth itself, is the law of our activity. No sooner have we gained certain ground than the ground we have not gained begins to rise into view. "I count not myself to have apprehended but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth to those things which are before, I press toward the mark of the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

The special acts or agents in spiritual evolution are inheritance, increments in knowledge, and influence. The physical world is in its regimen the ground of inheritance. Physical endowments

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are transmitted to offspring and carry with them many spiritual predispositions. Those partial to physical agencies have laid much emphasis on the term of transmission and have striven to make all powers those of inheritance. They have rejected increments and, in spite of our experience, have found all phases of personal power in transmission. But a world without additions seems to us an impossibility and quite other than that which we know as our habitation. Our world has sprung from a seed and its growth has been constantly attended by changes, which have greatly modified previous conditions and have given rise to a series of stages. Each successive form, like the seed itself, has its own power. Our knowledge is a knowledge of successions, and we are hence disposed to liken successions to one another and to flatter ourselves that by that means we understand them. As a fact we soon reach in all knowledge ultimate terms, with which we start our explanations. What may be called our primitive knowledge is very obscure, and not until we are in motion and begin to occupy ourselves with successions do we seem to know anything.

Instruction, influence, the data of wisdom in character transferred constantly as intellectual food are great, if not the greatest, mediums of

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growth. While we gain tangible and transferable material in the accumulation of our physical life, the power itself consists in wider thought, a more just and decided response to the thought about us: the persuasive words of parents, and the speech within hearing of man to man in the contacts of each day. We thus enter into both a physical and a spiritual growth, and unite both worlds in our development. The increments we receive in this evolution are of the same nature as the evolution itself, and consist both of material endowments and of spiritual impulses, a giving and taking of facts and ideas in the world about us.

If this statement of growth approximates the truth, we see what sin is. It is an offence against growth. What disease is in the plant or the animal, that is sin in spiritual development. It opposes itself in large ways or small ways to the onward movement of life. Sin like disease defines itself in results, is measured by results. The intuitionist and the utilitarian may approach each other along this nature and measurement of transgression. For both, transgression declares itself in the interception of some good within reach. The intuitionist thinks that we can recognize the good and evil action for what they are in themselves, while the utilitarian regards them as seen

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simply in their results; it is the issue of actions which defines their character. Goods bear their price mark; to this we look in making exchanges. But our notion of value precedes our statement of it. Both intuitionist and utilitarian regard every offence as an interference, intermediate or remote, in one form or other, with the gains of life.

Punishment is either the mischief wrought by sin itself, or is some additional suffering annexed to it, as deterrent from further offence. The first form is the divine punishment of this world, the second is human punishment aiming at individual or general safety. The divine punishment is a disclosure of the nature of sin and leads, when it is efficacious, to discontinuance and escape. Repentance and forgiveness, in the personal bearing of sin, go with the removal of its consequences. The corrected mind no more accepts transgression than does the healthy man treat with complacency any disease in abatement of vital function. The experience of the world corrects and enlarges the minds and hearts of men until we are placed in union with all well-conceived and beneficent action. Conduct is much confused in its character and results; wrong action may be associated with pleasure, and right action with pain. It is

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the sifting of actions and the tracing of them in their consequences that give us large and discriminating views of their nature. This means our spiritual endowment, by which we come to know conduct and to attach to it fitting estimates. The punishments of God are all revelations, by which he leads us in paths of safety and makes us cheerfully acquiescent with one another and with him. A spiritual harmony is arrived at, a harmony which involves a constant distinction between good and evil. The human mind is thus instructed and trained by the divine mind in paths of life. The primary object of punishment becomes instruction and persuasion. The field of activity is not one of force but of knowledge.

Human punishment is often perverted by human passion. It is instituted to prevent the disturbance of social rights liable to be overthrown by transgression. The motive is that of safety. It preserves the lines of obedience for those who are willing to regard them. Human punishment is the introduction of some force into action designed to prevent its obvious perversion. We fortify ourselves against transgression in two ways: a spiritual exposure of it may be sufficient; or the evil influence may in its violence destroy liberty and demand that we should thrust it back with



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violence into its own place. We thus employ force where persuasion is the redemptive agent. In this process we may make punishment itself a new trespass on liberty. If we refuse to use force when our own liberties are involved, we thereby refuse to protect the remainder of rights which are tramped under foot by the disobedient. The legitimate principle which governs civil punishments is the protection of liberty, the condition of righteousness. If the ethical motive is sufficient, we rely on that; if it is not sufficient, we invoke force to take its place. The primary purpose of divine punishment as we know it in the world is instruction; the primary purpose of human punishment is safety. The confusion and anger which overtake us in connection with punishment have been very great. We have often made it the medium of our malign feelings when we should have made it the medium of protecting righteousness. We have been hasty, futile, and cruel in the framing and in the infliction of penalties, and have been ready to complain of divine ministration in the world because it has not multiplied its restraints and shown more of these faulty qualities. We would have the divine ruler pursue the offender as we often pursue him in gratification of our own feelings. The Old Testament shows much of this passion, righteous

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rejection and anger, mingled in one state of mind. Thus we have undertaken to overcome evil with evil. Once in a while the Psalmist hits upon the right strain: "Surely Thou didst set them in slippery places"; but the faulty temper is close at hand: "Let their way be dark and slippery and let the angel of the Lord persecute them." We have not learned to wait on sin until the world has had time truly to clear itself of it. We are ready to take the inquisitor's attitude, assuming our own absolute correctness and pushing harshly aside the convictions of those who have arrived before us.

This bad temper has found frequent expression in a belief in future punishments. What we have not found done in this world we have assumed would be done in a future world. To give to the divine inflictions a personal and vindictive character is the temptation of those who mingle passion and punishment in one unwholesome product in which evil and good countervail each other. It is not an easy thing even in thought to attain unto the transcendent command: "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good." We readily fall into the danger of calling on God to chastise those, whom we have not been able to overcome in the strife of the world. Few acts that take on readily

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the form of righteousness are more difficult to purge of evil than punishment. Few acts are so hard to separate into their elements of rejection of sin and rejection of the sinner. Human inflictions have almost always borne with them some fresh provocation to evil. Indeed we have come to think this to be so much of the very nature of punishment, as to look with complacency on sufferings which serve only to beget fresh evils. If we regard punishment as reaching its highest expression in those who endure suffering with no abatement or tendency to the abatement of evil, we are destroying the ministration of punishment in the ethical world, and are putting in its place a new and horrible fact. It is not the sufferings inflicted on the sinner which reveal the character of sin, but the sufferings which are involved in the evil action. The penalty may fall below, or be commensurate with, or greatly exceed the evil incident to the transgression. It is the core of the suffering that discloses the nature of sin, which should find in punishment a proportionate treatment and a suitable restraint. Those who endure the full retribution are in many cases just coming under the discipline of life, and have still to learn how many delays and modifications are incident to sin and in how many forms of false reasoning it is

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covered up. Did these various forms and stages of punishment all lead to the same results, the fact would go very far to contradict the belief that evil action is disclosed in its consequences, and would lead to the feeling that pain and suffering are wrapped up blindly in the progress of events and cannot be escaped. Incipient sin, even if sin deserves punishment not embraced in its results, can hardly be treated as if it were transgression thoroughly understood and adhered to in spite of consequences. Justice, however important it may be in human government, has no absolute claim in the divine government. Indeed our transfer of it to that government proceeds on a process of reasoning derived from our very defective relations and limited powers, and is not consistent with what we know of divine attributes and resources. Justice determines the relation of punishments to one another inflicted under various circumstances, and is at times an embarrassment to remedial measures. That sin must be punished by some infliction is a necessity arising from human weakness, and does not find admission in divine or even in parental control. The divine government, as we know it, provides no proportionate and definite suffering, but allows the fruits of sin to accumulate in the history of the race, and to come with overwhelm-

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ing force on those finally exposed to them. Repentance and change may at any time and in various degrees interpose in the divine procedure. Sin is not treated as a given evil agent to be followed by punishment under exact measurement, but as an evil element to be escaped in various ways as we are best able. Its poison is sure to appear sooner or later in direct or in indirect results, and is to be treated with such advantages or disadvantages as each case admits. Those, who escape the most obvious and immediate consequences of transgression, are not thereby relieved of its ultimate consequences, but may find these summed up against them in irretrievable amounts. To follow a system like this, often misunderstood and to the minds of men loosely administered, with severe and unflinching punishments spreading over incalculable periods, is wholly incongruous and is a dreadful consummation of human life. To maintain life simply for the sake of punishment is to unite methods in the divine government wholly inconsistent with each other. To allow human life to proceed loosely under an instructional and free method and then abruptly to bring it under the most remediless *régime* of punishment is certainly a view very difficult of acceptance, and one which must greatly alter our notion of the

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divine character. To suppose that the government of God is burdened with such a procedure is to make the two parts of it, the present and the future, wholly inconsistent; to burden the mind with things which are too vast for its comprehension and which tend to destroy one another. No evil in punishment can surpass that of transforming it into perpetual cruelty. Man may do and has done this; but to carry such a subversion over to the government of God is to allow darkness and night to settle down on the universe. The punishments of God in the world, where we constantly see them, are instructive and corrective in their purpose; are broad and disciplinary in their operation; and call for constant adjustment of action on our part. We may magnify the virtue of justice, but it is applicable to human ideas and necessities rather than to divine ones. The disclosure of sin and the rebuke of sin go together, and this is the government of free creatures.

It also takes on a broad range and renders suffering in the race as well as in the individual a lesson of experience. Habits which give rise to contagious diseases; habits which issue in national weakness; habits which widely break down character are all treated in the manner of individual vices, and our personal and our collective training

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go on together. The divine rule is in a wide way disciplinary, and we prosper or fail in connection with it as we follow it in all its branches.

Suffering is wrought into the world, takes part in its evolution. It is an element in a great system and must be judged in connection with it. The amount and variety of life in the world and, I think we may say, the pleasure of that life are greatly increased by a system in which life nourishes life as contrasted with a simply vegetable diet. It may be doubted whether the suffering under this method is not less than it would be if animal life were altogether herbivorous. The destruction of animals is speedy and probably more merciful than the decay of old age. Animals in seeking food take the shortest means of securing it, and are not indifferent to the use of fitting means. It is probable that death is less painful when inflicted as a means of securing food than when drawn out by the slow stages of decay. Animals find their powers exercised in escaping pursuit as well as in instituting it. Animals can hardly be said to be cruel; they are indifferent to the pain they inflict, but they do not increase pain as a means of pleasure. This is reserved for man, and is, even with him, the result chiefly of wider interests and numerous and exacting passions. While

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men may come to take pleasure in the infliction of pain, this is ordinarily the result of hostility, contempt, or even of the appearance of doing good. This suffering is a chief means of discipline in learning the limits of human welfare. The mistakes of severity are chief among the lessons of wisdom which we are slowly winning. Conditions, which enable animals to inflict death or to escape it, are the constant product of evolution and much of the adaptation of animals to their position in the world arises from this development toward one another. The advantages of such a system lie not simply in a great increase of life, but also in the superior power and sagacity that go with it. These increased capabilities are of much moment in man. His relation to animal life depends chiefly on the use and control which come to him, while his forecast and providence are exercised largely toward animal life that is directly or indirectly committed to him; even when the struggle is irritating and only partially successful, as in much insect life, still his powers are called out and he gains preëminence by constant inquiry, steady resistance, and habitual foresight. A moth may put him to the utmost exercise of his sagacity, if he is not to have his ordinary industry unsuccessful. When we take up given hard cases, we may



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think that his welfare has been uniformly neglected, but when our attention is directed to the outer range of opportunity, we can hardly fail to be struck with the fitness of his position. The struggle for life and with life is the constant test of superiority. The world would be a very different place, with much less discipline, if the sufferings incident to these conflicts were wanting.

Moreover, the harmony of the world with itself, with man, and with the primary effort after spiritual excellence, calls for this diffusion of condition in every part of it. If animals had no weapons of offence and of defence, if things rested quietly in the hand of man, if man used and abused as seemed to him good the objects before him with no rebuke, if he were not confronted by a world armed for resistance as well as by one in a high degree serviceable to his appetites and passions, the excesses of life would become at once much greater and the restraints of action would disappear. In a world, in which lower impulses are met and rebuked in a variety of ways, the lower, as excessive appetite, force the higher, as temperance, into activity, if they would not at once lose their preëminence. Man is not fitted to deal exclusively with good or with bad things. He calls for a world in harmony with himself, in its moral issues, and facing him often in the

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attitude of resistance later resulting in small gains. Wherever he is and wherever he goes he is still compelled to meet tendencies and forces acting on his own level and compelling a careful maintenance of his footing. The harmony of the world, man being ignorant and sinful, calls for men, for things, and for relations which are in keeping with his own feelings and which might not be otherwise admissible.

But suffering is also a powerful agent in discipline, carrying men forward to patient and heroic achievement not otherwise attainable. It calls forth endurance, sympathy, and courage. Some are disposed to lay much stress on the hardships of war as imparting peculiar virtues to the good soldier. They are willing to endure its immense costs because of these secondary gains. The sufferings of the world which are sure to accompany its ordinary unfolding, if heeded, yield both gentler and sterner virtues than are otherwise attainable. "For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth. Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous but grievous; nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness unto them that are exercised thereby." This is a fact which the experience of the world confirms. Commend us to those who have borne

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their share of the evils about them, falling upon themselves or falling upon others, as a Providence beyond their control may have ordered.

A mastery of the evils incident to our experience is a chief virtue attainable in three ways. The first of these is inheritance. The stream of suffering that flows steadily down the slopes of life may be made more gentle and endurable by soundness of body and by a worthy inheritance which yield the consolations of life. Our physical and spiritual conditions are so interwoven by inheritance, and we ourselves and our posterity are so united in a successful effort to scatter and to overcome the evils of existence that a sense of triumph may accompany adverse conditions. We are taught to strike hard and to take into our providence all the conditions of strength.

A second reduction of suffering is found in instruction. We are taught to lay the chief emphasis of life on spiritual attainment. This may be a narrow, personal belief, and it may be a broad, national one. Jew and Gentile, Greek and Roman, free states and slave states have been at work on the same problem, accumulating an experience of good and evil; but all results remain to be expanded into principles along the path of spiritual life. It is along these ways of growing

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knowledge, of unfolding wisdom, that we and the world make progress. The field of inquiry is never exhausted so long as there is error, and to place our feet on fields more fully in the light is our best attainment individually and nationally.

Again we master life by a steady transfer of issue. The elimination of old injuries and the introduction of new questions farther on in development help to restore the balance between evil and good. As a nation we were occupied for nearly a century with the problem of slavery, but we have now left it behind, and are occupied with the broader question of the relation of classes and nationalities to one another. Much was thought and said, pro and con, wisely and foolishly as to the fitness of servitude. We can hardly imagine a position which was not occupied, but the board has been wiped clean. We shall not again work out this solution. The elementary processes of the world are settled by growth; new points of procedure are raised. When we are ready to fall into decay by useless affirmations and denials, some new procedure is forced upon us and we once more go forward. The boat is pushed from the shore, and we are left to manage it as best we can. The cross lights from the world are numerous, and only as events, which we cannot order, carry

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us onward are we able to settle the relations about us and to get our bearings in the world.

There is a tragic element in our experience. We have occasion to gird our loins, to put forth our strength, and to take possession of new fields as the indispensable condition of mastering old ones. Whatever else may be said or thought of the world, it is not a place of routine. Our thoughts must be active, our sensibilities alive; and if familiar paths are blocked, new ones are opened. This is the one fact, the plainest fact of our experience. A little progress in the fresh way may turn error into truth, mistake into knowledge, and a sense of failure into success.

It can hardly be doubted that the world is a supreme place for wide and yet wider vision; for deep and yet deeper knowledge; that a thousand paths lead upward, and that each of them in turn has its own revelation. The world is fitted to give us a noble experience, to call out and to harmonize our powers in a life complete within itself. This is a thing for which it was made, and this is its hourly fulfillment. Judged by this aim complaint is hushed, enthusiasm called forth, and events reconciled with one another by the self-consistency of growth. In our religious faith difficulties may arise, we may be pushed forward

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by what has the appearance of failure; but one crowning consummation remains ever to us, that truth, good, is rising into view greater and better than that which has been left behind; that the experience of the world, if we accept it, means more manhood, more light within ourselves, an opening of the soul in its own fitting flowering to a life among living things.

This article suggests subjects rather than spreads them out. We may seem to find the government of God much plainer in revelation than we have made it; but if we believe in the world as the creation of the one Ruler of all, we must reconcile revelation with the government of the world, not as an incident of the divine method, but as the very substance of the divine method. We must invite ourselves to the world of which we are a part, and must come under its instruction. If the evolutionary idea is in the world, as we think it is, we may be quite sure that it is in human life, and that we have occasion to unite ourselves to that unfolding process of which we are an essential part.

## KNOWLEDGE

THE purpose of this article is to define the field of knowledge; to give the powers implied by it; to make out its leading directions; and to indicate its tests. Our explorations of the field of knowledge are not unlike our geographical inquiries into the physical features of the world. Things at hand and of much moment to us are cursorily surveyed, while things remote and of secondary interest, like the region of the poles, are sought out with hardship and danger. Our ambitions are often in inverse ratio to the usefulness of the objects we pursue.

If we let the word information stand for the attainments of the ordinary man, if we understand by science a somewhat extended and complete tracing of causes in the physical world, and by philosophy a discussion of the reasons which underlie events, physical or intellectual; the three words, information, science, and philosophy, will cover the field of knowledge and be embraced by it as a comprehensive designation of mental

attainments. This field has much more unity than our common speech concerning it seems to imply. Information, science, and philosophy do not stand apart to the degree that we seem to think. Information has some touch, and oftentimes a liberal touch, of science and of philosophy. Science frequently relies on information for the direction and material of inquiry, and often extends and enlivens itself by the reasons which pertain to philosophy. Philosophy, though often extreme and erratic, has its tasks assigned it by the information and the science of men, and is always striving to bring these under some rational purpose and to make them parts of a constructive process.

Information is frequently disparaged because it exists in such detached and fragmentary forms, and in so many minds falls so much below science. Information contains more or less reference to causes, and, as a great aggregate scattered through the community with simply a general coherence, constitutes the connecting material in human action, the matrix of knowledge without which it would be unfruitful and crumble away. It plays among men the same part as falls to familiar speech: the most ignorant can put something into it and take something from it, according to their need. Information is the soil out of which



science springs, and to which it brings back its conclusions, the seeds of further gains. An Edison owes in part his inventive power to his stores of information, to his knowledge of the things to be done and of the material by which they are to be done. The possibilities of many combinations are present to his mind and the purposes they may be made to subserve. The laws of science are operative among the products of the world and unite its facts and events. Science owes much of its honor to the illumination it brings to information, and information is constantly extended and made more exact by science. They are divided by no fixed bounds, but are constantly flowing into each other. Information and science together, as one whole, constitute the sea in which the ebb and flow of human life take place. They are commingled in various degrees in different persons, who carry the incentives of knowledge through the entire community and make it measurably one in its possessions and ambitions. When science applies itself to the practical tasks of the world, it is able to draw aid from all classes by virtue of the suitable information that is common to them all. Science begins at once to percolate downward as information and to make of society a scientific storehouse and

workshop. If science lay loose on the surface of the world, had no affiliations with general knowledge, it would be of little worth and would begin to perish as soon as it was born. It could not accumulate and draw after itself the vast resources of civilization. While science is entitled to the honor we bestow on it, it is so in large part because it has arisen in answer to the claims of information, because it satisfies its wants and multiplies its resources. The great sum of human knowledge is information stored in many forms, in many persons, and ready, like seed in the soil, to make answer to all the opportunities and exigencies of growth. Reason moves freely in all directions by virtue of it. We are not to regard the world, because of the scattered forms in which knowledge is found, as made up of scientists and philosophers, few in number, and a herd of ignorant men who follow on with difficulty and are the proper subjects of contempt and unrequited labor. The world is vital throughout, quick with thought, and able to enter into the uses of life. It is a physical, intellectual, and spiritual world, whose light is common to all of it, caught on its summits, and spread through its valleys.

This unity of knowledge is frequently lost sight of in philosophy, and philosophy becomes remote

and speculative. More than most forms of knowledge, it has darkened its path by its own shadow, turning its back upon the light. Philosophy may mean tracing the connections of reason between its own speculative conclusions, when it should mean a diligent inquiry into the facts of the world, and those coherent terms of thought by which these facts are fittingly rendered to us. Thus the universe about us and our thoughts concerning it are borne forward in a constructive process by which each realizes in the other its full power. Philosophy, almost equally with science, has its data given to it and mounts by means of them into those high places from which the world is more fully seen. The task of philosophy is to expound the order of events, to give the most comprehensive terms of thought to them, until all things hold together as one creation. This is the highest service, and the most restrained service, of the mind to itself. A clear and cloudless intelligence shines out, disclosing the world in its purpose and prospects, as it responds to the spirit of man and to the creative Spirit, moving together in the effulgent days.

The purpose of philosophy is to come into possession of, and to expound this unity; it is the exposition of the world on its physical, intellectual,

and spiritual sides. It believes that the world is one whole and as such it strives to render it. It is a study of the plan of the world and is at least a partial apprehension of it. What the world roughly is, is given in the experience of men, in what we have termed information; and, with somewhat more of fullness, in science. If philosophy does not still further expound these very facts, if it magnifies a part and diminishes a part, it so far ceases to be philosophy. Instead of solving the problem set before it, it puts in its place another rendering of knowledge, in proof of which it has nothing to offer but the correspondence with it of its own explanatory processes. The theory rules the facts, not the facts, the theory. If the thing explained is not the empirical, the universal view of the world; if the complexity of things has been simplified by inadequate analysis and unreasonable segregation; if fundamental differences have been resolved into antagonisms and an arbitrary relation has been established between the two; if primitive distinctions have been overcome by merely verbal agreements, the philosophy so attained ceases to be a guide to the mind and needs itself to be set aside by a more thorough acceptance of the phenomena brought to our notice. Light may seem to shine, but it falls on a cunningly devised diagram of

knowledge, and not upon knowledge itself. These forms of philosophy are soon left behind, events taking no notice of them, but pushing on in their own lines of fulfillment. Philosophy thus loses step with the world and wanders off into an intellectual dreamland. Like a spider at the center of its own net, it may catch a few flies, but it has no effect on the movement of the world. Philosophy, having the most difficult task to perform, may more frequently than other forms of knowledge become visionary, but even then it renders a service proportional to the strength bestowed upon it. It defines the region through which it runs, and leads us to seek better paths in some other direction. No explanatory effort is altogether a failure. It at least prepares us for the next effort.

When philosophy becomes knowledge and gives us a firmer hold on all knowledge; when it moves forward with the processes of thought, making them more coherent, more harmonious, then it is the summation of all effort and the crown of intelligence. Life, the daily life which drops so easily into insignificance, becomes vigorous and luminous; beliefs and actions, otherwise instinctive and half-hearted, pass into the free, bold, yet restrained movement of reason. Philosophy, in and of itself, no more needs justification than does

information or science. In spite of its failures and waywardness it is as sure as these forms of knowledge to companion with all vigorous life. Men cannot fail to raise the questions of the purposes and conditions of our being; all other questions lead to them. It matters not how inadequate many of the answers given, we shall return again and again to these inquiries, feeling that a little gain here exceeds all other wealth. When men scorn philosophy, they do it with a spitefulness which shows how deep a sense of loss has come to the mind. Let one return from explorations with any more fit interpretation of human life, with any sufficient hint where the path of progress lies, and he will be welcomed as a guide of men.

We now come to the fundamental inquiry: what powers of apprehension do these forms of knowledge presuppose; how is the mind furnished forth for its work? Intelligence implies two things, stimuli in the environment, which incloses it, and ability to receive these stimuli, turning them into knowledge. Throughout the physical world two or more agents are involved in every effect. The action on either side is both active and passive. Each is what it is in relation to the other. Oxygen and hydrogen unite to make water. Water is the result of neither save in re-

lation to the other. All forms of life are developed under the reciprocal action of external conditions and internal powers, suitable to each other. Intelligence is of the same double character. Receptive capacity and stimulating conditions are the requisites of attainment. Man is no more fitted to understand the world than the world is fitted to call out his powers. No quality in things produces intelligence; neither does receptive sensibility without appropriate stimuli. The plate of the photographer yields its impression, upon the presence of the objects desired, and these objects attain a successful representation only by the susceptibility of the receiving plate. What in the mind are these receiving powers?

All mental phenomena, whether of thought or of feeling, imply consciousness. Consciousness conditions mental facts, and gives them reality. Consciousness is not something in addition to the mental state, it is the condition of that state itself. No mental state, whatever its specific character, arises otherwise than in consciousness. In reference to any thought or feeling we are at liberty to ask—Whose is it? In whose consciousness has it arisen? What are its whereabouts in the mental world? The case is precisely similar to the relation of physical objects to space. Space is de-

finer by them; none of them can exist otherwise than in space. As consciousness is the common condition of mental states, it is sometimes used as a collective designation of these states, and we speak of personal consciousness, class consciousness, national consciousness, the consciousness of the race. It gains this extension by virtue of accompanying all mental phenomena and being identified with none of them. Consciousness is thus a form for intellectual experiences, that which gives to them a definite nature. They are intellectual experiences because they have appeared in consciousness, and they have appeared in consciousness because they are intellectual experiences. Physical phenomena establish thus reality in space, and without this relation they are unreal.

There is indeed much talk about subconscious phenomena, as in some way occupying an intermediate position between physical and mental facts. But this is a case in which we have used fanciful words to express fanciful facts, and by means of them to conceal real relations. As consciousness occupies no place, below consciousness has no meaning. We have two designations for all realities, conscious experience and space occupation. The interactions of these two, as in the case of the body and the mind of man, may



be very extended, subtle, and obscure, but neither of them thereby becomes other than what it is, physical or mental phenomena. A fanciful intermediate helps nothing, and obscures the real dependence. Our real knowledge still lies either in the intellectual or in the physical world, and our true problem is the dependence of the two on each other.

Knowledge starts in consciousness, and, whatever form it may later assume, the germ of all has been found in the powers of mind, acting in their own domain. Every intuitive, reflective, perceptive, or emotional power abides in consciousness to receive and to communicate impulse, and by these impulses to build up an intellectual and a physical world. If the canvas, which receives the pictures of the stereopticon, were still more negative, indifferent to the images cast upon it, it would illustrate consciousness as the background of spiritual life in the processes of knowledge. This reality and homogeneity of the inner experience are soon broken by the external world. The child becomes aware of the fact that its impressions do not unfold in an uninterrupted flow out of itself, but that other facts appear among them, possessed of peculiar interest. These facts are soon referred to an independent origin, to an external

world. Two instinctive, inevitable movements of mind are involved in this reference. The phenomena are borne outward by the notion of causation and are given locality by the notion of space. The notions of causation and space, native to the mind as an interpreting agent, enable it to apprehend its first experiences and, later, to order for it all the data of reflection. The knowing process cannot begin nor proceed without them. They are its incipient terms. In their absence all impressions would remain a simple sequence, without any power of distribution or rational use. We begin to know, and we know with increasing fullness, because these and kindred powers of knowledge are with us. The knowing process does not bring forth its own postulates; it first knows and later analyzes the conditions of knowledge.

While knowledge starts in consciousness and carries everywhere the forms of consciousness along with it, it is readily captured by the external world, an independent procedure, giving it most of its terms of pleasure. Like the lichen, it grows away from its own center, and is chiefly alive at its ever enlarging circumference. Observation, reflection, memory, all the powers, by which knowledge is increased and formulated, are called into

activity by external objects; and knowledge, whether in the ordinary form of information or in the less usual form of science, begins to be attained. These and the associated powers are the implications of knowledge, whether obscurely or clearly exercised, whether analyzed or unanalyzed terms in the process.

Early in the movement, and with growing distinctness as it proceeds, other ideas, the furniture of the mind, rise to the surface and bring with them a wider, deeper, and more spiritual outlook on the world. What we term truth, beauty, and right, laws of thought, feeling, and conduct, ruling in the visible world though not visibly presented in it, gain their own with the growing activity of mind, and arrange under themselves, in higher orders, the phenomena, internal and external, that come to us through our perceptive and reflective powers. Hereby a new and spiritual cast is given to physical things and events. A life thus superinduced upon the physical life not only transcends it, but brings subordination and ministration to it in the whole range of vision, a deeper reality overlying the entire process of living.

Those who accept these primitive endowments of the mind in its relation to the world about us are frequently met with a disparaging statement

of the true, the beautiful, and the good, in their rule over things. Truth becomes simply the coincidence of facts and judgments. Beauty is the resemblance between nature and the works of man. Right is another name for the useful. These easy analyses do not satisfy the general mind; it is constantly struggling for a deeper meaning. Though these ideas, under these ready explanations, have their periods of weakness, they have also their periods of strength, in which they reject exposition and go forward to rule the thoughts of men; periods of discovery, inventive insight, and exalted action. While, therefore, a disparaging analysis may serve to unite these ideas more closely to the facts with which they are associated, they never measure these ruling notions as they lie in the human mind, nor push them back into a subordinate position. Men by means of them still rise into a higher world. This is not merely the result in cultivated minds but in the popular mind as well. Chief among the phenomena to be expounded by philosophy are the prevalence and the growing power of these ideas. It matters little whether this or that acute and restive mind withdraws its allegiance from these notions, they still remain to renew the conflict and to rule the world. These considerations are ever coming

more clearly into the light, ever exalting individuals, ever contributing shame and honor in the history of the world. While this historic narration may be badly written, the clue of goodness is never wholly lost. Howsoever coarse the fabric, it is still this golden thread which gives it luster.

These three qualities impart at once a range to our experience, which leads up to an acceptance of the infinite and the immortal. The infinite laps human life without restraining it or smothering it. The universe stands over against us, not simply to increase perceptive faculty, but to lead our thoughts onward, to enlarge our sense of possibilities. We live in, and may live with the illimitable; the illimitable making answer to our own narrow life.

While the mental processes in man are not entirely distinct from those of the brute, his peculiar endowments are wholly superior to those we find elsewhere. Animals are frequently possessed of very acute senses, of vigorous memory, and of the collocations of an extended experience closely united to their wants. The results are often a fullness of action which nearly approaches that of reason. The force and aptness of suitable associations may seem to equal if not to surpass those of thought. Men, in distinction from other forms of conscious life, are capable of forming ideas

which become the means and the material of reflection. If the conclusions so reached are frequently slow and erroneous as compared with the results of association, they none the less have far more scope and elevation. These ideas, the means and the material of thought, are the formative notions which precede all mental construction, and the generalizations which accompany perception, throwing its phenomena into classes and groups by which they become the data of knowledge. Man is an ideal creature in that his most extended convictions are those which attach to ideas, the products of an intellectual outlook.

Our third consideration is the forms which knowledge assumes in the reciprocal actions and reactions which the mind of man and the external world take on in reference to each other. In our intellectual constructions we are still in the volcanic period. Our art is not taking on its last phases, like the earth under the ministrations of heat and cold, dryness and wet, but there are still sudden outbreaks of thought, spasmodic inquiry by which certain branches of knowledge are carried quite beyond their proportionate relation to other considerations, and so gather false conclusions, which stand in the way of further investigation. Such a pushing force, for a series of years, has

shown itself in the physical sciences. These have been carried not only much beyond previous knowledge, but have absorbed attention to the disparagement of philosophical inquiry. Physics has given us an extended discussion of matter and force considered in masses; chemistry has handled the same theme in minute forms and ultimate combinations; biology has investigated the various kinds of life; and geology has grouped all these agents in the construction of the physical world. Successes in these simpler and earlier directions of inquiry easily turn thought from the more complex and less definite investigations of the intellectual world, and insist on results which not only cannot be attained, but ought not to be attained, when we have to do with the free and variable elements which lift us above the close connections of causation.

The gains of these physical pursuits have been so great, so obvious, so generally accepted that we have no occasion to dwell on them. We have only to urge caution lest the mind be overwhelmed by the possibilities of knowledge which lie still hidden in the things close about us. We have found our uses and powers so enlarged toward the world, and we have been placed in such a position of superiority as compared with those who have gone before us, that we increasingly incur the

danger of coming under the dominion of things inferior to us. Gaining much we are liable to lose still more. We have been impressed as never before with the unity of the world; yet a unity which abates our effort to carry it forward into the higher unity of intellectual and spiritual apprehension. The physical has so asserted itself at the expense of the mental, has so drawn attention from superior to minor profiting, that utilities, the mere conditions of existence, have gained ground on existence itself, and have left us in possession of palpable good with no additional power to turn it into permanent welfare. We have settled into the lower life when we should, by means of it, have passed into the higher life of which it is the threshold. The hasty and narrow criticisms of philosophical inquiry as visionary have been often united with theories that showed the contagion of this same baneful region of metaphysics. The most serious drawback in connection with physical research has been the effort to expound the entire outfit of life in a positive, material fashion. The siege guns of derision have been brought to bear against the strongholds of the ethical and spiritual world, and have been accompanied in their use by the dogmatic assertion that the difficulties that had not been overcome did not exist. But one



result brought into the foreground by these discussions, which has more than compensated any failures that have gone with them, has been the discovery that a true evolution has prevailed from the very beginning, and is still present to carry upward the creative movement. Material and spiritual events will finally rear a cosmic structure, whose suggestions have been present from the outset and whose completed product will hold both the one and the other in constant interplay.

When we pass from physics to psychology, we enter a region whose data and proofs are quite distinct from those left behind. Mental facts have not that fixed form nor that presentation in common which go with physical facts. They are not quite the same to different observers, nor the same to the same observer at different times. The task of the psychologist is not to simplify the facts, but to make them apprehensible in their natural complexity and constant flow. We are not at liberty to infer a similar origin for phenomena that bear a similar appearance. The instinctive and organic elements may predominate, or the reflective and rational ones, in actions that bear much the same external form. An animal with quick perceptions and tenacious memory may adopt a line of action that in man would

imply careful thought. We constantly have occasion in observing the actions of men and of animals, and of men in different stages of development, to put back of them diverse mental processes. Much of our want of charity arises from assigning to others intellectual states which belong only to ourselves. We accept or condemn conduct according as it would have been fitting or unfitting in us. To interpret the mental states of different persons, nations, races, and periods from their several manifestations requires a wide movement of mind and heart. We constantly assume data which have very little proof in fact. In spiritual events, we reason from effects to causes, under the analogy of our daily lives, much as if we were dealing with familiar physical events. Our interpreting may be very far from accurate, yet we expend little time in its correction and much time in its application. A biography, whose formal features are correct, may present a very meager or even a false picture. That mental facts are obscure in form, variable in character, and have their own laws of sympathetic interpretation is a fact easily forgotten in passing from physical to mental inquiry.

We have added to this confusion in recent years by the introduction of sub-conscious states as the

forerunners of conscious ones. Thus utterly unknown states are first inferred from known experiences, then laid hold of by fancy, and made to expound obscure facts of mind. Having lost the true clue we invent a clue that we may not be left without a theory. This is not knowledge, but allowing one mystery to beget another, both yielding only the light they have cast on each other.

With a like tyrannical use of the notion of causation we discuss inheritance in mental qualities. We unite the characteristics of descendants with those of ancestry in an arbitrary, conjectural fashion simply because we must have causes for obscure events. What the relation is in mental inheritance, how far it extends, what are its limitations, and how it unites itself to training are very difficult questions, and, if we are bound to answer them, we must take on corresponding caution and patience. The error does not lie in exploring perplexed problems, but in bringing to them inapplicable, or only partially applicable, clues. Personal endowment does not stand without connection with personal relations, yet it is not identical with them. Powers do not promiscuously resolve themselves into one another. When we reach mental phenomena we must treat them as

facts of their own kind, must understand them under their own laws, and must be content to be ignorant until expository relations are reached.

We are to accept the fact that mental phenomena are in the highest degree mobile. We have been slow to recognize the constant changeability of the forms of life in response to the diverse conditions which come to them. We have been more disposed to recognize the change of circumstances in their effect on life than the change of life in response to these circumstances. No phenomena are more mobile, more affected by alteration of conditions, more capable of adaptation to new conditions, than are mental phenomena. Childhood, manhood, old age makes each its own response to the proffers which life is offering to it, a response which must be interpreted under its own terms. Each period is modified by the diverse appeals which are made to it, and so comes to present phases different in kind and, at times, in apparent conflict with one another. An example of great changes in character is found in what is termed will. The will is often spoken of as if it were a distinct power, a clamp capable of sudden application. It is further conceived as under the operation of motives, much in the nature of forces, upon which its determinations

arise; that when the mental mechanism reaches any special position the results appropriate to it become inevitable. Thus while this line of causation may be more obscure than most lines, it is thought to be not less real and fixed. The will should rather be conceived as the last expression of mental movement, the result of thought and feeling which have been slowly reached and have all along been under guidance. The mind can think and feel, observe and conclude, abbreviate or prolong these processes, turn them in one direction or another, and, in consequence of this living interplay of powers, at length slide into one conclusion or another as the line of activity determines.

Liberty is in constant exercise, and is preparing the way for one or another form of effort. Thought involves freedom, is a pursuit of truth shorter or more prolonged, turned in one direction or in another, according to the bent of the mind. Freedom is of the nature of mind and goes with every reflective process. Mind is to be conceived as an active self-poised agent, proposing and pursuing its own ends; not as a force of given nature and degree, acting among other forces and determined in its last results by the balance of the forces in which it is involved. Mind combines both

forms of effort, may yield to conditions or may resist them, resist in a greater or in a less degree, in all states measuring itself by itself. Mind remains mind only under these terms, and must be studied and understood in connection with them. The formation and the use of ideas are its preëminent quality. Man is in some sense supernatural, as he, in his highest endowment, rises above nature, contemplates, and introduces into it his own lines of action. Man understands himself and understands his fellows under these conditions. No other theory is employed in the procedure of human life. When, therefore, we reach psychology, we must prepare ourselves, not for accidental and disorderly procedure, but for a movement profoundly affected by reasons as well as by causes, and to be finally measured and expounded in this world of ideas.

It is not until we have reached the forms of knowledge designated humanities, that we become fully aware of this uplift of incentives. Economics, civics, sociology, æsthetics, ethics, history, philosophy, religion are the chief domain of reasons; are, indeed, everywhere interpenetrated by causes and partially conditioned by them, yet everywhere shape them as material to the uses of mind. It has been a strange delusion on the part of

scientific inquiry, which has led it to an opposition to final causes, a misnomer for reasons.

While it is true that a ready interjection of fanciful purposes has frequently suspended an investigation into physical causes and has resulted in theories which had little or no hold on facts, it is also true that an alleged pursuit of causes has, at times, greatly embarrassed intellectual inquiry and introduced into it foreign and unmanageable elements. Only as we learn to unite and to blend causes and reasons, can we master the world in which we live. A large share of superstitions has been nothing more than a reference of events to fanciful or to inapplicable causes. Causes remain insoluble in themselves and must receive their ultimate light from their relation to purposes. Mathematics, whose connections are reasons not causes, are the great solvent of the physical world. We can hardly reach valuable conclusions in the material world until we can introduce a significant unit into our calculations. We then speed our steps at once and begin to carry forward and to heap up the fruits of inquiry. The departments just mentioned rarely admit a true measuring unit, and the units we do introduce have only, as in statistics, a qualified application. This fact is to be regarded not as rendering these fields untill-

able, but as indicating the changeable purpose and quality of our labor. Human life still remains that with which we are most immediately concerned, though we cannot harness it up with the same exact and final statements by means of which we bend the material world to our uses. All aggregates of men and of human interests are much like armies; we can state their number but we do not thereby measure their power, any more than when we enumerated the Greeks who met the hosts of Persia. Ethics gives us the ruling principles, the final solvents, in all departments of action that pertain primarily to man. Economics, which at times has laid claim to be an exact science, has done much mischief by separating itself from ethics, and by making the present state of society a final law of human relations. It has thus come to regard the destitution and degradation of labor as a result inclosed in the natural order of history. It has thought that the causes, which now produce these unfortunate results, will bring about similar results in the future; that existing forms and standards of action are ready to repeat themselves indefinitely. Competition, with no definition and no limitation, has been accepted as a universal factor in economic effort, and men, in the exercise of competition, have freely set aside ethical



claims. Competition thus allies itself to robbery, as emulation prepares the way for envy. The growth of society in physical prosperity must keep company with ethical growth, or there will come one or another conflict and miscarriage.

Civics deals of necessity with a great variety of conditions favorable and unfavorable to the welfare of the state, and has occasion, therefore, to adapt its principles to every prevalent condition. This fact very easily leads to the acceptance of compromises and of makeshifts, as if they possessed in themselves permanent authority. This fact makes the growth of civic institutions slow and uncertain, and the statesman becomes the man who has the fewest ultimates and the most skill in fitting his measures to the immediate wishes and wants of men. We accept democracy as a ruling idea, and yet, in its application, we put upon it many limitations, until in use it becomes a mere shadow of itself. As politics is the school of much thought and action, it easily becomes a warping power by which the mind is turned from integrity and made, like a wheel in long use, incapable of meeting the strain of critical circumstances. It plays a creditable part under familiar conditions, but fails when the exigencies of growth arise. One form of civic action may express one class of con-

siderations, and yet be in restraint of another class of equal moment. Individualism, conceding to each person the largest liberty, may yet be present in undue restraint of government in providing the common conditions of action; may result in narrowing down the general activity and in casting heavy burdens on enterprise. We may later find, as a result of too much liberty, that certain forms of effort have taken possession of the entire field and that many individuals have been robbed of all equality of opportunities. Too great freedom has thus been conceded at the expense of freedom itself. The community, as one whole, must learn to act honestly and wisely as a single unit, or its general welfare and the welfare of its several parts will suffer remediless loss.

Railroads, which use the opportunities that fall to them, with no reference to the equality of terms offered to the community at large, may become a heavier burden on the general welfare than roads made and administered by the public at nominally greater cost. Men need to become skillful both in combined and in single action. Experience and effort are the school of both. Good government is a changeable balance between sentiments and tendencies that find their ultimate reconciliation in the welfare of all. Not the

welfare of one but of all is the criterion of prosperity.

Sociology, which has much the same problem to work out under wider conditions, must find its laws of present activity and of future growth in the same clear and sufficient ethical outlook. The constituents of society, and society itself, must accept the laws which are locked up in the general welfare. There has been a false feeling about sociology as if hitherto we had been ignorant of its ruling principles, and now had occasion to wake up to a new science. The case is rather that we have occasion to do over and to do better familiar things, giving them the scope and authority of which we have all along been partially cognizant. The chief basis of the better harmony is ethical. Ethics has suffered disparagement in instruction as a topic that could not be taught. If we associate ethics with a few simple and primary principles there is some truth in the assertion, but if we make it stand for the correction and perfection of our individual and joint life; for the growth of civic rights and privileges; for the methods under which society is to gain strength and integrity; for the measure of our spiritual powers and hopes, then ethics becomes one of the most expansive and needful forms of thought. Even

æsthetics, closely allied as it is to ethics, both having in charge a full rendering of human life, may separate itself from morals and may strive under impulses of its own to set up hostile, social standards. Certain as this effort is ultimately to fail, it may, for the time being, occasion no little confusion of thought. The good and the beautiful are, in their large interplay, inseparable from each other, since they both have to do with the strength and excellence of human life. Yet, as in views of the same object from opposite sides, clear definition and accurate construction are requisite for any complete reconciliation.

But the supreme force of ethical law is best seen in history, philosophy, and religion. Philosophy, in its last analysis and largest service, is the exposition of history, and of the authority and trend of religious faith. Since we assign ethics a first position in human knowledge, it is needful that we have a clear idea of what is meant by it. Ethics covers all that both utilitarians and intuitionists have to say about it. It covers the accumulated experience of mankind, touching character and conduct. All that men have learned by prosperity and failure, on the physical side and on the spiritual side of life, is here stored up in this treasure-house of wisdom. Equally have the

authority and sacredness of the right been expounded and enforced by the good of every generation. What men have been taught concerning virtue, and what they themselves have seen, are embraced in the reflections and insights of ethics. An ever-growing light has fallen on the paths of men, kindled their enthusiasm, and guided them in all high attainment.

One other idea brought more clearly out in our generation has wrought, side by side, with right, and the two together, growth and virtue, evolution and law, have covered the whole universe. A movement that suffers no exhaustion, and accepts no limit lays hold of us and bears us forward. The definition of evolution and the uses to which it has been put have been very different in our generation. It has been urged by those who were least able to conceive it in its proper breadth, and it has been suspiciously rejected by those who have most needed its aid. It has been made to stand for the self-sufficiency of physical things, in a temper anxious to expel wisdom from the world and to reduce it to a fortunate combination of accidents. What taxed the hand of wisdom to accomplish has been referred with a light heart to chance. Evolution in reality stands for the slow, historic growth of the creative purpose, its steady sub-

mission to human thought. It at once gives needful limitation and the largest scope to the human mind, and leaves it to travel leisurely a highway stretching all through the kingdom of knowledge. It gives man all he can possibly know and do, and at the same time gathers up his treasures of wisdom into the divine mind, himself to abide there in a restful temper. He sails on an ocean, but he neither fears it nor is straitened by it.

The chief difficulty of philosophy, expounding the world to itself, is in apprehending the supremacy of law: law that guides thought and action; law that moves tangibly, constructively, freely through the physical and the spiritual world, the home of human effort and human knowledge and human hope. He who denies himself this idea of evolution, darkens down the universe until he can hardly grope his way along; he that accepts it, lightens his steps with the rising sun spreading warmth and revelation everywhere. As darkness makes pallid the body and obstructs its action, so does unwisdom weaken the spirit and narrow in its hopes.

The lessons of history are those of philosophy, standing in the light of virtue, feeling its conquering strength as it pushes its way above the

horizon into a self-achieved and self-sustained life. History, looked on otherwise than as an evolution of better things, is a sad, disconsolate record of evils, a story of injustice and violence, appetite and lusts, of disappointments and despair that suffer no real losses and make no real gains. It is only as we see what the seed is that has been planted that we discover the germination and growth that have followed on the promise that lies before us, and that we come to feel that the world contains a divine purpose which is ready to explain and to justify all things. Slavery is gone; war is disappearing; and the brood of violence have slunk away into darkness. Wisdom, goodwill, pure thought are becoming the handmaids of life; production, peace, plenty are spreading abroad; the day has come, and we have a right to forecast the Kingdom of Heaven. We are able to pray with immeasurable desire, "Thy Kingdom come." A philosophy which has correctly expounded the past approaches the future with hope. Futile, disastrous, and degraded as much may still seem to us, there has, none the less, been at the heart of the world a wise and sufficient purpose, pushing it upward. This growth, this promise, it is the province of philosophy to lay open, to expound, to verify. If it fails to do this our experience becomes commonplace,

disappointing, painful. We know not what to propose in the progress of events, and our movement is from darkness into darkness. It belongs to philosophy, the most comprehensive and revealing form of knowledge, to unite human thought and human activity, the present to the future, and to knit events into restful, joyful labor. Philosophy, the most untiring use of our powers, is revelation. Men long for revelation, pass into blind adoration of what they believe to be revelation. Any voice that discloses the future, that unites and directs effort, will in a blind way awaken attention, will call out devotion, and will impart more consolation, more power, wealth, or knowledge. Philosophy is so human, that even when it is the highest product of knowledge, many are loath to call it revelation; though revelation, whensoever and howsoever it comes, must appeal to this same rational apprehension if its work is, in any fitting way, to be done. If revelation is to fall as light on the life that occupies us, it must reach us through the paths of philosophy. Here it receives the concentration and diffusion that render it intelligible. It is to philosophy that the mind, looking anxiously for the solutions of knowledge, guarding itself against falling short of the mark or going beyond it, must look. No other attitude is



possible. It is philosophy that must justify revelation and must make use of it. There is but one window that opens heavenward, that discloses the near and the far, the earth and the stars, and enables us to abide in, and to act with the world of which we are a part; and that window is philosophy. All spirits, whatever their claims, are subject to the same test of reason.

But it may be thought that this assertion is an unwarranted exaltation of human reason; that what we truly need and are seeking for is the word of God. Concede it, but to whom is this word spoken and how do we attain unto its wisdom? As long as the human mind is to be the medium of apprehension, so long must it be able to discern divine things, to separate them from all other things. There is nothing in any divine word which does not owe its guiding and directive power to the mind to which it is addressed. If there is giving there is also receiving. If there is something to be known there is also the capability of knowing it. Man cannot know and not know at the same time, receive the truth and not perceive it. Doubtless there is much hesitation and stumbling in the mastery of knowledge; men have thought themselves in possession of religious truth when nothing but its empty shell was found

with them; but these difficulties are most quickly overcome by seeing and by encountering them. The fact and the remedy are perfectly familiar to us. We have no occasion to beat about the bush in search of them. All human experience is wrought out under the possibility of error and the possibility of truth. What we know is of no more value to us than what we are yet to know. Growth in knowledge is the one fortunate condition of the finite mind. It involves a constant possession of something less than the whole, but also a stretching forth toward the whole. "I count not myself to have apprehended, but this one thing I do, forgetting the things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press forward to the mark of the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." This is the secret of growth, the controlling fact of evolution. Attainment passes into attainment. The moment we use any gain otherwise it at once begins to be lost to us. We owe much to the Catholic Church, but we are particularly indebted to it for reducing the notion of infallibility to a practical absurdity. Christian faith makes no mystery out of the union of the known and the unknown, the partial and the complete. "Be ye perfect even as your Father in heaven is perfect." The true hori-

zon dips always below the sight. If the perfectionist says, I am perfect, he simply shows that he does not yet apprehend the primary ideas in the Christian vocabulary. The riddle in the physical world, that we can cover no given space since it must be taken by halves and a half will always remain, disappears at once under motion. The approach to profound truths comes under the same solution, Go forward. We add phase to phase, vision to vision, and all approach opens up the beyond in stimulating and satisfying disclosure. This is the power of our lives. The earth beneath us and the heavens above are never exhausted. The more we exact of them the better they render their service. The mind is opened to revelation by revelation. When we are most aware of its power we are most aware of its limitations.

This scope of proof in spiritual things is diverse from what it is in more limited, phenomenal things; not diverse from what it is when we touch final things; even in science, it is only a little less tangible than what we are accustomed to in our daily concerns. A friend asked Charles A. Dana, in his later life, a man of large experience and quick observation, whether he saw any proof of immortality which could be offered in a court of justice. He responded, "Not a scintilla." This

answer involves insight and ignorance, each in an unusual degree. There are no crass phenomenal facts, such as receive discussion in a court room, often at much length and most unsatisfactorily, which can be presented in behalf of immortality. If we wish to know whether this man is a murderer, a thief, or a robber; whether he has defrauded his neighbors in some new way, which the law does not wink at, we shall offer proof fitted to the assertion and will often find ourselves in confusion. In this general darkness the least scintilla may be gratefully received. No such juncture and no such proof are present in the ultimate tribunal of reason, when we raise the questions whether spirit lies at the center of the universe? whether we as spirits have an eternal portion in this universe? Many little sparks of light may be struck out of events, as when the steel hits the flint; but these leave us with confused and fearful impressions, when we ask whether we are in the presence of God and share his counsels. The whole world in its infinity of parts, harmony of construction, and steady fulfillment of purpose must be brought to mind as a definite proof of the presence of God. The scope of human life; what has already been given to it; what its hopes and possibilities are; how far the universe calls out and sustains these

hopes and is fulfilled by them must come to our thoughts and overburden us with conviction before we can rise heavenward, as an eagle lifts himself in the air because it is his home. Philosophy must exalt the mind and be exalted by the mind before it can meet the questions of faith and be borne prosperously forward by the strong words of reason. It is in vain that we raise great questions, if we cannot match them with great powers. It is not a question of scintillas but of broad daylight. The essential grandeur of the human spirit is seen in the unexpected gladness with which it moves among unseen things, and brings conviction and contentment to itself from all the world.

One, who is wandering in the mazes of belief, who has lost the clue of truth, may seek for a miracle with which to settle his disturbed thoughts. Miracles are not to be objected to as impossible. In substance all events, when we reach their deepest force, are miraculous. The miracle, as a detached wonder, disappears in the world in order that we may walk in the steady light of events and may know where we are. A flash of lightning dazzles us and at the same time bewilders us. We need no miracle by means of which to move about in the daylight. If we seem to need it, it is because we have missed the force of events. If

the mind is confused by skepticism or by superstition, our easiest relief may seem to be the miracle, and yet the miracle may only add to the confusion. If the fleece of Gideon is first wet with dew, he then wishes it, a second time, to be dry, and neither in the one case nor the other has he any sufficient knowledge of the circumstances with which he is dealing. Miracles offer no sober working-plan of action. The mind, in the first instance, is thrown off its normal pivot of action; and, at the second remove, we are confused by all those errors into which men fall when they think themselves dealing with the supernatural. The method of the world is a regular procedure under law, and if this is lost we fail to find ourselves until it is restored. Prayer rests on an entirely different basis; the constant interplay of physical and spiritual forces. If we long to evade or if we strive to evade this interaction, the world becomes unmanageable. In prayer we set in motion in ourselves and in others spiritual energies; these act on physical things and the actions and reactions of the two worlds, material and immaterial, are brought into play. The formula of prayer is, "Thy will be done"; that is, the results are to be those ruled by the wisdom of God, ruled by the good order of the world.

The further inquiry concerning knowledge, which

we have assigned ourselves, is its ultimate test. The only proof of knowing is knowing. If a pupil, having finished a demonstration in geometry, were to ask, "How do I know this to be true?" we should think the question an indication of deficiency in ordinary intelligence. While our senses confirm one another, they still give their own peculiar data. If the eyes fail us, we have no second pair with which to replace them. Our confirmation lies simply in repetition. Men are far more likely to have an unreasonable confidence in their conclusions, than they are unduly to distrust them. The first danger and the constant danger in judgment is not the insufficiency of the power itself, but the inadequacy of the data given to it. These we may well constantly enlarge and correct. This is preëminently true in philosophical and religious opinions. We make some partial or arbitrary supposition as to the data involved in our spiritual problems, and we suit our dogma to these incorrect premises. Our doctrines are framed, like a hasty alignment, to match relations which do not exist. We have occasion, therefore, constantly to refit our conclusions to the facts before us.

The world, in its physical, social, spiritual facts, is our text. This text is to be so studied and so understood as freely to modify our conclusions.

We are daily coming to a more extended and just apprehension of spiritual facts, and out of this growth of knowledge should grow corrected opinions and actions. The text we have to construe is one of great extent and large import, and we have occasion correspondingly to increase and to deepen our knowledge concerning it. The test of our rendering is a growing concurrence with the inner and the outer light which falls upon the pages before us. No partial agreement, nor one we have been taught to entertain, will meet our want. We have occasion for a broader and ever broader outlook on life, both as it is and as it should be, in order to sustain and to confirm our conclusions concerning it. We are sustaining them in the use of our own faculties, but we are confirming them by a constant reference to the events that are being shaped by the divine hand into the Kingdom of Heaven. Our Lord's Prayer is a synopsis of Christian faith and Christian desire. It opens with three petitions which plead for the Kingdom of Heaven. These are followed by one invoking the universal, divine Providence, accompanied by one for free forgiveness. The prayer then concludes with a desire not to be led into temptation or, being in, to be delivered from its power. In this prayer the aims and wants of human life are concisely ex-



pressed. Like the two commandments, one half is occupied with our Godward duties and the other half with our earthward relations. Having the aim of Christian life before us, we must judge all things as they tend to fulfill it and to be fulfilled by it.

In the outset we regarded all explanations of human conduct as bearing on knowledge. Knowledge current among men, and the conclusions now reached lead us to test all progress by its relation to this common possession. Our conclusions must be in furtherance of the general welfare and in expression of the principles on which it proceeds. Our experience simply leads us to a better apprehension of the Kingdom of Heaven, a conformity to it in thought and in action. Personal aberrations, the eccentricity of individual thought, give way before the grand movement toward the general welfare, which cannot be long delayed and in reference to which we cannot be permanently mistaken.

The world thus becomes a constant school of fresh experiences. We no longer have occasion that any one should tell us of eternal verities, of the actual procedure of events, for we have seen them and studied them for ourselves, and have before us the divine plan in which they are rendered. If we

lack this revelation, the defect can in no way be supplied, for it is to these very conclusions that all growth leads us. Each man is left with the truth, left with the world and with God, and the only question is what use can he make of these conditions. There is a path before the feet of every man among the things repellent to the divine mind and the things in conformity to it. This path he can discover and can pursue only by personal, persevering, and instructed effort. By means of it he draws nearer and nearer to the highway of revelation. Every man works his way into and works his way out of human knowledge, and stands with all his fellows before this one revelation of God's making which men are everywhere deciphering.

The test of knowledge is sometimes said to be pragmatism. This assertion is not so much incorrect as it is unenlightening. We have still to define the facts in their variety and complexity. We have to do with physical and spiritual phenomena constantly interpenetrating each other. We ourselves are such a combination and the world is a similar complex. If we treat inadequately or if we deny either of these elements, one or the other of the wings by which we fly is maimed. The world is to be perceptively studied on its

physical side and interpreted on its spiritual side. If we neglect the first form of knowledge, we are soon lost in the mists of speculation; if we neglect the second form of knowledge, the sun sinks below the horizon, and we are left to make what way we can among physical facts, half-seen and half-understood.

## ROMANS I: 17

“**T**HE just shall live by faith”: this passage combines three of the most central, expansive, and powerful of human conceptions, justice, life, and faith. We wish to speak of these ideas and of their dependence on one another.

Justice in its more restricted form stands for the balance of human thought, as it weighs between men's questions of right and wrong. Thence it comes to mean a general estimate of the considerations which are included in any intellectual problem; it thus conveys the idea of intellectual integrity. Still further it may pass on to a reconciliation of the motives and issues of conduct and represent that rightfulness of righteousness by which thought, feeling, action settle down into sound reason. We start early with this sense of justice, and put to rights our fellow-men in their disagreements, one with another. Thence we mount up into a reconciliation of conduct, and slowly reach, in the last stretch of vision, that rectitude of purpose which enables us to handle

all spiritual values. For a long time we are tossed about in a troubled atmosphere until we can settle down to a firm movement, finding a safe way amid surrounding dangers. So the bird masters the air which sustains it. Every bone, muscle, feather, quill; every line of form, straight or curved, helps this native of the air to make of it an instrument of life.

Justice, in like manner, is the power of the mind in the spiritual world among the favoring and the conflicting conditions which determine its flight. Justice of spiritual forces to spiritual facts, the soul making way among the thoughts of God, this justice which renders a man just, well-behaved in all the movements of mind—this justice is the harmony of the laws of our rational activity.

The second conception, life, is the most significant thing we find on the earth. It clothes, beautifies, and possesses the world. It does this in large and in small divisions, as in the vegetable, the animal, the rational kingdom; until, like the various arms of a great army, it conquers the world itself, covers all spaces, spreads through all times, and converts visible things into the uses and potencies of living things. Man rises above the conditions of physical well-being to a point of observation from which all things visible and invisible, natural

and spiritual, may be explored, expounded, and enjoyed. Life in its lowest forms, transcending us; in its highest forms, over-matching us; life, which we wonder at, degrade, and exalt, is the consumer of all wealth, the accumulator of all powers; that by means of which we come to know what is good and to attain it; this is life, the promise of all pleasures, the harbinger of all hope. If we waste it, we lose ourselves; if we curse it, we curse ourselves; if we win it, we win all things.

Faith is the third item in our trilogy; without it, justice and life fall apart; the truths most normal to the mind break up in confusion and disappear in darkness. Faith is the confidence which mind inspires in mind, the proof that mind gives to mind.

Much knowledge turns on the relation of physical events to one another. When we see one thing understandingly, we also see other things which are to arise from it. This knowledge we term science, and congratulate ourselves upon it. When we come to deal with men, the case is altered. They may disappoint our expectations or they may go much beyond them, and in neither case do we feel that any law has been broken. We are in a region of possibilities, and must wait on their development. This feeling is common to us all, that there is more in every man than our measure-

ments have given us; energy once aroused may quite outstrip us. This belief we term faith, a feeling at no moment perfectly verifiable, but waiting the disclosure of events. Potency, possibility, prophecy, delinquency, disappointment, defeat, are all open to us when we have to do with men. The power which gives the mind footing in the spiritual world is faith, a rational anticipation of the events that may spring up out of the feelings and thoughts of men. By faith we penetrate the spiritual world as by inquiry we understand the physical world. Faith is not science, yet by means of it rationally exercised, we handle successfully the actions of men: changeable, yet apprehensible; indeterminate, yet manageable.

This power to enter the spiritual world broadens our lives, and makes them commensurate with the events about us; enables us with the poise of justice to deal with the motives and the actions of men. We thus understand conduct as it passes into character, and character as it shapes itself into social institutions.

This faith we must dwell upon for a moment as the substance of the assertion of the text, "The just shall live by faith." The simplest form of faith is faith in ourselves, our possibilities of achievement; it may be marred by vanity and

yet there is no uplift in action, no exaltation in character without a sense of spiritual power, without the framing of a new purpose to which we lash ourselves as to a last hope. There is nothing more certain in the record of history than that men have not accepted one another as a combination of physical forces, as a compound of appetites and passions, but have framed their judgments of character, have bestowed praise and blame on grounds of large-mindedness, of actions which raise men above animal life and make them partners in a world of spiritual possessions. The ideals men have cherished may have been limited and faulty, but they have been an element in all historic estimates, in admiration and in reverence. We have embodied them in our poetry and fiction simply that we might admire them or scorn them, and might have the pleasure of a spiritual judgment. An ideal means struggle; a grasping at something wider and higher; a new motive and a better defense in our lives, that appetites and passions and interests may be driven back and worsted in the battle of life. Siren songs have always floated in the air, but have been made futile by the voice of faith speaking of the things above and beyond them. Self-denial, holding fast by its own judgment, confident of the superiority



of superior things, standing firm behind its own shield of faith, has stood fast in its own integrity.

How utterly, on the other hand, have the men of unrestrained appetites and ungoverned passions been overthrown in the end, no matter how long that end was in coming! Like men swept down by a troop of cavalry, they have been not merely pierced through but trodden under foot, with broken limbs and all horrible details of insult and injury. In spite of all the miserable ways in which men justify themselves, in spite of the short-sighted and distorted visions they direct toward events, these at length shine out in the record of human conduct, as the sun at evening breaks and scatters the heavy clouds which have hidden it all the day. The ground of all abiding honor is faith, the confidence of the mind in virtue. When we win praise or bestow it or when we have a cheerful sense of work well done, it is the victory of faith, the light of virtue that shines about us.

Another form of faith arises in our communal life, the life that we frame together in society, contracting, dissolving, and reconstructing, hoping ever to reach something more perfect. From Plato's *Republic* to American democracy we have been in search of some sufficient form of social life. The socialist works out minutely the details of

action by which men should be bound together. Each has his suitable part and his suitable reward. Society is to be perfect in the measure in which men aid one another, and imperfect, as they embarrass and thwart one another. The moment any person or any class or any nation or any race reach a barrier set up by their fellow-men to cut short their progress, they resent the restraint put upon them and raise once more the cry of liberty, the liberty which God has given and by which every man enters into his own.

This question of liberty arises at many points, a liberty, which government is constantly sinning against and which the socialist sets aside once for all. Brave words have been spoken for it, as in our Declaration of Independence, while yet there remain among us many points at which we hold fast to the old, old doctrine of subjection. The question still presses in, Is society at its very core democratic? Can we ever hope to come under the law of liberty, and to find that law one of universal prosperity? Are human interests so in harmony with one another that they can be pursued together? Can each man gain and not rob his neighbor? These questions may be answered in the affirmative only on ethical grounds. It is by virtue of ethical integrity that we find our profiting wrapped

up in the profiting of others. Here enters faith: we have faith in the moral law, the law of love; we believe that God has so made men that they can and must regard one another. There is no other path that always ascends. This and this only is the Kingdom. What a wonderful world we are in, how perverted and yet how capable of correction! Our welfare is measured, not by service done to us, but by service done by us. Each life is filled to its full measure by the life of others. Only now and then, here and there, do we see it. To see everywhere and all the time, is faith. Democracy is good for all men, the bright man and the dull man. It is the evangel of liberty for the race of men. All turns on insight, and the exercise of this insight with a scrupulous recognition of the wants and the capabilities of men. This is the problem for all places and for all times. The American people can attain justice, the even, self-poised mind, only by faith, faith in the divine plan and in the divine endowment. They are not to stagger on, as one who has suffered a heavy blow, under the logic of wealth-getting and of power that is to be protected. This is what we seem to be doing. If we are to live as a nation it is to be done by the defense of democracy, carried forward along its own lines to its fitting consummation.

The cry of liberty which we ourselves have raised, the liberty with God, liberty for ourselves, liberty with our fellow-men, must come echoing back to us from every quarter of the horizon. Thus we are to win life, to win the poise of justice, our faith flinching not for a moment as we come to the methods and counsels of our common Father.

Herein we have the final form of faith, faith in the Kingdom of Heaven. The Kingdom of Heaven is the most comprehensive and perfect form of human society. The will of God is to be done on earth as it is done in heaven. Many seem to entertain the petition and yet not to understand its import. They have not worked out the Kingdom of Heaven. The vision is remote, the good is false and imaginary.

There is one exception to this assertion, socialism. Socialism, as a theory of society, is a remarkable testimony to the range of ideas in men's minds. The fatal defect is that it is worked out like a theorem on a black-board with no living development under it that turns it into a reality. When men can handle this social mechanism successfully, it will come of its own accord; every man's head and heart and hand will be committed to it. It will not lie like a discarded babe on the stone steps of a hospital. We need the spiritually

developed man; and all that is good in socialism will come with him. The trouble is, when we ask for a living, breathing man, we are given a manikin. We need justice and faith united in life, and socialism gives us a diagram. The channels of activity will be quick in coming when we have an impetuous stream to pour into them. It is not the golden streets, which make the Kingdom of Heaven, but the Kingdom of Heaven, which renders fit the golden streets. The Kingdom of Heaven fails us because we have not as yet our lives near enough to it to understand it. Love is a far-off sun in the heavens, so obscured by clouds that we do not feel its warmth. When our half-frozen limbs are fully thawed, we shall nimbly walk the earth. This is the office of faith, belief in the Kingdom; our lives can not otherwise be suitably quickened. We have, or seem to have, faith, but not such as we live by. The sheen of the world is not the reflection of our spiritual light. We move about in a twilight of creed and custom, objects becoming slowly visible in the dawning day.

Faith in its several forms, in ourselves, in our fellow-men, in society, in the Kingdom of Heaven, can alone dissolve our thoughts and make them flow upward in a living experience. So we enter

into a supersensuous life, which overflows and transfigures this sensuous world. When we scorn our lives, we do it because of the want of suitable ideas with which to glorify them. When we begin to patch them up with some filament of truth filched from another world, we may make the rent worse because we have not taken to ourselves enough of the divine plan. If we creep about like worms, we have less justification and less instinct than worms. If we stand upright like men, we lift at once the organs of apprehension into the light of day. This is the true significance of our lives, a life of ideas extended by faith and confirmed by experience. We know not what lies about us. Once possessed of the world, our spiritual instincts come into play. We know where we are and whither we are going. We trust the divine forces in our lives and these forces gather us up and bear us forward.

This building of a spiritual world, this having such a world built for us is the highest possible construction, the fullest possible life that comes to us. To move from things to things, this is science; to move from suitable ideas to ideas still more suitable, this is religion; to combine all by virtue of faith into a living experience, is to have room made for us among the sons of God. The prospect opens before us and we see whither the thoughts

of God are running. This is fellowship with all living things in the highest life. The germs of divine love, which lie dormant in the hearts of men, as the seeds of summer in the frozen soil of spring, break forth and grow with a mystery and a vigor that fill the whole earth. The world of sensuous things, how marvelous; the world of ideas, how much more marvelous; the Kingdom of Heaven, in which all things at length find the light and disclose their eternal purpose, how transcendently glorious, resting forever on the life of faith! Herein is the whole mind of God disclosed to us, his holy city, his throne, his Kingdom, all reposing in the hearts of men, never finished, always passing to fulfillment in the vital processes of faith.

Some speak of faith as if it were in some way opposed to reason. It is rather the apotheosis of reason, reason on the run as it reaches the goal.

It is not without significance that the imagination endows archangels with wings, wings that rest on the least sensuous things and still rise above them, wings that seem to claim illimitable life.

We too are endowed with wings, the wings of faith. We too can go with the rapid stroke of wings whither love leads us. The fish for the sea, the birds for the air, and the souls of men for the

still wider realm of faith holding its way through the infinite. The just live and shall live, and shall more and more live by faith resting on the divine mind.



## LUKE X : 38-42

ONE of the most interesting, and also one of the most human, of the events in the life of Christ was his connection with the household to which Mary, Martha, and Lazarus belonged. His personal attachments were indicated by it more than by any other relation, with the one exception of his affection for John, the beloved disciple. John, doubtless sharing Christ's tender regard for the family in Bethany, has given us more fully than any other evangelist the history of Christ's association with it. Thus, in the most sacred narrative, the links of memory are still the links of love, and human affection draws with it the divine revelation.

Bethany was a suburb of Jerusalem, hidden from it just beyond the brow of Olivet. Jerusalem in the time of Christ was the center of an intense national life; of the purest spiritual culture men had yet attained; and of very considerable pomp and circumstance, both in the civic and in the religious world. The court of the ambitious Herod, the magnificence of the temple, its solemn, ex-

tended, and impressive ritual; the number and the enthusiasm of the national festivals; the subtlety and zeal of its schools of doctrine; the intense patriotism and religious passion of its leading citizens; its love of independence and its restlessness under the Roman rule made Jerusalem, though a city of very moderate dimensions, one of the most interesting and spiritually invigorating places in the world. What it lacked in physical force it made up in religious energy, in the prophetic outlook, and in the inextinguishable hope of its citizens. Bethany was so near to Jerusalem as to catch the overflow of its daily life. One could be occupied during the day with the stirring events of the temple, and could return to Bethany for the repose of the evening. It is probable, therefore, that the members of the household in Bethany were thoroughly interested in the national history with which this sanguine people was so constantly alive. It was doubtless a family, if not of affluent, at least of liberal means. The supper made for Christ; the costliness of the ointment Mary poured upon his feet; the number of the Pharisees who resorted to the house; the general knowledge and interest which followed the raising of Lazarus; and the fact that Martha was "cumbered with much serving" indicate a household of wealth and of position.

We are introduced in the Scripture narrative to three members of the family, all of whom Jesus is said to have loved—Lazarus and the two sisters, Mary and Martha. So little is said of the brother that he remains for us a colorless character, though doubtless all three shared those convictions and enthusiasms which endeared the family to Christ. Martha seems to have been the head of the household. Luke says a "certain woman named Martha received him into the house." She evidently felt the chief responsibility for his fitting entertainment. It was with this service that she was cumbered. Influenced by the brief rehearsal of Luke, we may easily form a too unfavorable opinion of Martha. In the narrative of the raising of Lazarus, the words of Christ which were fullest of revelation were addressed to Martha. He assures her of the inextinguishable life of her brother in the words: "I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever believeth in me shall never die. Believest thou this?"—an assertion so profound, yet so full of encouragement, would hardly have been spoken to Martha had not Christ regarded her as capable of grasping its true idea. This idea is that a spiritual life, such as that to which Lazarus had attained, is a thing

so vital, so full of promise in the spiritual world, that it must endure, is invincible to death. He who possesses it has within himself, like every other living thing, the assurance of a corresponding development. Immortality is not a mere word addressed to the ear, but an energy throbbing in the soul itself; it is not something bestowed on one man or another, otherwise incapable of it, but is an expression of that vigor of spiritual life which God has given to those who love truth. Our fears may not be dispelled by promises any more than the faintness of a wounded man may be banished by the presence of a physician. When strength begins to return, and the currents of life are once more full, faintness departs of itself as an unreal thing. He who shares the convictions of spiritual life as revealed in Christ knows that immortality belongs to that life. It begins immediately to take possession of endless life as its own birthright. Christ seemed to feel that he could awaken at once in Martha, in spite of her grief, by a few searching words this sublime sense of inextinguishable life in the soul of the believer.

The rebuke of Christ to Martha for her too great care-taking was forced upon him by her momentary petulance, and by her appeal to him for aid. The rebuke in itself was as tender as it was

complete: "Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things! But one thing is needful, and Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her." The assiduity with which Martha was providing all things suitable for his entertainment was not rebuked in and of itself, but the inferiority of the spirit indicated by it, as compared with the eager, reverent attention of Mary to his words, was brought out. We may readily suppose that the vexation of Martha—how quickly does vexation follow with us all upon some mistake in our own method!—arose chiefly because she was distracted by a double desire, the wish to set her household in order for Christ, and the equally urgent wish to catch all the words of Christ. She felt, not without a show of reason, that if Mary were only a little more considerate, both of these objects might be obtained. For the moment, under the sense of loss, she was vexed at her sister and at Jesus that they should betake themselves prematurely to a spiritual feast that she was entitled to share. Her language was hasty and petulant: "Lord, dost thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone? Bid her, therefore, that she help me." How does human nature break down in the very moment of aspiration! The thorn draws a

drop of blood even though we are plucking the sweetest rose. Our thoughts, as we turn heavenward, have a taint of self-assertion in them, and we become as a bird whipped about in the wind because of its own gorgeous plumage.

One greatly pities the chagrin, the shame, the sorrow which must have followed this rebuke of Christ. The reproof seems almost cruel, yet it was a cruelty like that of a surgeon who breaks a second time a limb that it may knit somewhat more fortunately.

We are not to look upon Martha as grossly wrong, nor perhaps upon Mary as perfectly right. Things had become unexpectedly tangled; Martha had tripped just as she was reaching the summit of her expectations, and the hand of Christ had been outstretched to prevent her falling. It is quite possible that the reaction of the rebuke fell somewhat upon Mary as well as upon Martha. There had been inconsiderateness on both sides; it had broken into words on the lips of Martha alone.

We have in these sisters two types of character, each excellent, but with an unequal excellence. In Mary we see large, pure, spiritual receptivity. If she was at the feet of Jesus, other things were readily forgotten. Says Whittier:

“ Upon the motley-braided mat  
Our youngest and our dearest sat,  
Lifting her large, sweet, asking eyes.”

In Martha we have closer contact with the world. She provides for the household and she does it well. Her activity is greater than her receptivity, her eyes are restless and searching. Her spiritual world must be associated with well-ordered affairs.

But Martha was not merely a domestic drudge. If she had been, she would have kept still, and would have gone on with her work. Mary, perchance, was indeed somewhat to blame, we do not know; for Martha may have been one of those busy bodies who find no end to preparations—bumblebees, that rub their heads all day long on the window-pane and never get through it.

The characteristics of the two sisters are so diverse as to fall readily into opposition. They read the spiritual lessons of the day with very different emphasis. The words are dreamy, far off, and, to most ears, unreal as Mary utters them. They are clear, crisp, and imperative as Martha speaks them. As creatures of this present world, Martha is more agreeable to us. We are rather glad that the house belongs to her, glad that our entertainment would fall to her; and yet as awakening the

sense of invisible things, as casting upon life the glow of a spiritual light, Mary lingers longest with us. Life on the one side, and the mere accidents of life on the other are falling into conflict in the two sisters. Neither can be perfect except with and by the other. We are only wholly right when we know which are the highest things, and when we know also how to include all other things in them. "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof." Wherever life touches us, as the finger of God, there should be the breaking out of fruits and flowers. The beauty of the Lord, our God, should be upon us. When these two, spiritual receptivity and practical power, are falling apart, Christ assures us that the first is the best gift, the gift of Mary, "which shall not be taken from her." True mastery remains with the spirit; the uses of things are all with it. This is the truth primarily contained in the narrative.

The pleasures of life are constantly proving less than we expect them to be; far less than they reasonably may be. The wheat on our threshing-floor after much labor is, in an unfruitful year, very little. How many of our mistakes lie just here; the accidents of living overpower us; we must have all the superfluities of an inviting home and we become the servants of these superfluities. We



perplex ourselves so much in getting ready for pleasure that pleasure escapes us in the very end. "Careful and troubled about many things" becomes the descriptive phrase of our lives.

We must greatly prosper in business; we must win high honor; and so when we arrive at the top-most round of the ladder we have set up for ourselves, instead of being ready to enter on new and ample and restful fields of action, we find ourselves seated in sheer weariness, on a narrow rung, able to go no farther, and ready to drop thence in mere fatigue. The futility of labor is a most familiar and a most distressful experience of life. What wretched results do we worry into because we are more interested in worrying than in standing and beholding the ways of God! It is the craft of the crafty man that catches him; the success of the successful man that most bitterly disappoints him. We are made shortsighted by holding the book too near our eyes. We spend our years like a patrimony that has fallen to us, and then we begin to be in want, and are found waiting on the impoverishments of old age. The one need of life is more spiritual receptivity, a growing fellowship with the things all about us that are being gathered into the Kingdom of Heaven.

This spiritual receptivity is the secret of success

because the higher is sure ultimately to include the lower, while the lower postpones the higher and may never reach it. Mary can more easily dispense with the practical virtues of Martha, than Martha can lose the spiritual insight of Mary. If we strike the circle of life with a long radius, we may be slow, it is true, in finding all the things we have included in it; but if we describe it with a short radius, we are sure to miss most of the many things we have shut out. It is never safe to trust ourselves to the affiliations of little things, for little things lead to little things; it is safe to trust ourselves to the fellowship of large things, for these draw all things, little and large, to themselves. "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you." There is no other growth so commanding as that by which great ideas enter into the world and possess it; no impoverishment is more absolute than that in which an inadequate pursuit finally betrays its insufficiency; in which it withers up, and drops away like unripe fruit from the very world to which it has devoted itself.

We may pursue the best because it is the best; we may also pursue it because we are thus assimilated to it. The constant adjustment which goes on between us and the living things in our experi-

ence is a most conspicuous and significant fact. How many forms of life there are in the world; how wide the spaces among them by which they outrank one another; and yet how readily the most perfect and beautiful of them all press the world into their service! The sun is quickening enough, the rain is nourishing enough for the most exquisite flowers. The best men are sufficiently fed in the whole circle of their wants by the world in which they are. No man transcends its nutritive power. What we seek after, that we attain; what we desire, we desire with increasing intensity and gain with growing ease; what we shut out, we lose sight of more and more. We are like the worm that in the morning goes forth from its tent by a trail of its own spinning, and in the evening returns by the same path to its own nest.

The counterpart of this truth, that our characters are strengthened in the directions of our pursuits, is that the world more and more fully responds to the particular claims that we make upon it. Whatever the appetite, that the food nourishes; if we elect the best things in the world, the world brings forward the best things for us. If we choose inferior things, it sinks in its gifts as rapidly as we sink in our demands. If a man

takes first of all on a well-spread table the wine cup, he may soon slip under the table with an empty cup. The slug is a slug though it devours rose leaves. It asks food and food is all it gets. We dislike luxuries, not because the world is not rich enough to afford them, but because of the selfish appetites they beget in us and the vicious passions they nourish. The world is debased by the base uses to which we put it; is lifted up by the high claims we put upon it. The goods we ask for, those are the goods which are flung upon the counter; the world will nourish reptile, bird, or beast; good men or bad men; noble men or mean men, each according to his own nature. If we choose the good part of Mary, "that part shall not be taken from us."

This incident in the household at Bethany is repeating itself constantly in the life of each of us. We are always choosing between two things; not merely between the good and the bad; this is less frequent; but between the better and the best. The world is hospitable to our lives; it is overflowing with invitation. Which will we accept? We need, therefore, to understand the organizing power of the best things; the force with which it brings all other things into their true position. When the wish becomes a supreme affection, when

all feelings flow into it, as brooks into a river, then we begin to have the finished man; his action on the world and the world's action on him are both blessed.

It matters comparatively little how large or how small the circle of gratifications may be in which we are moving. Character is involved as much in spending five dollars as in spending five hundred. The world gives great things for almost nothing and it has little things to sell at most extravagant prices. In a world whose spiritual gifts are in the background, and whose luxuries are in the foreground, spiritual receptivity, the power to choose the best things, becomes a primary consideration.

We are very liable to disparage our own opportunities. We are ready to think that if such a chance should come to us as came to Martha, we should be sure to improve it. We now choose so poorly because we have only poor things among which to choose. We pick up no jewels because there are none in our path. Herein is our great error. The great choices are made more or less in darkness. Confusion overtakes every mind; conflicting desires distract us all. The good thing is to be found, and it is not very far off. Christ never walked more freely among men than now;

never came nearer to them in more ways than now. The world is spread out more widely before us, with the sunshine of God's grace upon it, than ever before. The din and confusion and obscurity are all our own. It is these things, and these only, we have to fight. If our souls root themselves in divine truth, as the plant that finds the fertile soil, we shall grow there with increasing peace. Every man, at one time or another, catches sight of the good and covets it. Such impulses are like rocks uncovered for a few moments when, at low tide, the flood of passion is all out; they are covered again when the swelling waters return. Martha desired the words of Christ, but she deferred the moment of receiving them, and so was quickly enveloped with petulance instead of with peace.

Great things must be laid hold of the moment they are offered; we must be obedient to the heavenly vision. We must determine our course while the stars shine; the clouds will hide them again in a moment. It is the single eye that fills the whole body with light. Large things cannot be left to compete with little ones and to be jostled by them in the crowded thoroughfare. They will not, like a disarranged procession, press through an archway too small for them, too

narrow for their pomp and circumstance. The gates must be lifted up, if the King of Glory is to come in.

If we choose this good part, it shall not be taken from us. Why? Because it runs in the line of our highest powers; because it covers the best ministrations of the world to us; because the grace of God lies back of it and the gifts of God come with it. "We have found him of whom Moses and the prophets did write." After this juncture of life with life, and with all the conditions of life once accomplished, separation is impossible. Who shall pluck us out of the hand of God, once in his hand, for these ends of salvation? We understand the words, "Ask, and ye shall receive, seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened to you," as operative not all at once, but under those slow, certain processes of growth which, being established, control the future. We are working with God and so God is working with us. If, amid the confusion of life, amid the many things to be done, we can find the feet of Christ and seat ourselves there; if we can discover some spiritual truth and steadfastly pursue it, order will take the place of disorder, hope will crowd out fear, and the new life will make all things new. The living processes of the spiritual world will have us in